THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded [illegible]28 by Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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FLAMING HOLLYWOOD

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THE city of Los Angeles, which believes that it is going to contain a population of 2,000,000 souls by the year 1928, is 370 square miles in extent. The present population of Los Angeles, according to the city's calmest and most reliable estimators, is 1,000,000. These dull statistics concerning Los Angeles are mentioned by way of showing that the city is no slouch of a place. It is big and it is growing rapidly. Its city limits move outward at about the same rate that the boundaries of Poland moved eastward when the Bolshevik armies were throwing away their extra cartridges and bundles of rubles and racing each other back to Moscow a few years ago.

People who wish to be disagreeable about Los Angeles—such people as San Francisco real-estate dealers, for example—say that Los Angeles moves its city limits a quarter of a mile every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and that in another twenty years they will have been moved as far east as Chicago; but this is probably a base canard.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF HOLLYWOOD SECURITY BANK

A Meeting at the Home of Mary Pickford

The speed with which the city grows is shown by the experience of four slightly potted automobilists in 1922. These four polluted gentlemen were cruising in the suburbs of Los Angeles when they encountered a city-limits sign. In a spirit of childish play they descended from their automobile, pulled up the sign and threw it into the tonneau. Then they cruised on into the great open spaces. When they had traveled for some forty miles they found that the sign was interfering with their feet, so they again descended from their automobile and planted the sign by the roadside, forty miles from the place where they had picked it up.

Early in 1924 a member of the same party traversed the same road in a sober condition and found that in the intervening months the city limits of Los Angeles had moved halfway out to the spot where the sign had been planted.

The only historical precedent that compares with the growth of Los Angeles is the growth of the bean stalk originally planted by one Jack.

The component parts of Los Angeles have grown with the same vigor that has characterized the growth of the parent organism, and chief among the component parts of Los Angeles is the flourishing suburb of Hollywood, home of the movies and the glorified bungalow, source of rumors that had no peer for wildness until sensational investigating committees began to place the leading luminaries of the underworld on the witness stand, and goal of every seventeen-year-old high-school girl whose masterful male dancing partners possessed the requisite amount of brains to tell her that she looked like Corinne Griffith or Aileen Pringle.

In 1900 there was next to nothing in Hollywood except scenery and climate, and it was not until three years later that the city fathers began to grow fretful over the size of the droves of sheep that were driven along the community's chief thoroughfare. These droves were so large that they frequently took about half an hour to pass a given point, and the city fathers said openly that this was too long a time for residents to be kept waiting if they wanted to cross the road. So they passed an ordinance limiting the size of sheep droves on Hollywood Boulevard to 2000.

Anyone who journeys to Hollywood at the present time in the expectation of finding a bucolic community, however, will receive a number of severe jolts.

From the crowds and clangor and turmoil and gasoline haze of Los Angeles proper one travels for twenty or twenty-five minutes along a broad boulevard edged with California climate, bungalows of various schools of architecture ranging from the ancient Egyptian to the neo-Pullman, filling stations of widely different degrees of elegance, palm trees, desirable corner lots which are being held by the owners for a $30,000 profit, shops of all sorts, and the lairs of innumerable real-estate dealers.

These modern Los Angeles real-estate lairs are the sort of structures that would be pictured by the more fanciful illustrators if they were requested to draw a house that might have been inhabited by the old witch who made things so unpleasant for Hänsel and Gretel. Gables jut out at crazy angles, rooftrees sag violently and intentionally in the middle, shingles of different colors are applied wildly to their walls, and they crouch on knolls or lurk in the shelter of overhanging banks as though awaiting an opportunity to leap on unsuspecting newcomers and squeeze the last half dollar from their pockets with a surprised plop.

At the end of twenty or twenty-five minutes of riding, one enters Hollywood without being aware of the fact. The bungalows, the palm trees, the drug stores, the shops, the unoccupied corner lots and the real-estate lairs continue to occur and recur in unabated profusion.

Parallel to the boulevard, on the right, extends a high chain of hills, up which the bungalows crawl, eventually to vanish in the cracks, crevices and depressions with which the hills abound. On the crests of some of the hills are large real-estate signs, picked out in electric lights, which may or may not be an improvement on the hills as originally designed by a supposedly all-wise Nature.

Parallel to the boulevard, on the left, are two other boulevards, each with its drug stores, palm trees, cafeterias, bungalows, shops and real-estate lairs.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS PICTURES CORPORATION

Extras in a Scene From The Thief of Bagdad

Between and on each side of the boulevards are more bungalows and palm trees, and occasional shops and drug stores and real-estate lairs, and many desirable and unoccupied lots that are being held by their owners for profits ranging from $5000 to $15,000. Practically no one in Southern California has any respect whatever for a real-estate profit smaller than $5000.

Like Los Angeles, Hollywood is no slouch of a place. It is between six and seven miles long and between two and three miles wide. It sprouts a new subdivision every forty-eight hours, and most of the lots in these subdivisions are grabbed and held for a $5000 profit almost as soon as they are placed on the market. Its population, according to its most reticent estimators, is 100,000. Owing to the fact that several trains have come in since this estimate was made, a strictly up-to-the-minute estimate would probably be slightly in excess of the estimated 100,000. But whether or not the estimates as to Hollywood's size are entirely accurate, it has a high school with 3000 students and a junior high school with 1800 students; and still another high school with a seating capacity of 2000 is in process of construction. When one reaches the business center of Hollywood he finds commodious office buildings and hotels and a moving-picture theater that is one of the show theaters of Los Angeles, whose moving-picture theaters are sufficiently gorgeous to make the effete Easterner laugh bitterly at the recollection of the dowdy movie palaces of Broadway, New York. He finds, in short, a city where a single moving-picture studio is as well concealed as the home of a senator in Washington, and where the young woman who has won the beauty prize in Jumping Bean, Texas, and has come to Hollywood to push Betty Blythe into obscurity is about as noticeable as any one dandelion among a lawnful of them.

Assets Without News Value

MOST of the residents of Hollywood, being normal God-fearing persons who show up at their offices at nine o'clock every morning if they are men, or devote the day to sweeping, dusting, cooking, making the beds, shopping and complaining bitterly about the difficulty of keeping servants if they are women, would prefer to have the newspapers and magazines of these practically United States mention Hollywood in connection with its twenty-eight furniture stores, its colleges, its six libraries, its two art galleries, its authors, sculptors, painters, playwrights, composers, and what not, its yearly Pilgrimage Play, its twenty banks and bank branches, its 127 cafeterias and restaurants, its 183 groceries and markets, its Community Chorus of 1700 voices and its twenty-five churches, rather than to have them dwell morbidly on the fads and foibles of the Hollywood movie folk.

Unfortunately for the peace of mind of the sterling citizenry of Hollywood, the beautiful lack-wit who has become the idol of the movie-going public through the shedding of genuine glycerin tears in those powerful screen dramas, Flaming Heart Throbs, Burning Anguish and Blazing Love Lights, has a far greater news value than all the libraries, furniture stores, high schools and churches of Hollywood put together.

It is doubtless a bitter commentary on the state of America's civilization, but the Hollywood Community Chorus could sing its head off without getting more than half an inch at the bottom of inside pages of the nation's metropolitan dailies; whereas if Miss Beverly Cantaloupe, of Hollywood, eighteen-year-old star of the Fishface Film Company, were to shoot one or two small holes in the dress vest of some nasty millionaire who should have been hanged twenty or thirty years ago, she would get a column of exciting and detailed description on the front page of every genuine newspaper in the country for several days in succession.

Owing to the fact that movie folk are news, and that many prominent movie folk live in the neighborhood of Hollywood, the great newspaper-reading public of America thinks of Hollywood as a place where the streets are cluttered with movie stars from morning to night, just as they used to think of Milwaukee as a city composed almost entirely of breweries and of Boston as a city where the streets swarmed with nearsighted, dome-headed little boys who spoke exclusively in words of four syllables.

One of the most disappointing features of Hollywood to the casual traveler is the unusual thoroughness with which this idea is soon shattered.

He runs into movie stars on the street with about the same frequency with which he would encounter the Vanderbilts, the Morgans and the Belmonts on Fifth Avenue.

And it should be remarked in passing that the casual traveler wouldn't be able to recognize most of his favorite movie stars if he met them on the street because of the peculiar shrinkage that seems to have taken place in many moving-picture actors and actresses when they are encountered in real life.

Farina Flop, All the Same

ONE'S guide will point out an insignificant-looking damsel walking along the street and remark indifferently, "There's Farina Flop, who was in The Hunchback of Niagara Falls."

You peer around eagerly, inquiring "Where? Where?"

Your guide looks at you pityingly and indicates the insignificant one again.

"But," you protest, "that can't be Farina Flop!"

"Why can't it?" asks your guide coldly.

"Because," you protest, "Farina Flop is a regular-sized person."

Your guide seems startled. "Where did you meet her?" he asks.

You explain that you have only seen her on the screen, but that she doesn't look little.

Your guide shrugs his shoulders coldly. "Well," says he, "that's Farina Flop, anyway. I've known her for years; and it won't get you anything to stand around howling because she isn't as big as you think she ought to be."

One of the greatest darlings of the films, who seems on the screen to be tall and pale and lily-like, proves, when personally inspected, to be very short and swarthy—about as big, as the saying goes, as a pint of soup.

All this advertising of movie folk in connection with Hollywood causes every newcomer to work his imagination overtime and see moving-picture people where they don't exist. Thousands of Hollywood maidens are in high school or have just graduated from it; but whenever the newcomer sees one of them on the street he almost dislocates his neck watching her while wondering excitedly whether she is one of those wild movie women.

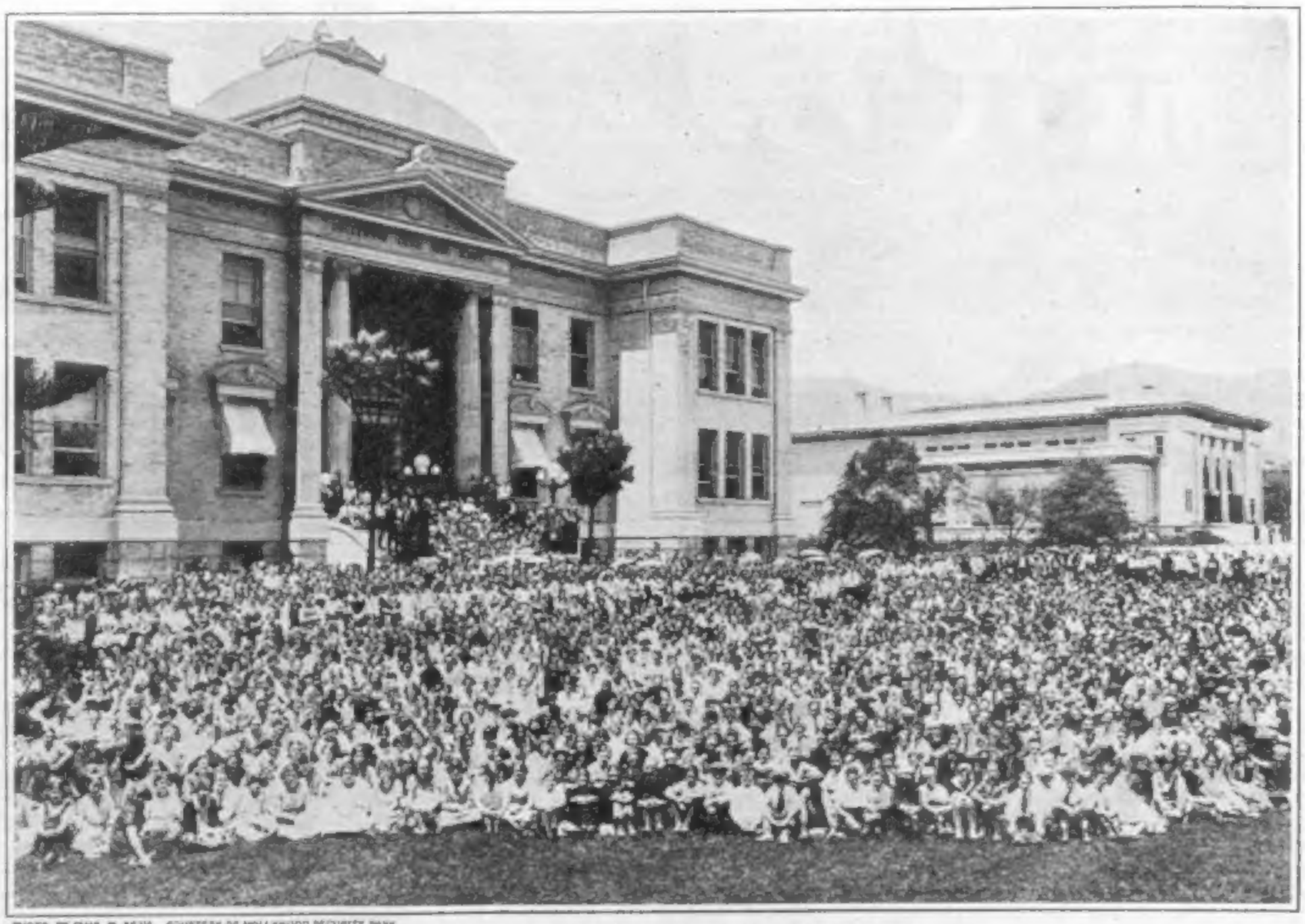

PHOTO. BY CHAS. D. MAIL. COURTESY OF HOLLYWOOD SECURITY BANK

Some of the 3000 Students in the Hollywood High School

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"OPEN THE GATES!"

By Richard Washburn Child

ROME, the Eternal City, so often taken, so often turned over to new control, through the ages, fell again and was entered by the Fascisti under our eyes.

One of the duties of an American ambassador is to observe with an unprejudiced vision, to report facts to his Government and, where possible, to prophesy coming events. My acquaintance with Mussolini before he came into power had enabled me to perform these duties with more information than was available to many and perhaps with more than usual obligation to be coldly impartial.

But as I look back upon the growth of the Fascisti movement I am more and more conscious of its lyric and epic quality. Let its opponents damn it if they will, they cannot deny that it had gladness, hope, loyal service. They cannot say that it did not have the breath of youth and of a great national spirit.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY NORTHCLIFFE PRESS. FROM PICTORIAL PRESS.

The Victorious Italian Fascisti Marching by the Royal Palace to Pay Homage to Their King

At times even an ambassador, in Rome, goes down to the Tiber and sits on the wall in the sun with his feet dangling over, watching the same flow of brown water which Cæsar gazed at in meditation, and Garibaldi, sweating from battle, observed from the Janiculum. I desire, at this moment, to report nothing but cold observation of an unparalleled revolution, which it was my privilege to see, but I cannot forget a day when, with a young Italian journalist, I was playing that I was not ambassador at all. We came out of a coffee shop and dangled our legs over the travertine wall, and this is what he said to me:

"Can't you sense it coming? Not like winter, but like spring?"

The Fascisti revolution came like that. All that year, and more every day, it was possible to sense the rise of national spirit. It had the inevitability of the approach of a new season. Prominent Fascisti said to me, "We will demand the important places in the old, flabby government. We will demand elections to give the nation a new voice." And I used to reply, "I wonder if that is all. There is a kind of instinct everywhere that is like the migration of birds or the run of deer to a salt lick."

Youth! Youth! Springtime of Beauty

MUSSOLINI, who had come to see me before he went off to the Fascisti congress, convoked in Naples, was in doubt himself. He was still planning concessions from the present government—new elections, coalitions. I often wonder whether he, who was still regarded by official Rome and its diplomatic corps with some nonchalance, knew the power of the force which, bubbling up from the Italian people, had demanded his leadership.

Yet, if one had stopped to listen, there could be heard the rhythm of universal desires and hungers on the march.

My two little girls, says my diary in October, 1922, scarcely more than babies, having been playing in the Borghese Gardens, where Rome takes its children, came home and, putting aside feminine contempt for male attire, dug out of their wardrobe bloomers, which looked like Fascisti trousers, and created makeshifts for Fascisti uniforms. They went about all day singing the Fascista song, Giovanezza—"Youth! Youth! Springtime of beauty."

Mussolini had the whole country singing, and the song was not a song of battle and conflict, of class against class; it was a song of unity. And in those days if one turned away from the doctrinaires, the theorists and old preconceptions, one could sense the fact that Italy was falling into line—young men, titled idlers awakening to service, laborers who had gone down the dusty, sweaty trails of social reforms to nowhere, shopkeepers, men of the fields, the girls, their mothers, and even the children of foreigners on the benches in the Borghese Gardens.

The revolution in Italy—the stirring of national spirit against the drifting, the inactivity, the weakness of a government so democratic that it was always looted, and against talk and social theorists and sentimentalists—was also more than a revolution against anything; it was primarily a revolution for strong unity of purposes and strong leadership. Even before the entry into Rome it was a victorious revolution. Though it had no class label, little in the way of program, it had taken place before those who made it and those who led them realized its victory.

The Fascisti congress in Naples opened on October twenty-fourth. The whole of the southern half of Italy had been suffering from the wind called sirocco. It blows up from Africa across the Mediterranean and bears the ill will of Hannibal's ghost. It sometimes brings and deposits, I am told by my friend the great archæologist, Lanciani, dust which can be analyzed as African soil. Sometimes it brings a sod-soaking drizzling rain. The Italians say that it creates neurasthenic states, when everyone is irritable, and old members of the diplomatic corps in Rome have a traditional belief that the sirocco is no time to transact business at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It may have affected the acts of the government in dealing with the demands of Mussolini. It may have precipitated the crisis. Indeed, I often wonder how much weather affects the political destinies of the world. I wrote in my diary on October twenty-fourth: "The sirocco is depressing and creates a pugnacious spirit. I remember, during the Conference of Genoa, what effect a cold spring and eternal rain had upon our international negotiations. I told Lloyd George that if I ever had to call an international conference I would do it in a sunny place."

The revolution in Italy was all in the rain.

It was on the threshold, and yet few paid attention to it. The day before the Fascisti congress assembled, at a luncheon at my table sat an ambassador of a great European power, the wife of a famous Italian diplomat who has a reputation for knowing everything, the minister of Denmark to Italy, the counselor of the American Embassy at one of the two great posts in Europe, and a former minister of the Italian Government. We discussed the cleverness of the Turks in taking advantage of the disunity of the Allies on the eve of the conference at Lausanne, where I was scheduled as United States delegate, but no word was said of the Fascisti or of Mussolini. It was only five days before Rome capitulated to revolution; yet none of my guests appeared even to sniff the scent coming down the breeze.

It was raining in Naples on the twenty-fourth, but the populace, who stood on the streets in the rain, the military and naval attachés of foreign embassies and legations at Rome and the correspondents of the press saw in the parades of the Fascisti delegates, in their discipline, in the whole complexion of that assembly, some indication of a crystallization of the spirit of Italy, which might have given them food for hasty thought. I remember one of them—a military attaché, a general who had fought two fronts in the World War—said to me, "Well, I have seen them. That body of youth, the groups of the young women uniformed, the auxiliaries, the precision of movements! I would not have believed it possible; the world can well stop laughing at a machine like that."

A Momentous Decision

I HAVE often asked Mussolini what his thoughts were at the congress, so different from its unimpressive predecessor in Rome the year before. The membership of the Fascisti had now increased to more than three-quarters of a million; there had grown up a definite organization on military lines. Unlike organizations to which the ignorant sometimes compare it, there was nothing furtive or secret about it. It was the enemy of no race or creed. It was a sunlight organization, open to all who would join and accept discipline, and its nucleus was vigorous youth. Months before, I had written of the criticisms of the old Italian politicians who had said "Merely zealous boys"; I put down in my journal: "It is forgotten that this organization recruits those who are or will soon become new voters; it is like a young orchard which will still be bearing political fruit long after the old trees have felt the ax."

When Mussolini, black-shirted, stocky, walking with his strange gait as one who pursues his aims like an animal stalking prey, went down the lines of his men with their straight-arm old Roman salute; when he saw the tricolor of Italy waved by the passionate throngs; when he declared, as he had declared before, that Fascism and its forces were loyal to the King and the House of Savoy, he must have felt the dramatic responsibility of the decision he was about to make.

The national spirit of Italy, through the Fascisti, had made its demand, on a government already breaking down, for representation; for the right to infuse strength and put backbone into Italy's administration. Certain ministries of the government had been demanded. Unable to find expression through these constitutional channels the new national sentiment demanded also new elections so that it might make itself felt.

If the present government failed to yield, as it had not done, and to act in good faith, Mussolini and the whole Fascisti movement faced not only failure to prop up the

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THE FAT OF THE LAND

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"I Want to Ask You a Question. Every Fat Woman in Town Has Told Me What to Do to Get Thin. What Do You Do?"

HAL CARTER was so prosperous that he and Tru had been adopted by a set with which no one else their age in town could afford to dally. They were known as The Infants, and were considered very juvenile because their baby was only two, while the children of all the other members, who had any, were twelve or thirteen. The result was that Tru had been able to preserve some illusions which close association with her contemporaries would undoubtedly have destroyed. In fact, when she wrote to a shop for things to be sent on approval she was in the habit of describing herself as "Size 38, full figure, not stout."

Tru still rollicked at dances, unconscious that ladies who believed that they themselves attained a quite sufficient youthfulness by sticking to good lines—a term which to them meant wearing their waists where Buster Brown used to wear his—would eye her and say, "My dear, she just doesn't realize. She thinks she looks the way she did when she was married."

To which the response would come, "Do you know that they have chocolate every afternoon instead of tea? And cake that thick? I ate a slice myself the other day, and I know I gained at least three pounds."

Whereupon the ladies would laugh the rather gruesome laugh of mature people who see their juniors riding to destruction.

The destruction in Tru's case seemed more imminent because Hal Carter was a ruddy robin of a chap whose weight only emphasized his boyishness.

Finally Grace Merriman, who, although she was forty-odd, was one of Tru's best friends, decided that when an opportune moment arrived she'd just have to speak.

It came at a meeting of the Needlewomen's With Malice Toward None But Curiosity Toward All Club. Everyone but Tru was deep in a discussion of Banting, and in the midst of it Tru took some pins out of her mouth and remarked blandly, "I suppose I'm a fool, but I just eat everything."

Time had been when everyone would have cried, "You! You don't have to worry."

On this occasion Grace Merriman cleared her throat, and save for that slightly ominous sound there was silence.

Tru took the omission to be inadvertent, sighed, and resumed her work.

"I suppose I ought to begin to think about those things."

It was said in merest deference to the fad of those women, and when Grace Merriman remarked "Yes, Tru, you certainly should," it came as a distinct shock.

Tru told Hal about it at dinner.

"Grace Merriman thinks I'm fat. She wants me to reduce."

"That old tub!" said Hal, pouring gravy into a little crater he'd made in the top of his mashed potatoes. "That's good."

"Why, do you think Grace is so fat?" Tru gasped.

"I don't think she's the person to start a finer-figures campaign," Hal answered. "Now if it were Fanny Bell Bayne ——"

"Oh, nobody has a figure like Fanny Bell Bayne," Tru said quickly, and she was so genuine in her admiration of the community beauty that she wasn't really awfully hurt. "Fanny Bell Bayne is the ninth wonder of the world."

The only thing that warned Hal he hadn't been tactful was the little way Tru shook her head. She always did when she was pretending she didn't mind something. He was glad he had a subject to which to change.

"Say, Tru, how would you like to renew our youth? I got an invitation today from the boys in the fraternity for us to go over and help chaperon the fall house party."

"What fun!" Tru exclaimed; then added: "I suppose it will make me sad in a way, though."

It was seven years since Hal had graduated. For the two years previous to that event Tru had attended every function open to her sex which was given in the lovely Georgian house where the brothers in Kappa Delta lived like young kings.

"You mean the old bunch not being there?"

"I'll think of Bummy. Or what's worse, I probably won't think of him till afterwards, and then it will kill me."

Bummy was the one of Hal's delegation who hadn't come back from the war.

"Honestly, don't you want to go?"

"Of course I do. I'm just being sentimental."

There were yellow leaves in the blue air like yellow flecks in the turquoise matrix of the autumn. Some girls sat on the steps of the Kappa Delta house.

"Hello," Hal called to them as he got down from the car and began unstrapping luggage so Tru could descend.

Four stony glances and a vague muttering were the only response.

"It's all right," Tru explained, climbing out. "He's harmless. He's my husband. We're the chaperons."

Surprise is the essence of a joke, and Tru considered that disclosure as a mild sally.

"Oh!" the young women replied.

In the hall Hal muttered, "Did those darned blackavised blondes think I was trying to pick them up?"

Tru giggled as she turned in at the living-room door. A great many extraordinarily young people rose to their feet at the sight of her, and one dimpling boy came forward.

"Is this Brother Carter and Mrs. Carter? I'm Brother Moulton, the head of the house. It's awfully good of you to put yourselves out like this."

"We love it," Tru told him.

"You bet," said Hal. "Where do I take this stuff?"

"One of the freshmen will carry it up. We're putting Mrs. Carter in the room with Geegee Baker. She married Ed Baker, who graduated last spring. Are you going to stay over for the baseball game tomorrow?"

Tru had forgotten that she'd have to be separated from Hal, but she hid the fact that she was sorry.

"I shouldn't wonder," she laughed to Mr. Moulton. "As I remember these house parties, one always does stay until the very last gasp."

"It looks like a great crowd," Hal remarked.

The head of the house explained about how careful they'd been, rushing season, how they'd tried to avoid wets, how many campus activities their men were engaged in, how the upper classmen were endeavoring to lay more emphasis on studies.

Tru was surprised at how much more seriously he seemed to take things than any of the boys in Hal's day, and suddenly she was struck by the tentative postures about her.

"Heavens, Hal! They're waiting for us to sit down," she said, and she fell into the big couch in front of the fire.

"Do you want to meet them now?" the head of the house inquired, and began a maze of presentations.

As Tru remembered the old days, surprising intimacies and enmities used to spring up within ten minutes of one's

arrival at the Kappa Delta house. There was none of that now, just a succession of formalities.

"I haven't remembered a name," she admitted when it was over; and, to make the head of the house smile, she asked, "What happens to the chaperons at dances now? Do they still sit on the landing?"

"On the landing," he echoed brightly. "But we've got a screen now so you won't feel the draft from above so much."

Tru laughed, and though he was a little truant about it, the head of the house laughed, too, the laugh which had been invaluable in rushing season.

"If you'll excuse me," he said finally, "I've got to be running off to meet my girl."

"Well?" Tru said to Hal.

"It doesn't seem much changed," he answered. "I don't see that we're needed at present. What say to running down to Ye Olde Tyme Shoppe to catch a cup of tea?"

The walk under the very elms which had leaned above them in times past, by the same dear, pink academic buildings, rolled back the years.

The brisk little woman who ran Ye Olde Tyme Shoppe hadn't changed.

"My, I remember so well!" she told Hal. "When was it you graduated? Twelve or thirteen?"

"Sixteen."

"I knew it was right along in there."

"I like that," Tru commented, when they were alone. "Why, even when you were in college anyone who graduated in twelve was an old man."

Tea was a generic term to the Carters. What they'd ordered was the crullers for which Ye Old Tyme Shoppe was famous, and an accompaniment of coffee made in a great double bubble of glass over a blue flame on their table. They had cinnamon toast too.

"Better eat a lot," Hal warned. "Remember what the food at the house is like."

"Where are they going to put you up?"

"On a cot in one of the freshmen's rooms."

"It will probably turn ice cold, and I suppose you won't have any blankets."

"I'll take the robe from the car."

"I brought the Pullman puff for myself. I wish I'd put in a hot-water bottle."

At half after six Tru went to her room, though dinner wasn't until eight. The boys had asked Hal to look over a statement of the society's financial condition, and absorbed in the first pleasure of seeing their own guests they'd left Tru to a magazine. Anyway, she liked to dress at her leisure.

After she'd finished smearing cold cream on her face she discovered that the ride or the crullers were making her sleepy, so she lay down for a second.

"Quarter of eight!" She was wakened by a little brown bobbed person in a sweater and skirt and thick stockings and brogues. "I'm Geegee Baker. We've got to jump. My dear, I've had the wildest ride. Two of the sophomores thought they knew some bootleggers, and we've been over every back road in the county giving signs to every farmer, which none of them understood. Ed thinks it's perfectly terrible the way the boys are drinking, anyway, and tried to start them home, but it was such a circus I made him shut up. All they got was some cider I wouldn't even call hard, but they think they're devils when they drink it, and the party will be lots more fun. Going to take a bath?"

Tru said she'd had one and that by a miracle there was hot water.

"Cold shower is all I want," Mrs. Baker answered, peeling off her sweater and beginning to shed the rest of her clothes around her.

Tru turned away and rubbed off the cold cream.

Mrs. Baker scurried off, and in no time was back drying her little-girl body with the rather ratty towel assigned her.

"Isn't it the devil not to have your husband around?" she asked, eying the litter of her garments on the floor. "I just make Ed pick my things up as I shed 'em."

With that she made a dive into her suitcase and somehow she was all dressed in time to help Tru with the rather tight bodice of her gown.

When she'd done the last hook Mrs. Baker stood off critically.

"My!" she said. "That's a stunning dress for the right person."

There was nothing in her words to necessitate that interpretation, but Tru had a vivid impression that Mrs. Baker didn't think her the right person for that *bouffant* skirt with its loops of lace and French flowers.

"I hope you're good at this chaperoning stuff," Mrs. Baker went on as they started downstairs. "I don't step off the floor once if I can help it myself."

"Neither do I," Tru answered.

The outlook for the proprieties was bleak.

Tru sat on the right of the head of the house.

"It's so much harder to come as a chaperon," she told him over the soup, "than as a mere guest. Then you only had to please one person, but a chaperon has to please everyone."

"That's a good line," the head of the house told her with his terrible gusto, and he repeated it to his guest, who sat on the other side of him.

His little angleworm of a girl merely said "Well!" as though she were shocked by some lewdness in the remark.

Tru told about the woman at Ye Olde Tyme Shoppe thinking Hal was nineteen twelve.

The head of the house supposed it was hard to keep people straight so many years back.

Then Tru thought it would be tactful to talk to Hal.

"Why do you suppose they put you next to me?" she asked.

"Not enough stags for all the dirty work," Hal answered.

Hal was rather apt to say things like that, not meaning to hurt one's feelings, but they didn't exactly plunge one into the spirit of carnival.

"I don't think the girls are as pretty as the ones used to be in our time," Tru remarked, ignoring it.

"Not in the face," Hal returned. "I bet they can dance though."

For the first time those children entered Tru's consciousness as sister women. They crowded upon it with withes of arms, necks like slightly enlarged jugular veins, negative chests, thin laughing faces under shingled bobs. There was only one with any suggestion of substance, and her stolid face was so like the boy's next her that Tru knew she must be his sister.

A great wave of unhappiness struck Tru staggeringly.

"What's the matter?" Hal asked when her silence became apparent.

The youngsters had been cutting in on one another for what seemed hours, before the first dance was over and Hal had led her to the landing. The head of the house appeared for a moment to make sure Tru was all right. Then she and Hal sat. *(Continued on Page 58)*

Hal Dropped His Mouth Open at Sight of Her, and His Lips Worked Like a Goldfish's

What's Politics Among Friends?

"Don't You Know the Policeman Has Got a Right to Eat Your Fruit Without Paying for It? He Certainly Has"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"DO STAND still and hold up your chin, Peleg," said Mrs. Sturdevant. "How can I tie your tie if you are going to wriggle? Tell me, did you meet the President when you were in Washington?"

"I had just a moment for it," said Mr. Sturdevant, standing still. "I ran over to the White House and shook hands with him and said a word; I felt that I should. The President, you know, is always glad to meet a man of any prominence in business, if I may say so. He listened closely to my account of the state of the roofing industry in New York City, and interrupted me only to say that he wished he had time to go into the subject at length, as it was one that lay very near his heart."

"Just imagine!" murmured Mrs. Sturdevant, compressing her lips and hauling on the ends of the dress tie. "And when you visited the Capitol were you asked to say anything to Congress?"

"No," said Mr. Sturdevant slowly. "No, I was not. I was pressed for time in any event, you know. I felt that I should show myself in the Capitol, but I could not do more, even had I been asked. There was a delay in assembling the full board of the Potomac Gutter and Flashing Company, and after I had conferred with them they had to exchange cables with their office in Tokio. But I got the order all right—five thousand barrels of plastic slate."

"In Tokio!" breathed Mrs. Sturdevant. "Just imagine! It seems like you are extending all over the whole world, Peleg." She drew and expelled a quick breath in token of marveling at him, and she said, as she was leaving the room, "Your trousers are behind the door. Your vest is on the back of the chair there. Your coat is in the closet, and there are two clean handkerchiefs in your trousers pockets. It's only a quarter after seven, so you've got lots of time for the dinner. Don't eat too much, and have a good time and get home early. The stockings are perfectly darling."

Mr. Sturdevant sat on the edge of his brass bed and went to buckling his long side garters to his black silk socks.

"Thank you, my dear," he said to his departing wife, stressing the words equally.

Mr. Sturdevant was a man of one voice; a level and pleasant voice; not assertive, not modulated in deference. During the past days he had said in one tone these three things:

"Give me a round trip to Washington, D.C., with chair car, please," and "This is a great pleasure, Mr. President, I assure you," and "Will you show me your stockings, madam? I wish to buy three pairs of the best silk stockings, with large uppers, as a present for a lady."

He rose from the bed and went to his dresser and brushed his thinning hair with military brushes, standing as near the mirror as his arched front permitted. As he brushed his hair, he scrutinized his reflection with grave attention and until his lurking doubts were dispelled. Doubt of any sort was commonly foreign to Mr. Sturdevant; but he was human and fifty, and when any man is past his youth he cannot look into his mirror without dreading to see a grisly stranger reflected there. But Mr. Sturdevant recognized himself once again; his was that top-shaped head, domed above, bellying at the cheeks, ending in a pointed peg of iron-gray beard. The large and hazel eyes in the mirror looked out reassuringly at Mr. Sturdevant, telling him that he was himself. The domestic goat, *Capra hircus*, is in many ways the most exemplary and admirable of animals. It is independent-minded without being brash; it does not blench when it fronts abysses, and it does not suffer in self-esteem when it lifts its hazel eyes and measures mountains; it has poise always, everywhere. These remarks are placed here, at a cost of seeming irrelevance, to the end that it may be now said without offense—and, indeed, even with an evident will to compliment—that Mr. Sturdevant, his stance, his full-bodiedness and slender-shankedness, his briskness, his poise and his embracing and appraising gaze were reminiscent not a little of the domestic goat.

Mr. Sturdevant—having first put on his trousers, his waistcoat of watered black silk and his dinner jacket—descended to the parlor floor of his residence and sat in a straight-backed chair at the front parlor window. He had also a back parlor. The windowless alley between the parlors was known as the music room. His house was fifteen feet wide and seventy feet long, with windows at the ends only. It was four stories high, with twelve-foot ceilings, and the dining room was in the basement, so that Mr. Sturdevant—if he felt sleepy immediately after dinner and wished to retire—was obliged to exert a force of six thousand six hundred and sixty foot pounds in order to lift himself into bed; he weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. The house was thirty-five years old, and its architect had long since gone to his reward, if any. Mr. Sturdevant was dissatisfied with this house, and he wished to sell it; but he had paid nineteen thousand dollars cold cash for it, and when the local real-estate dealer told him that he could sell his house for nine thousand dollars, if he made good terms, and not otherwise, Mr. Sturdevant would not believe him for a moment. So he stayed on, trusting to catch an innocent purchaser.

The neighborhood had changed. In the row of private houses across the street from him as he looked from his parlor window there had been an imposing row of solid and substantial owners when he bought into the neighborhood. Now there was a row of landladies, most of whom had let their basements to tailors and launderers and jobbing plumbers. In the old days the houses had been spick and span and had looked as if nobody lived in them. Their

inhabitants popped in and out as modestly as burglars, and nobody but their several selves knew what went on behind their shrouded windows. Nothing but handkerchiefs drying on windowpanes hid the domestic interiors now. When the weather was fine, half the windows framed rooming persons leaning out to see and to bask and to shout to the old-clothes man strolling watchfully by with his folded newspaper and his half dozen hats; when the weather was hot, the roomers swarmed out and sat on the stoops, each roomer on his own mat.

There was one house of the row that was not a rooming house, and that one was worse; it was tenanted by the Eskimo Club, the local organization of Tammany Hall; the neighborhood of the Eskimo Club did much to induce Mr. Sturdevant to accept a loss of ten thousand dollars. He frowned at it now, at its garishly lit windows and at the spattering of idlers on its stoop. He frowned abstractedly.

He had a half hour to kill, and he was killing it with the thought of the Japanese contract to get which he had reached halfway across the earth.

Big Tom Gentry came from the doorway of the Eskimo Club. He greeted the idlers with a sociable grin and a wave of his hand, and then he looked over and perceived the starched and upright Mr. Sturdevant sitting in his parlor window. Tom ventured an uncertain nod, but Mr. Sturdevant looked right through him and saw a thousand Japanese roofs in the act of perishing for the want of a lick of plastic slate.

Mr. Sturdevant's face relaxed and Tom was encouraged. He descended to the street, crossed it and mounted Mr. Sturdevant's stoop.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said Mr. Sturdevant's upstairs girl, after answering the door.

"Eh? Show him in, Annie," said Mr. Sturdevant, awakening.

Thomas Jefferson Gentry—Big Tom Gentry of the Tammany club —strode in and met Mr. Sturdevant in the middle of the front parlor.

"Hello, Sturdevant," said Tom, shaking hands with heartiness. "Thought I'd run in on you for a minute. You know me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Mr. Sturdevant cordially. "Pardon me, won't you?—but the name escapes me for a moment. Your face is quite familiar to me."

"Gentry—Tom Gentry."

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mr. Gentry. Sit down, won't you? Smoke? I was just about to light a cigar."

They sat down. Mr. Sturdevant kept nodding his head with a fixed smile, and tried to remember where in the deuce he had seen this young man before. Tom puffed the fine cigar and relaxed in the sunshine of Mr. Sturdevant's steady smile

His only object in coming was to establish a friendly acquaintance, and he had succeeded in that. Mr. Sturdevant beamed with constantly lessening effulgence on this visitor, and waited in a pointed silence for him to announce the object of his coming

"What do you think of this weather?" said Tom at length, offering a topic.

"I think it's very promising, Mr. Gentry."

"You don't think we'll have rain, do you?"

"No-o," said Mr. Sturdevant, lifting his eyes to the ceiling. "I don't think we'll have rain."

"Neither do I," said Tom, and he leaned back to puff his cigar in peace. But he took pity on Mr. Sturdevant when he saw that his host was casting about fruitlessly for a word wherewith to beguile his guest, and he said to him helpfully, "Fine house you got here. Tell me, Sturdevant, how do you get such a smooth finish on that woodwork?"

"Nine coats of ——" began Mr. Sturdevant. Then he stopped that and said, "Have I got your card, Mr. Gentry?"

"I don't think you have," said Tom, with obvious pleasure in the inquiry. "There it is. Here, take a half dozen of them. If ever I can be of service to you, Sturdevant, don't hesitate to call on me."

"Ah, you are an attorney. I do seem to remember you now, in a way. I thought that perhaps you had something special on your mind tonight, Mr. Gentry. Eh?"

"Oh, no, not at all. I just dropped in to see you."

"That was very nice of you," said Mr. Sturdevant sullenly. "Very, very nice, I'm sure."

It was again as a stop-gap that Tom said, "You take a great deal of interest in politics, I have no doubt."

"I take no interest in politics whatsoever," said Mr. Sturdevant.

"You don't say! I happened to notice that you'd registered as a Democrat, but I know you don't belong to the club."

"What club, sir?"

"The Eskimo, across the street "

"That club, sir," said Mr. Sturdevant stiffly, "is part and parcel of one of the worst aggregations of crooks and blacklegs in the United States. I need hardly tell you that I refer to Tammany Hall Perhaps you intended no offense, but I don't relish the suggestion that I am capable of allying myself with such associates."

"Oh, come, Sturdevant," said Tom, spreading his hands. "You vote for Tammany's candidates at election, don't you? If you don't, then you vote the Republican ticket or you don't vote at all. And supposing Tammany Hall is all you say it is—which it isn't—it's the organization of the Democratic Party in New York City, and every Democrat ought to belong to it, and then he'd have a say, and he could help make it right. It just so happens that in New York City the ordinary folks are Democrats, and that gives us the edge, because they join the organization and get out and vote. That's why the Republican machine is only a trailer here—because the silk-stocking crowd are Republicans, and they won't join the organization. It just so happens that way here. Over in Philadelphia the big machine is Republican, and I hear it's no rose geranium in spite of the name. Political parties are six of one and half a dozen of the other; and if people like you, Sturdevant, responsible business men ——"

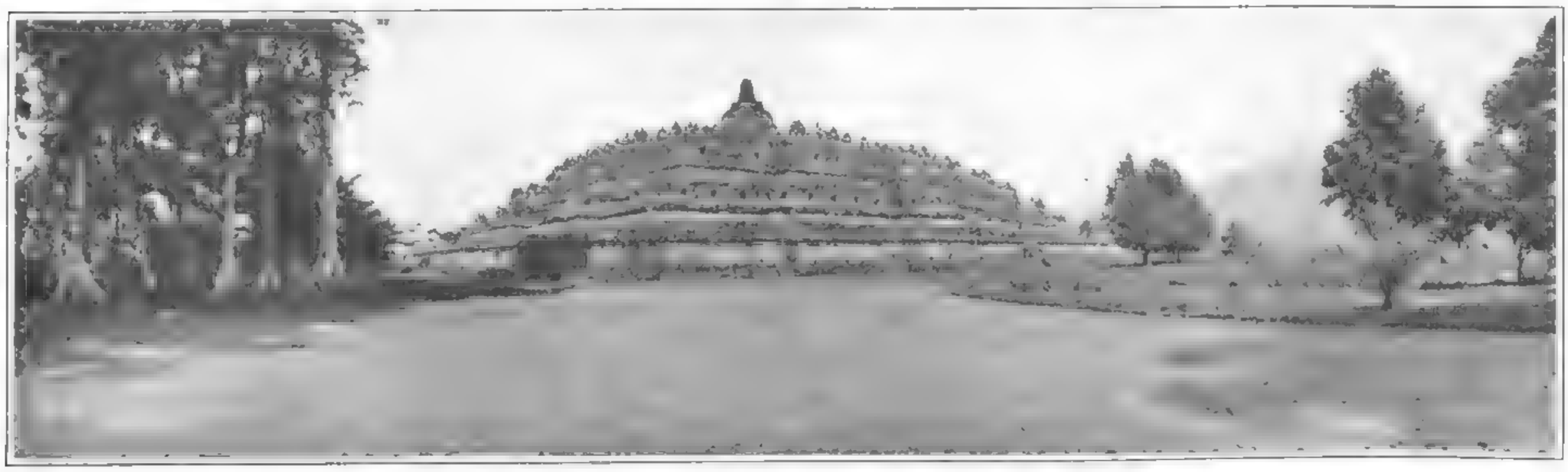
"Did you come here to talk politics, sir?"

"Oh, no, not at all. I came here merely to make your acquaintance. You know, of course, that I am the captain of this election district—Democratic captain. My district takes in both sides of this street and ten houses on each avenue. You're in my district, and I'm your captain; and it's up to me to take care of you, since you're a Democrat. It doesn't make any difference whether you belong to the

(Continued on Page 141)

"It is This Way: He Didn't Have No Pigeons, See? Well, He Ain't Going to Take Out a License When He Ain't Got No Pigeons, is He?"

ADVENTURES IN GEOGRAPHY



Boro-Budur, an Old Weather-Beaten Temple in Central Java Built Around a Hill

By Harry Leon Wilson

EVEN the untraveled except by hearsay know what comes from Java. Recalling its long-time association with another island, Mocha was supposed to lie nearly thereabouts—within, say, easy percolating radius. Also in Java it was hoped that a sarong or two could be picked up as specimens of the batik work. This was a shrewd guess.

In a dawn of silken softness, the ship, floating airily between two skies of molten silver and pale sapphire, came to anchor in the roads of Surabaya Harbor. Sampans and lighters of exotic build skimmed toward it from their lurking places, and prominent on the after deck of the first lighter to tie up was a Javanese boatman in a sarong of undoubted batik. While his craft waited for its load he breakfasted. From a caldron of rice steaming above a brazier he filled his bowl and spiced it with a series of condiments running a color scale from pale chrome through pink to purple. With slender fingers he deftly worked these pigments into his background, then, tossing back his turbaned head, with the same still-deft fingers he fed himself wads of the richly illustrated cereal. It was neatly, even daintily done. To the onlooker from the rail above, his score was perfect, not a grain of rice going amiss. Finishing, he washed his bowl, his lips and his fingers, catlike in his cleanliness.

Sarongs Enough for All

IN THE quivering expectancy that he would once go wrong, at least partly wrong, with one of the fingered rice installments, his sarong of real batik had been forgotten. Now it was remembered because noticed by other people. "Hailed" is the better word. It was hailed with excited yawps and gurgles by three women, sensible enough in the more familiar affairs of life, who wished at once to be told if they couldn't buy it—buy it suddenly. Probably, they conceded, it was not the only sarong in the Malay Archipelago. Still, there might have been a run on the best ones and it was likely that no other could be so enchanting as this with its radiant pattern of birds and flowers. What was Malay for "How much?" And wouldn't someone say it to the man before other connoisseurs spotted him?

The someone who was urged to ask the man did some plain thinking, and said in part, "Would you go up to a workman at home and ask to buy his clothes for spot delivery? Do you think this lad with the sarong carries a spare? Anyway, it's like starting at home to buy up those overalls that have a large horse hitched to each leg, pulling and looking foolish because the things won't give. Sarongs are common clothes here, so take your time. And speaking of sarongs ——"

He gestured toward an oncoming lighter, its deck lively with a dozen saronged figures; crossing its wake went a sampan with a holiday party all in sarongs.

"And what's this?" He paused to take from the politely extended hand of a smiling Javanese who appeared from nowhere a card reading "Batikwerk de fijnste," and from a brisk-looking Chinese at his side a card saying "Best High-toned Sarong Place."

Beyond them two other merchants proffered cards and —— But from the other direction came a saronged and turbaned vender of the actual things. He carried all the sarongs a strong man would wish to hold up in the now tropic heat. Plainly there was going to be almost no trouble in ferreting out a sarong or two in Java. And, of course, the women who would have left the solitary boatman practically destitute of apparel were now busy purchasing the entire stock of this forehanded vender. Yet, of course, they were not. With a heavy load of them at hand, they became less feverish about sarongs, refusing even to haggle with the salesman as Hints to Tourists warned them to. They now seemed to believe that on shore the haggling would be better.

A landing is made at a spot where, having gone very far west, we come to the East; a many and brightly colored, steaming, smelly East of comely brown people in sarongs or silken trousers and jacket; of barbers in little or nothing, attending clients by the wayside; of itinerant restaurants where brown meat cakes sizzle over the brazier for squatting patrons; of kris and pottery and flower sellers; of slight but muscular bronze shoulders arched under yokes burdened at each end with baskets of strange fruits; a vivacious mêlée of other little folk whose mission is not at once to be read, but who are going briskly about it. Apparently that Western religion of slowing up on the job has not yet been preached here.

A motor car of a famous Occidental origin sounds the only sour note in the symphony. It is entered, and rattles off into more of the East, at first along a canal that does all any canal could be expected to do. The first glance reveals it to be a community sewer, a forthright sewer with no indirect nonsense of plumbing. It is at the same time a public laundry, a bathing place and an artery of traffic. Its water, an opaque yellowish gray, is also used, without any fussy prejudice, for drinking and cooking. None of that idle gossip about typhoid has reached its banks. It is a jolly, intimate canal. Sprightly banter flies from boatmen to the bathers, laundresses and others who avail themselves of its many advantages. There is no crisis of the home life that may not be met here, spontaneously, without any effete trying for exclusiveness.

A Canal in Batavia

The Scrambled Language of Java

THEN we are in a broad street of Western aspect, the signs a reminder that Java is not only the Pearl of the Orient, the Garden of the East, but the pride of Holland's colonial empire in Asia, the most valued jewel of the Netherlands East Indies. The signs in Dutch at once suggest this; one is quickly aware of the letter *j* lurking in ambush to assault the eye. The Polynesian, when he has a day to spare—and when hasn't he?—takes one of his nice long words, already distended with vowels, and inflates it with a few more. If it has one *a* he gives it two; if it has two he gives it three, all in a row, and delightedly takes the time to sound each one. The Dutch, with less leisure, merely load a scatter gun with *j*'s and fire at random into their words. Of course a few have escaped. One can guess at stoomwaschery; and telefoon merely looks foolish in its meager disguise. One can guess again at knee-brok untergodoeren and sokjes; but how about rijswijk or small but sturdy words like altijd, zijn, or merely zij, or wij, or vijf or bij, or mij, blijf, mijn, rijd, lijvig, krijt? One meajns to sajy, is it nojt a bijt confusjing, jujst at firjst? Howjevjer ——

From the broad street of white shops for white people, a street of hot dazzle, we reach the cool shadows of a hotel built close to the ground, with rooms open front and back for the free run of such air as may stir. On the shaded stone floor before each room sleeps the boy in charge. Long rows of this bivouac mark the wings that diverge from the central office. We cruelly rouse a sleeper and demand what the card spells as ijswater. While we wait a beauty chorus of six Javanese girls comes to the veranda railing. They are charming of face, slender of body and close-draped in sarongs. They also wish to sell sarongs. They expose artful designs of deities, sacred birds, flowers, diamonds, ovals, spirals in soft-blended tints. The first impulse is to buy them all. The second is to wave refusal, for two other laden groups are seen to lie in wait just beyond. It is going to be positively easy to buy sarongs in Java. A heavy price would have been paid for the boatman's one cloth, and it is now recalled that an importer at home will demand twenty dollars for one like these; but as they are offered

A Native Surabaya Laundry

for three dollars, it is suspected that the shops will let them go for two-eighty. The veranda proves unresponsive and the beauty chorus moves on in a color composition that in New York would get a stage producer talked about.

We go to the eetzhall, staffed by Javanese in natty turbans and bare feet, and command the rijsttavel, or the easier said rice table. Rice is brought, from which the plate is filled. Meantime news of the order has been noised about and a line forms on the left. Fifteen turbans are counted, worn by servitors bearing dishes, edging step by step to the diner as he chooses from each. It is perceived that the boatman of the morning has a rice table of his own. All his colors are here, of condiment and sauce; but we are richer by jewels he lacked—gems of fish, chicken, pork, shrimps, nuts, bamboo shoots, each fashioned by a lapidary.

The diner feels himself hypnotized to commit excesses. The procession requires six minutes to pass his given point and from each member he takes strange art products to heap over his defenseless rice. He knows he shouldn't, but he has a feeling it would be rude to refuse even one of these paraders who have so long marched in line. The battalion at last dispersed, he takes a fork as palette knife and composes his picture, working pigments in to the rice background, trying novel color effects, lowering the tone of those that seem garish, softening harsh outlines, rearranging perspectives of chicken, fish, pork, contrasting shrimp with bamboo sprout. Then he eats and finds it good.

Colorful Street Scenes in Surabaya

THERE is but one casualty, supposed, as the papers say, to have been the work of an incendiary. Little had the victim suspected that one tenderly pretty pigment could run so high in calorific potency. The amount he took all but wrecked the picture; enough, beyond a doubt, to smelt one ton of the most refractory quartz—and in his boastfulest moments he has never pretended to be a smelter. Tear-blinded, he respectfully segregates what is probably a by-product of Java's hottest volcano and cries out for the dranken tarief, or wijnlisjt, as it is also known. Even if the day be Zondag, he will have a glajs or two of fijne rijnwijn, as the card has it, to quell the conflagration. He recovers presently and will later learn that rice table is Java's best food offering. Otherwise there is but the standardized table d'hôte that spreads its tepid, tortured items over all European menus.

Then there is a chocolate-ijs or a vanilla-ijs and coffee, or koffie as the Dutch prefer. As to Java's coffee—yes and no. You are brought the essence, had by dripping cold water on ground coffee berries, a small quantity of which is supposed to persuade a cup of hot water. If you get the right proportions, you have fair coffee, shot through with certain unfamiliar darts of taste. But if it is by so much as one electron of the essence too strong or too weak, you haven't. More than often you haven't. But who are we to disparage any real coffee after surviving Australia's?

Outside, we wave away fresh groups of cunningly posed sarong sellers and go off to see if a sarong or two may be had, by some happy chance, in Surabaya. From a wide avenue of the West we enter a narrow, winding street of the Orient, where sarongs are apparently spawned in numbers to supply the world. Little open-fronted shops flaunt them in a gorgeous panorama. But suspicion is aroused at the very entrance to this street. Its banners are hung with a calculation too apparent, its artistry is too precise. It is artful, and too artful, the low drab buildings curving off to a narrowed perspective, the street figures passing in an order obviously directed, the entrances and exits too effective to be spontaneous.

The food venders arrantly pose beside their sizzling meats and the lank gray goat with foot-long pendent ears, ruminant in the incredible gay doorway of Phwa Chan Ying, Best Almond Co., is very falsely posing. It is all so good, one shrewdly guesses that the backs of these little shops reveal the button lath and crumbling stucco edges of Hollywood and that a high-priced director has been needed to bring the street scene to such overelaborated perfection.

Buffalo are Used for Farm Work in Java

From an alley half the width of the narrow street come a dozen Javanese girls, in looks well up to the difficult Hollywood standard, and acting with even superior finesse. They are sarong-draped and the colors of these have been chosen by an artist to harmonize with the baskets of gay fruit they bear on their shoulders. Erectly they march, not in a too artificial line, but with a seeming carelessness that insures a triumph of ensemble.

They turn out for a singing actor whose shoulder stick bends under a weight of pottery to match his brown torso shining with sweat. He is followed by one bearing a score of wicker cages that imprison cockatoos and singing birds. His largest cage confines a white rooster devoid of decorative touches and songless, but indignant about something. Follows one with six large armchairs that a director has somehow fastened attractively to his shoulders; another with a burden of colored sirups and a block of ice fast yielding, but still defiant; another trudging under a hundredweight of mere coal; and one between two swaying cylindrical baskets from the tops of which bubble the russet heads of live chickens in a bouquet effect.

Above the rhythmic scuffle of bare feet is a harmony of shrill cries and silver bells. The set has cost money, and farther up the street some handsome wretch of a leading man must be getting on with a drama of passion in the little closed spaces. We look knowingly about for grinding cameras and the tense master genius with putties and megaphone. But he is not to be found, nor his cameras, and this unbelievable harmony of line and color and grouping is all true and merely commonplace. And all of Java—for even where not so contracted it is all like this street—has no dissonance of color, no inharmony of line, that is not of Western origin. Even the abundant squalor is never inartistic.

How to Know the Batik Patterns

THE sarong shops are looted of art treasures—such as worn by the picture people in the street—at prices perceptibly this side of nothing. By now the Western buyers are expertly haggling for ten or twenty cent reductions if enough are taken for a set of living-room curtains, and they are glibly identifying patterns. There is the Djokja batik, on a blue or brown base, with terrifying gods, broken-jointed dancers and the grandest elephants ever pictured. There is the Pekalongan, on a white base, with many-hued birds and rioting blossoms; the Surakarta with its light-brown coloring; the Preanger, vivacious with red, orange and blue. It is when as much as three dollars is demanded for one of these that the haggling is on, as if they were mere strips of printed calico and not the fruit of long and tedious toil by an artist who has had to draw the design, cover it with hot wax, dip the cloth in paint of the base color, repeat this process until all the colors have been grounded, then apply skillful finishing touches by more handwork. Never, probably, has a full three dollars bought so much value in any art.

Back at the hotel, eight sarong merchants squat hopefully by the veranda rail. They do business too. Now that a start has been made, sarong buying is proved to be a vice, and those who pander to it will never be far off. Each morning, outside his door, the visitor will find venders of sorts; sellers of mangosteens, the world's only perfect fruit, so delicate it cannot survive exile; sellers of musical instruments contrived from bamboo, who will play on them and be overcome by their music to a point where only dancing brings relief; sellers of the kris with a poisoned blade, the kris having a sharpened wiggle for a blade that would cut a curly aperture in the person, and being a utensil not advisable to use except in the arbitration of really serious disputes. And there will be impresarios seeking profitable engagement for their fighting rams, their racing oxen, their fighting doves. But whatever the wares or entertainment proffered, the vender of sarongs will always be in the crowd. Entering any village, the batik factory is on the first corner to the right. In Central Java a lofty cliff is shown over which a horseman once galloped to his death a thousand feet below. It is said

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A Javanese Water Carrier

THE UNSPEAKABLE EGG

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

WHEN Fifi visited her Long Island aunts the first time she was only ten years old, but after she went back to New York the man who worked around the place said that the sand dunes would never be the same again. She had spoiled them. When she left, everything on Montauk Point seemed sad and futile and broken and old Even the gulls wheeled about less enthusiastically, as if they missed the brown, hardy little girl with big eyes who played barefoot in the sand

The years bleached out Fifi's tan and turned her a pale-pink color, but she still managed to spoil many places and plans for many hopeful men. So when at last it was announced in the best newspapers that she had concentrated on a gentleman named Van Tyne everyone was rather glad that all the sadness and longing that followed in her wake should become the responsibility of one self-sacrificing individual; not better for the individual, but for Fifi's little world very much better indeed.

The engagement was not announced on the sporting page, nor even in the help-wanted column, because Fifi's family belonged to the Society for the Preservation of Large Fortunes; and Mr. Van Tyne was descended from the man who accidentally founded that society, back before the Civil War. It appeared on the page of great names and was illustrated by a picture of a cross-eyed young lady holding the hand of a savage gentleman with four rows of teeth. That was how their pictures came out, anyhow, and the public was pleased to know that they were ugly monsters for all their money, and everyone was satisfied all around. The society editor set up a column telling how Mrs. Van Tyne started off in the Aquitania wearing a blue traveling dress of starched felt with a round square hat to match; and so far as human events can be prophesied, Fifi was as good as married; or, as not a few young men considered, as bad as married

"An exceptionally brilliant match," remarked Aunt Cal on the eve of the wedding, as she sat in her house on Montauk Point and clipped the notice for the cousins in Scotland, and then she added abstractedly, "All is forgiven."

"Why, Cal!" cried Aunt Josephine. "What do you mean when you say all is forgiven? Fifi has never injured you in any way."

"In the past nine years she has not seen fit to visit us here at Montauk Point, though we have invited her over and over again."

"But I don't blame her," said Aunt Josephine, who was only thirty-one herself. "What would a young pretty girl do down here with all this sand?"

"We like the sand, Jo."

"But we're old maids, Cal, with no vices except cigarettes and double-dummy mah-jongg. Now Fifi, being young, naturally likes exciting, vicious things—late hours, dice playing, all the diversions we read about in these books."

She waved her hand vaguely.

"I don't blame her for not coming down here. If I were in her place ——"

What unnatural ambitions lurked in Aunt Jo's head were never disclosed, for the sentence remained unfinished. The front door of the house opened in an abrupt, startled way, and a young lady walked into the room in a dress marked "Paris, France."

The Fog Had Blown Back to Sea, and as They Came in Sight of the House the Lamps Were Glowing Out Into the Darkness. On the Porch Waited an Immaculate Girl in a Gleaming White Dress

"Good evening, dear ladies," she cried, smiling radiantly from one to the other. "I've come down here for an indefinite time in order to play in the sand."

"Fifi!"

"Fifi!"

"Aunts!"

"But, my dear child," cried Aunt Jo, "I thought this was the night of the bridal dinner."

"It is," admitted Fifi cheerfully. "But I didn't go. I'm not going to the wedding either. I sent in my regrets today"

It was all very vague; but it seemed, as far as her aunts could gather, that young Van Tyne was too perfect whatever that meant. After much urging Fifi finally explained that he reminded her of an advertisement for a new car.

"A new car?" inquired Aunt Cal, wide eyed. "What new car?"

"Any new car."

"Do you mean ——"

Aunt Cal blushed.

"I don't understand this new slang, but isn't there some part of a car that's called the—the clutch?"

"Oh, I like him physically," remarked Fifi coolly. Her aunts started in unison. "But he was just —— Oh, too perfect, too new; as if they'd fooled over him at the factory for a long time and put special curtains on him ——"

Aunt Jo had visions of a black-leather sheik.

"—— and balloon tires and a permanent shave. He was too civilized for me, Aunt Cal." She sighed. "I must be one of the rougher girls, after all."

She was as immaculate and dainty sitting there as though she were the portrait of a young lady and about to be hung on the wall. But underneath her cheerfulness her aunts saw that she was in a state of hysterical excitement, and they persisted in suspecting that something more definite and shameful was the matter.

"But it isn't," insisted Fifi. "Our engagement was announced three months ago, and not a single chorus girl has sued George for breach of promise. Not one! He doesn't use alcohol in any form except as hair tonic. Why, we've never even quarreled until today!"

"You've made a serious mistake," said Aunt Cal.

Fifi nodded.

"I'm afraid I've broken the heart of the nicest man I ever met in my life, but it can't be helped. Immaculate! Why, what's the use of being immaculate when, no matter how hard you try, you can't be half so immaculate as your husband? And tactful? George could introduce Mr. Trotzky to Mr. Rockefeller and there wouldn't be a single blow. But after a certain point, I want to have all the tact in my family, and I told him so. I've never left a man practically at the church door before, so I'm going to stay here until everyone has had a chance to forget."

And stay she did—rather to the surprise of her aunts, who expected that next morning she would rush wildly and remorsefully back to New York. She appeared at breakfast very calm and fresh and cool, and as though she had slept soundly all night, and spent the day reclining under a red parasol beside the sunny dunes, watching the Atlantic roll in from the east. Her aunts intercepted the evening paper and burnt it unseen in the open fire, under the impression that Fifi's flight would be recorded in red headlines across the front page. They accepted the fact that Fifi was here, and except that Aunt Jo was inclined to go mah-jongg without a pair when she speculated on the too perfect man, their lives went along very much the same. But not quite the same.

"What's the matter with that niece of yourn?" demanded the yardman gloomily of Aunt Josephine. "What's a young pretty girl want to come and hide herself down here for?"

"My niece is resting," declared Aunt Josephine stiffly.

"Them dunes ain't good for wore-out people," objected the yardman, soothing his head with his fingers. "There's a monotoness about them. I seen her yesterday take her parasol and like to beat one down, she got so mad at it. Some day she's going to notice how many of them there are, and all of a sudden go loony." He sniffed. "And then what kind of a proposition we going to have on our hands?"

"That will do, Percy," snapped Aunt Jo. "Go about your business. I want ten pounds of broken-up shells rolled into the front walk."

"What'll I do with that parasol?" he demanded. "I picked up the pieces."

"It's not my parasol," said Aunt Jo tartly. "You can take the pieces and roll them into the front walk too."

And so the June of Fifi's abandoned honeymoon drifted away, and every morning her rubber shoes left wet footprints along a desolate shore at the end of nowhere. For a while she seemed to thrive on the isolation, and the sea wind blew her cheeks scarlet with health; but after a week had passed, her aunts saw that she was noticeably restless and less cheerful even than when she came.

"I'm afraid it's getting on your nerves, my dear," said Aunt Cal one particularly wild and windy afternoon. "We love to have you here, but we hate to see you looking so sad. Why don't you ask your mother to take you to Europe for the summer?"

"Europe's too dressed up," objected Fifi wearily. "I like it here where everything's rugged and harsh and rude, like the end of the world. If you don't mind, I'd like to stay longer."

She stayed longer, and seemed to grow more and more melancholy as the days slipped by to the raucous calls of the gulls and the flashing tumult of the waves along the shore. Then one afternoon she returned at twilight from the longest of her long walks with a strange derelict of a man. And after one look at him her aunts thought that the gardener's prophecy had come true and that solitude had driven Fifi mad at last.

II

HE WAS a very ragged wreck of a man as he stood in the doorway on that summer evening, blinking into Aunt Cal's eyes; rather like a beach comber who had wandered accidentally out of a movie of the South Seas. In his hands he carried a knotted stick of a brutal, treacherous shape. It was a murderous-looking stick, and the sight of it caused Aunt Cal to shrink back a little into the room.

Fifi shut the door behind them and turned to her aunts as if this were the most natural occasion in the world.

"This is Mr. Hopkins," she announced, and then turned to her companion for corroboration. "Or is it Hopwood?"

"Hopkins," said the man hoarsely. "Hopkins."

Fifi nodded cheerfully.

"I've asked Mr. Hopkins to dinner," she said.

There was some dignity which Aunt Cal and Aunt Josephine had acquired, living here beside the proud sea, that would not let them show surprise. The man was a guest now; that was enough. But in their hearts all was turmoil and confusion. They would have been no more surprised had Fifi brought in a many-headed monster out of the Atlantic.

"Won't you—won't you sit down, Mr. Hopkins?" said Aunt Cal nervously.

Mr. Hopkins looked at her blankly for a moment, and then made a loud clicking sound in the back of his mouth. He took a step toward a chair and sank down on its gilt frailty as though he meant to annihilate it immediately. Aunt Cal and Aunt Josephine collapsed rather weakly on the sofa.

"Mr. Hopkins and I struck up an acquaintance on the beach," explained Fifi. "He's been spending the summer down here for his health."

Mr. Hopkins fixed his eyes glassily on the two aunts. "I come down for my health," he said.

Aunt Cal made some small sound; but recovering herself quickly, joined Aunt Jo in nodding eagerly at the visitor, as if they deeply sympathized.

"Yeah," he repeated cheerfully.

"He thought the sea air would make him well and strong again," said Fifi eagerly. "That's why he came down here. Isn't that it, Mr. Hopkins?"

"You said it, sister," agreed Mr. Hopkins, nodding.

"So you see, Aunt Cal," smiled Fifi, "you and Aunt Jo aren't the only two people who believe in the medicinal quality of this location."

"No," agreed Aunt Cal faintly. "There are—there are three of us now."

Dinner was announced.

"Would you—would you"—Aunt Cal braced herself and looked Mr. Hopkins in the eye—"would you like to wash your hands before dinner?"

"Don't mention it." Mr. Hopkins waved his fingers at her carelessly.

They went in to dinner, and after some furtive backing and bumping due to the two aunts trying to keep as far as possible from Mr. Hopkins, sat down at table.

"Mr. Hopkins lives in the woods," said Fifi. "He has a little house all by himself, where he cooks his own meals and does his own washing week in and week out."

"How fascinating!" said Aunt Jo, looking searchingly at their guest for some signs of the scholarly recluse. "Have you been living near here for some time?"

"Not so long," he answered with a leer. "But I'm stuck on it, see? I'll maybe stay here till I rot."

"Are you—do you live far away?" Aunt Cal was wondering what price she could get for the house at a forced sale, and how she and her sister could ever bear to move.

"Just a mile down the line . . . This is a pretty gal you got here," he added, indicating their niece with his spoon.

"Why—yes." The two ladies glanced uneasily at Fifi.

"Some day I'm going to pick her up and run away with her," he added pleasantly.

Aunt Cal, with a heroic effort, switched the subject away from their niece. They discussed Mr. Hopkins' shack in the woods. Mr. Hopkins liked it well enough, he confessed, except for the presence of minute animal life, a small fault in an otherwise excellent habitat.

After dinner Fifi and Mr. Hopkins went out to the porch, while her aunts sat side by side on the sofa turning over the pages of magazines and from time to time glancing at each other with stricken eyes. That a savage had a few minutes since been sitting at their dinner table, that he was now alone with their niece on the dark veranda—no such terrible adventure had ever been allotted to their prim, quiet lives before.

Aunt Cal determined that at nine, whatever the consequences, she would call Fifi inside; but she was saved this necessity, for after half an hour the young lady strolled in calmly and announced that Mr. Hopkins had gone home. They looked at her, speechless.

"Fifi!" groaned Aunt Cal. "My poor child! Sorrow and loneliness have driven you insane!"

"We understand, my dear," said Aunt Jo, touching her handkerchief to her eyes. "It's our fault for letting you stay. A few weeks in one of those rest-cure places, or perhaps even a good cabaret, will ——"

"What do you mean?" Fifi looked from one to the other in surprise. "Do you mean you object to my bringing Mr. Hopkins here?"

Aunt Cal flushed a dull red and her lips shut tight together.

"'Object' is not the word. You find some horrible, brutal roustabout along the beach ——"

She broke off and gave a little cry. The door had swung open suddenly and a hairy face was peering into the room.

"I left my stick."

Mr. Hopkins discovered the unpleasant weapon leaning in the corner and withdrew as unceremoniously as he had come, banging the door shut behind him. Fifi's aunt sat motionless until his footsteps left the porch. Then Aunt Cal went swiftly to the door and pulled down the latch.

"I don't suppose he'll try to rob us tonight," she said grimly, "because he must know we'll be prepared. But I'll

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She Broke Off and Gave a Little Cry. The Door Had Swung Open Suddenly and a Hairy Face Was Peering Into the Room

THE BALKAN FLUX

By LOTHROP STODDARD

THE Balkans are the Wild East of Europe. Abode of half-barbarian peoples fired by crude ambitions and cursed by savage blood feuds, the Balkans are a permanent political storm center lying like a perpetual thundercloud on Europe's southeastern horizon. Here the late war began, and here new wars may well arise. In fact, the most ominous feature of the situation is that, as a result of the late war, Europe's Wild East has spread far beyond its former borders. Instead of being confined to the Balkan Peninsula, as it was before 1914, it now stretches over most of East Central Europe, which has been both politically and spiritually Balkanized.

The Balkan Peninsula is the easternmost of the three great projections which jut out from the continent of Europe southward into the Mediterranean Sea. Much larger than Italy and somewhat larger than Spain, the Balkan Peninsula differs from them in both its shape and its internal structure. To begin with, it is separated from the European land mass not by definite mountain chains like the Alps and Pyrenees, but by broad rivers and marshy plains. Again, the Balkan Peninsula is neither a plateau like Spain nor a well-defined land like Italy, but is rather an irregular mass of rugged highlands crisscrossed by short mountain ranges which run in every direction and break up the land surface into many disconnected regions. Lastly, the Balkan Peninsula is closely connected with both Europe and Asia. Geographically, it is merely the European section of a Eurasian land bridge, divided from the Asiatic section—the peninsula of Asia Minor—by a water rift in places only about a mile wide.

PHOTO FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Queen Marie of Rumania

The Battleground of the Ages

GEOGRAPHICAL location and internal structure combine to make the Balkan Peninsula a region of contending forces. A borderland between Europe and Asia, streams of human migration have poured into the Balkans from both continents. Indeed, though geographically part of Europe, the Balkan Peninsula is more open to Asiatic than to European penetration, because its rivers and valleys run eastward or southward, while its mountains run in ways which hinder communication with the north and west. Thus turning its back on Europe and looking toward Asia, the Balkan Peninsula has continually invited settlement from Asia, and it is therefore only natural that Asiatic races, religions and cultures should have invaded the Balkans at various times, while it is equally natural that Europe should have fiercely resisted these Asiatic invasions. Thus fated to be the borderland and battleground of two continents, the Balkans have been predestined to chronic turmoil and unrest.

The one thing which might have averted these misfortunes would have been the rise of a strong, stable people which could have welded the Balkans into a political unity and kept out foreign invaders. But that was made almost impossible by the peninsula's internal structure. Broken up by its mountains into many distinct regions more or less isolated from one another, it was not suited to political unity

The Balkan peoples have therefore naturally tended to form many separate groups, and every new stream of invasion has tended to concentrate in some particular region instead of spreading widely over the peninsula.

That has made the situation steadily more complex by adding new groups sharply marked off in blood, speech, religion and culture. In the course of time, to be sure, these various factors have spread and blended. But they have done so only partly and very unequally. Strange combinations have resulted; race, language, religion and culture have become crisscrossed in truly extraordinary fashion. Thus a sort of vicious circle has been set up; instead of evolving toward unity and stability, the Balkan Peninsula has become ever more disunited and unstable which has made it less able to resist foreign invasions, which have further increased disunion. The significance of all this can be grasped by a glance at Balkan history.

The earliest inhabitants of the Balkans whom we can identify with reasonable certainty were of Mediterranean stock. They occupied the southern part of the peninsula in very early times, though they seem to have dispossessed still earlier stocks of whom practically nothing is known. It was these slender, dark-complexioned Mediterraneans who were the primitive Greeks and who created the prehistoric civilizations of Crete and Mycenæ. About 3000 years ago a series of Nordic invasions occurred which changed the situation. These Nordics conquered the Southern Balkans and settled down as masters. Homer describes the first results

Homeric Greece was ruled by an upper caste of tall, blond Nordics, the mass of their subjects being small, dark Mediterraneans. Later on a partial fusion of the two races produced the Hellas of classic times and created the brilliant civilization which is Hellas' undying glory.

However, it is interesting to note how essentially Balkan was the situation. The broken character of the country prevented political union. Ancient Greece was divided into many small states inhabited by Mediterraneans and Nordics in varying proportions, and differing markedly from one another in temperament and culture. Disunion was in fact Hellas' undoing. Classic Greece tore itself to pieces by its domestic quarrels and fell under the rule of its northern neighbors. These neighbors were vigorous tribes of Nordic stock, akin to the Nordic invaders of Greece, who had settled the northern portion of the Balkan Peninsula and had been welded into a powerful state Macedon by a dynasty culminating in Alexander the Great. Alexander founded a mighty empire stretching far into Asia, but it broke up with his death and the Balkans again fell into confusion until conquered by Rome.

The Seat of the Byzantine Empire

ROME gave the Balkans political unity and peace; but when Rome declined, the Balkans were overwhelmed by misfortunes which have continued to the present day. A series of barbarian invasions swept the Balkans from end to end, destroying classic civilization and wiping out most of the old population. These barbarian invaders were of various racial stocks, some being of European and others of Asiatic blood. Alpine Slavs were the most numerous element, and it is Slav blood which has ever since been the predominant Balkan strain. However, the Slavs formed separate groups, mixed with the older populations and with Asiatic invaders in varying proportions, and therefore formed no cement of political cohesion. Meanwhile the older population had stood its ground at various points, especially at Constantinople, which became the seat of the so-called Byzantine Empire—Greek in speech and culture, though extending into Asia Minor and inhabited by a very mixed population. Throughout the Middle Ages the Balkans were torn by complicated struggles between the Byzantines and the various Slav peoples. As the Byzantine Empire declined the Slav group built up barbarian empires of their own, though these soon broke down into the chronic Balkan turmoil.

Then, about 500 years ago, Byzantines and Slavs were alike overwhelmed by a mighty wave of Asiatic conquest—the Ottoman Turks. For centuries the Balkan Peninsula lay under Turkish rule. But the Turks never succeeded in giving the Balkans peace or prosperity. On the contrary, they merely introduced new complications and sowed the seeds of future

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A Group of Rumanian Peasants

THE PEOPLE OF VAUDEVILLE

By Marian Spitzer

AN ENTHUSIASTIC attendant of the two-a-day once said that vaudeville was the source, the mainspring of the American theater. And though there may be a great many devotees of the theater who are inclined to consider that statement a trifle far-fetched, a glance at the list of names on our stage today might prove the fan more nearly right than wrong. This same fan in an excess of zeal said that to the American public vaudeville occupies much the same position that subsidized opera does to the public of Italy; that in vaudeville alone the masses can be certain of finding what they want for what they can pay.

However you may feel on that subject, it is true that vaudeville has brought to the American people a great many splendid things that they would not otherwise have been able to have—either through a disinclination on their own part or because of prohibitive cost. There are a great many people who, although they couldn't be dragged to the Metropolitan Opera House, are delighted to listen to the singing of some operatic star who is sandwiched between a snappy dancing act and a hilarious comedy team. Then again, it may cost too much to attend a performance of some visiting foreign ballet, but when the première danseuse of that ballet makes a vaudeville tour before sailing for home, it is quite possible to see her, along with seven or eight other acts, for a reasonable sum.

Rae Samuels, Known as The Blue Streak of Vaudeville

Lingua Vaudevilliana

VAUDEVILLE draws its personnel from every other branch of the theater, and at the same time, as a recompense, it supplies every other branch of the theater with fresh talent. Hardly a month goes by without some new discovery being made of a former vaudevillian who has made a great success in musical comedy, the dramatic stage, and sometimes even the opera and concert. And on the other hand, there is scarcely a week that does not see some new illustrious name from the realm of musical comedy, opera or the drama enrolled in the lists of vaudeville.

Dorothy Jardon, Who Flits Back and Forth Between Grand Opera and Vaudeville

Vaudeville performers might be divided into three main groups: The regular, steadfast vaudevillians, who play the circuits over and over again year after year; the people whose time is divided about evenly between the legitimate stage and vaudeville; and the visitors from the legitimate stage and the movies, who spend a few weeks, or at the most a few months, in vaudeville for the purpose of cleaning up a nice bit of money while waiting for a new play or picture. The essential vaudevillian, who may be drawn from either the first or the second group, is in a class by himself. There is no one in the world quite like him. He looks different from any other kind of person, his clothes are different, his point of view is unique. He even has a language all his own, with a strange and wonderful vocabulary. Walter J. Kingsley, a theatrical man who has spent many years of his life among vaudevillians, and who understands them as few people do, is at the present time compiling a dictionary of vaudeville words, sections of which appear from week to week in the Sunday dramatic sections of New York papers. Mr. Kingsley declares that if a layman were turned loose backstage in a vaudeville theater, he would understand as little of the conversation as if he were suddenly cast away upon a cannibal island. Just in case you should ever find yourself in that predicament, here are a few samples of the vaudeville language which may help you out:

ALL WASHED UP—no further booking in sight.
A FLOP—terrible, a hopeless failure.
ALL WET—the same, but worse.
APPLE SAUCE—no sense to it.
TO DIE—playing to no applause.
HANDCUFFED—an audience which won't applaud
SITTING ON THEIR HANDS—the same.
A BRODIE—a complete and unmitigated flop.
A RIOT—an enthusiastic reception from the audience
A PANIC—even better than that.
A KNOCKOUT—still better.
A WOW—the final accolade.
THE GRAND JURY—the gallery crowd.
A FISH—a poor act.
A CHOOSER—a performer who steals material from other acts which have been watched for that purpose.
BLUE—off-color lines or business
THE STICKS—small towns in the hinterlands
DEUCING—appearing second on the bill
EXCESS BAGGAGE—a nonprofessional wife who accompanies her husband on tour.
SHINE—a hick who thinks he's an artist
DOUGHDY—the weekly salary.
SLEEPER JUMP—overnight railroad trip.
MORGUE—a house that doesn't do business.
GUTTENBERG—an actor's wardrobe.
DOING A HOUDINI—getting out of a tight place.
DOING AN EDDIE LEONARD—making a speech, singing old songs, etc., after the act is over, in response to applause.
PAPER IN THE HOUSE—passes.
SWELL PAIR OF PIPES—a good voice.

Here is a conversation which might be overheard on the corner of Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, or State and Lake, or anywhere else that vaudevillians congregate. See if it means anything to you.

FIRST VAUDEVILLIAN: Me and the wiff caught that Whoozis dame's act in the deuce spot at the Franklin. She cracked wise to the stage manager to be ready for a lotta bows, but she did a mean flop. Her routine's just a lotta apple sauce she's copped offa other comics, an' her pipes are somethin' fierce. The little woman just laffed herself sick. You know the Whoosiz jane always high-hatted us in the three-a-day an' it was the cat's earmuffs for us to see her die in the big time.

SECOND VAUDEVILLIAN *(absent-mindedly)*: Yeh? Yuh shoulda saw us in Poughkeepsie. We was the well-known wow! That's a tough mob that sits on their hands, but the wiff an' me warmed 'em up with a routine of buck-an'-wing, a ditty and a sure-fire gag from burlekew. The manager comes back an' sez: "Can that blue wheeze." But he laffed when he sez it, and we pulled it again that night. I'm tellin' you the act was a panic; it knocked 'em dead. They're still pickin' 'em up from under the seats where we laid 'em.

Never Upstage

ACTUALLY there seems to be very little in common between a regular actor and a vaudeville actor. The only time they seem to feel any sympathy toward each other is when they are faced with a common enemy So many regular actors and actresses are inclined to act just about as much off the stage as on it. They are always aware of themselves, watching to see if they are making the right effect. Not the vaudevillian, though. His philosophy is "Be yourself." He is above all things natural and forthright. You can take him the way he is or leave him alone. He hates affectation and he cannot bear ritzy, upstage people.

He is boastful as a child is boastful. He is always sure that he is the best acrobat or the best hoofer or the best mammy singer in the business. If some other fellow is getting along better than he is it's not because the other fellow's work is better, but because the other fellow has a pull with the booking office. It's only a question of luck and pull, that's all.

This attitude, in spite of its externals, cannot be classified as conceit in its ordinarily accepted meaning. In The Song and Dance Man, that wistful and moving piece of theatrical hokum by and with George M. Cohan, the essential vaudevillian stands perfectly revealed. He explains the whole thing in a paragraph. It is not exactly

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Ethel Barrymore

The Road Up Pokey Moonshine

He Kept the Road Open Through the Snow Until the Drifts Were Too Deep for His Horse to Break Them

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE road was still there, a narrow yellow score drawn vertically across the hill. Only after he had caught sight of it through the dirty window of the car was Adam Purdy quite aware that he had been afraid, unreasonably, that it might be gone; as if roads were likely to disappear when a man's back was turned! He got to his feet as the train jarred to a stop, and carried his yellow satchel toward the door, where a brakeman, shouting a contemptuous "Millville—Millville!" from the corner of his mouth, seemed to penetrate his errand and to ridicule him for it.

He was disposed, as he lowered himself from the awkward height of the step to a platform of broken planking, to ridicule himself. The station was even smaller and dingier than he had remembered it; the men who stood about eyed him with dull distrustful curiosity, and one of them, leaning against the back of the bus at the far side of the platform, jerked his head toward the open door with no offer to take the satchel. Adam Purdy stooped to enter the carryall and braced himself on the hard narrow seat, angry at himself for resenting a discourtesy he knew to be unconscious. There was a brief delay while a mail sack was transferred; the driver demanded a quarter and slammed the door; the bus creaked and clattered through thick dust that rose in a hot and choking haze. For some reason Purdy found the smell of it a medicine for his discontent; he knew how pleasantly soft and warm it would feel on bare feet, and how smoothly it would sift up between free toes. He moved his own reminiscently in the neat square-toed congress gaiters.

He identified other smells—blackberries distilling on the roadside bushes under the upland sun, a breath of balsam that was almost the same and yet unmistakably different. He leaned out of the open window and saw the road that climbed the hill, less perpendicularly now that it was nearer, but still almost straight up and down. He could see the beckoning break in the sky line where it seemed to end, and mysteriously found himself again in humor for the adventure, forty years delayed. He called curtly to the driver.

"Stop at the corners. Leave my satchel at the hotel. I'll be along later."

The man made no answer, but the bus halted at the crossroads where the main highway led along the valley floor to the spires and roofs of the village. Purdy stood ankle deep in dust until the bus passed a bend. Then, walking a little faster than was his habit, he struck up the beckoning ascent that lessened amiably as he reached it. There had been little travel here, he saw; the clay was baked firmly in the ruts of the last rain; he recognized an occasional dark streak as the scar of a locked wheel, sliding down; a glance over his shoulder at the sun told him that it was not much past ten. He verified it by his watch and was absurdly pleased to find that the trick had come back to him across the years as surely as the memory that distinguished between blackberry and balsam.

He could walk too—not with the stiff-kneed, heel-hitting gait of pavements, but with the shambling, adaptive stride of the fields. There was a kind of pleasure in every thrust of calf and thigh, the lift and swing between; already the air seemed different, penetrating to tingling places in his lungs that seemed to have waited forty years for the feel of it. He climbed steadily, unwearied as the rude track dipped and rose again, leading him on and up through the low overgrowth that had almost hidden the rotting stumps of the great pines he remembered.

Here and there he came upon deserted farms, their little clearings overrun by the eager scrub, their buildings disintegrating among ancient fruit trees and forlorn lilac bushes. There was one that had fallen in upon itself, a vague mound under a mat of climbing roses, so that Purdy thought of flowers growing thirstily on graves, and hurried past. It was noon when he came to an abrupt end of the road at rude pasture bars beside a house that was manifestly inhabited.

He stopped, leaning against the bars and looking back over the sweep of the farther hills beyond the valley that had already hidden under the shoulder of the one he had climbed. He breathed in slow deep inhalations, dimly proud of the conquered height, of the mysterious sense of unwearied strength that seemed to mock the steep grade behind him. He turned to the house.

It seemed to welcome and to beckon, a low square house of the familiar pattern, in decent paint and repair, although the fields above it had been abandoned like the others to the encroaching growth of scrub. The porch faced the farther hills; an old wooden rocker with a cushion of faded red stood beside the open door, and as Purdy stood hesitant in the path an old man, bent and twisted like the wind-tormented apple trees, came slowly into view, shuffling slippered feet and holding a rough cane before him in both hands. His eyes were blank and faded, and Purdy was not sure that they saw him, although the old head lifted a little and the figure stopped beside the chair. He could see a ceaseless sidewise oscillation of the sagging jaw.

"Is this the end of the road?"

He spoke loudly, and at first he thought the other had not heard; the head moved from side to side and one tremulous hand rose as if to steady it by a downward stroking motion over the short white beard.

"Road to Pokey Moonshine." The voice quavered into falsetto. "Used to be a sight of travel before folks took to living down on the flats. Ph-h!"

Purdy seemed to share in the contempt of the wordless sound for people who chose to stay on level lowlands when there were hills and a road that climbed up over them to a place called Pokey Moonshine.

"Could I get something to eat?" he asked, as if something held in common with this shaking ancient warranted the request.

The old man stroked his beard uncertainly.

"Where you going?"

Purdy understood it as in some sense an answer.

"I'm going to Pokey Moonshine," he declared. The name seemed to leave a taste on his lips. He repeated it under his breath.

The other nodded.

"Some bread 'n' milk in the kitchen. You can help yourself."

Adam Purdy cut thick slices from the loaf on the scarred ash bread board and broke them into a cracked blue bowl of milk. The smell of the low-ceiled kitchen was friendly, appetizing; the open doorway made him think of a picture frame. He shook his head at the thought; pictures weren't like that, not exactly. He frowned a little. He didn't want to think about pictures—up here.

He thanked the old man simply. The face did not turn from the prospect of the blue hills, but the voice spoke in a wistful tremolo.

"Kind of hankered to go to Pokey Moonshine again," it said. "It's sightly, up yonder. Better 'n this."

Purdy was unreasonably sorry about the road. If they'd kept it up the old fellow could have ridden up over it. Sightly. The word lodged in his mind; it found a sudden force and meaning—a long time since he'd heard it, but a good word. He felt strangely young and strong as he went

down the path of flat stones sunken in the shaggy turf and turned to nod a good-by to the old man. Queer that sixty should seem like youth, when yesterday it had been so wearily old.

He did not let down the pasture bars, but climbed them briskly, aware even of an impulse to see whether he couldn't vault over them, with one hand on the topmost. The old road was easily followed up across the slope, although it was masked, like the rest of the field, under a close-bitten sod, so that it seemed to Adam Purdy like the ghost of a road, only haunting the scenes that had forgotten it. A cow path paralleled it rudely, crossing and recrossing it, following it a few rods and veering away to slant back farther on.

There was a mild sting in the sun now, not unpleasant, when he had taken off his heavy black coat. The path dipped to a marshy hollow and slanted up a steeper rise beyond; he climbed a fence and left the cattle track, to follow a fainter trail in the bed of the old highway, a path he found, it seemed, by intuition rather than by sight.

Behind him, when he stopped to look back, the far hills drew up and away; the house was already hidden under the curve so that no one would guess that it was there. He saw, with a kind of triumph, that he had come to a lesser summit; the ground fell away gently, and above the low trees he could see another hillside, notched at the summit It was miles away, he knew; three or four, at a guess. He quickened his pace and stumbled suddenly into the sky.

He saw, after a moment, that it was only a lake, stretching away between dense thickets of young timber to the foot of the notched hill, but the illusion of an inverted sky persisted; it was furtive, secret, hushed and hidden like a child, and seeming to caution him as a child might have lifted a warning finger to its lips. He found that he was holding his breath, as if even the faintest sound or motion might startle it.

Afterward he went on, but he noted landmarks by which he could find his way back to the place where, if you trod softly, you could take the picture by surprise, as he had taken it. He seemed to know that it wouldn't be so—so sightly if he approached it gradually.

The old road had followed the flank of the hill a few yards above the bank, but he climbed higher, so that he could see better through the thinner growth of the almost naked shale. The pond narrowed at last to a long overshadowed arm that thrust deep into the crease of the upper hill, and became a vocal stream, splashing under its breath at first, and then aloud, where the wraith of the road struck upward in the gap and the water fell from ledge to ledge; and Adam Purdy thought of children, tiring of stealthy play, and laughing, clapping their hands, singing perhaps some old song about a bridge that was falling down, falling down.

He was caught unawares again at the summit where, leaving the stream a whimpering trickle between tall ferns, the road swung aside and up boldly over a rocky shoulder. Here, struggling against the steep, he had been watching his footing, and his head came up to discover a wide upland valley, drooping away before him to massed blue hills lifting successively deepening shades of blue, so that the farthest and highest seemed almost black.

Adam Purdy stood very still, warned by some inner certainty that it was this that he had come to find; the slant of the shadows told him that to go on would be to be trapped by nightfall. This was enough, for the first day anyway. He tried to arrest the thought as it drifted through a mind that seemed faintly drugged. The first day? As if there would be others, hundreds of others, thousands even; as if Adam Purdy were going to stay here instead of going back where he belonged—back to the high-ceiled rooms in the stately black-walnut and marble hotel, to the morning walk, to the Exchange and the luncheons at the corner table at the Leather Club, the afternoons with other old-timers among the trade journals in the reading room.

His mind refused to be decently affronted by the suggestion. Instead, dimly and timidly, it wondered whether this was the way Crozier felt about those pictures he was always buying—thousands of dollars for a few smears of paint on a strip of canvas! Or the way Higginbotham felt when he leaned back and closed his eyes in his box at the opera; or Donaldson, fingering the surface of a frail old plate and letting his voice drop as he told how and where he had picked it up.

Adam Purdy had pitied them a little as they let their queer fancies take tight hold of them, but lately he had envied them too; had even tried shyly and secretly to imitate them, to find something that would fill the blank spaces in his life that had once been adequately occupied by business, that were so empty now.

At first he had wanted nothing more than this—a mere pastime for hours grown long and gray and heavy. Later as he experimented with other men's expedients he became aware of something like a helpless cheated hunger that rejected these devices almost passionately, a hunger that Adam Purdy could not define, but which Crozier fed, he felt, on those paintings, and to which Donaldson was ministering when he bought another bit of china—a hunger that some men could satisfy with books from which Adam Purdy's mind recoiled in weary dullness.

Slowly the thought of that yellow road, climbing up over the hill beyond the village, associated itself with these meditations. He seemed to have seen it only once, although he must have seen it a thousand times. He remembered it always as being framed in the window of the car that was taking him out of the hills forever. He'd been savagely glad to go, eager for the adventure of the city and business where his uncle had grown rich, and where Adam Purdy would grow richer still, and yet as the train gathered speed he'd twisted his head and pressed his face against the grimy glass to see the last of that road, and something had tightened and hurt in his throat

The memory identified itself mysteriously with his nameless hunger. He began to feel that what he wanted, blindly, must be hidden somewhere up beyond the rim of the hill that the road would lead him to it. But, till the old man's voice had found a word for the prospect, Adam Purdy had not known the thing he sought. Now, standing at the end of the hidden valley, he said it aloud, with a reverent shyness.

"Sightly."

"Think so?"

He whirled at the voice. A woman stood looking down at him from a little farther up—a lean, strong woman, dressed in blue gingham, her face browned and roughened by sun and wind, and her hair streaked with gray. Her eyes met his, calm eyes, with an effect, Purdy thought, of space and distance—eyes that were used to looking far away.

"Yes," he said huskily, "it's sightly. Is it Pokey Moonshine?"

She shook her head. "That's eight miles farther—over behind Whiteface yonder." She pointed, and before he followed the direction of the gesture he noticed that the

(Continued on Page 93)

Adam Purdy Felt a Sense of Wealth That He Had Never Been Able to Find in the Bonds That Crowded His Box at the Safe-Deposit Vault

MENTAL HAZARDS

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

TWO important things have happened recently in our affairs. First, we finally got Havana, Cuba, on the loud speaker; and second, Omar Gill has left us. Omar Gill, our loyal, blundering and erstwhile friend, companion in a hundred minor affairs with citizens and the police, has pulled his freight and departed for the unknown.

What was a trio has become a duo, and only Harmony Childs and I remain to mourn. We have inserted touching appeals in the newspapers, beseeching the little scoundrel to return, so that we might explain and apologize, but he has vanished like the dinosaurs of yesteryear. We have sent urgent telegrams to distant cities, hoping to catch him by chance at former haunts, but without avail. He is gone.

Of course Harmony and I are cast down, because Omar Gill is a nice little man, always wrong but always cheerful, lighting up now and then with his humorous blunders the sorry woof of life. Omar is unquestionably a champion woof-lighter, and we hate to think he has gone forever.

When he departed he was angry and hurt. His feelings were wounded by our injustice, and his round amiable countenance was splattered with a thin layer of Polo mud, giving him a frescoed air. A policeman was walking at his side, and whether the officer later arrested him or ran him out of town we have no way of telling. The incident is regrettable and shadowed with melancholy, and it may as well be explained in detail, so that no one will feel we did him dirt.

Polo, California, was the scene of the tragedy. Polo is a small, thriving community of real-estate agents, retired capitalists and citizens in flivvers down in the dry end of California, with orange groves to the right and walnuts to the left. Looking to the north you can see the gleaming snow upon the mountain tops, and to the south you behold the oil fields, where you are taken by salesmen in an auto bus and given balloon tires, alarm clocks, radio sets, parlor furniture and barbecued meats in the hope you will purchase an oil well, ten dollars down and so much a month.

Wherever there is not an orange grove or an oil field or a real-estate plat in the throes of subdivision, there is a golf course. California is the true home of the hoof-and-mouth disease. Bunkers dapple the tired earth so that from above it looks like the face of a Mexican from the smallpox districts. Everywhere is heard the click of the brassy and the low bitter curses of fat men missing putts. The golf balls lost in California every week, if put end to end, would clog up every oil well south of Bakersfield.

Polo is growing frantically, and you have to know Secretary Mellon to rent a mail box at the post office. Harmony, Omar and I wandered into this Elysium in search of a noted specialist of whom Omar had heard up north. For six years the three of us have pooled our fortunes, led by Harmony Childs, who is a financial genius and as crooked as a used pipe cleaner, but lovable. Omar Gill likewise is without a moral sense, but his infamy is handicapped by a clouded mind, and the three of us have been knocking about, trying to fleece the great American public with varying success. I confess this without shame, because up to now we have been on the losing end of the deal and the public has some of our money. It is not as easy to flimflam the proletariat as it was in the good old days of currycombs and George Ade.

Omar's feeling, at this time, was that his heart had developed a knock. He talked of nothing else, worried off a few pounds and finally coaxed us into migrating to Polo, where the celebrated heart specialist had his office hours. We regretfully departed from San Jose, where we had been doing nicely with a synthetic substitute for gasoline, which was guaranteed to give sixty miles to the gallon in a downhill country.

"There's nothing the matter with your heart," Harmony told our invalid.

"Yes, there is," Omar insisted.

"No," said Harmony. "It's your head, and with the kind of a head you wear, nothing can be done."

We steamed into Polo, found comfortable lodgings, and fought off a swarm of real-estate agents, who began calling us by our first names within fifteen minutes. Our appearance was that of three prosperous gentlemen, Omar wearing spats and an Oakland necktie.

Harmony carried our bank roll, which is simply a gesture of caution on his part. Being elegant for the time, we had no intention of debasing ourselves with financial skullduggery in Polo.

Mr. Gill's heart disease turned out to be a mild attack of indigestion, and all it cost us to learn this fascinating news was one hundred dollars, which Harmony peeled from our bank roll with withering comment.

"Anyhow," said Omar, greatly relieved, "I'm glad we came, because I like this town. Polo is a cheerful place, and everybody seems happy and busy. We could do a lot worse than look around and go into something honest."

This remark should have warned us, but it did not. Three days later the little man burst into our rooms.

The Rankin Gurgle Was a Combination of Offensive Sounds—a Sort of Snicker, Cackle, Giggle, Sneer, Guffaw and Grunt. Golfers Were Helpless Before It

"I have just bought out a real-estate business," he announced, with no preliminaries.

"Using what particular kind of money?" Harmony asked, yawning.

"Our money," Omar rejoined. "And let me tell you something. This town is the real-estate paradise of modern times. Tourists hop off the through trains and take a lot before they take a bath. It's marvelous."

"George," said Harmony, "chase the lunatic outdoors, where the air will blow on him. I told him it wasn't his heart."

"Listen to me," Omar said earnestly.

He recited formal figures, showing that so many Iowa and Kansas voters sold their farms every twenty-four hours and moved to California. He had the number of Michigan mechanics arriving daily in flivvers with one wife and four children, and he concluded with the statement that we could make fifty thousand a year.

"Will you please walk over and see what I bought?" he begged, and having nothing better to do we consented.

Following him to the business center of Polo we wound up in a real-estate office made to resemble a lighthouse, with a windmill turning on the roof and a small boy handing out folders. There was a red-nosed man sitting on a chair before the door, the red nose in California being the symbol of the real-estate agent.

"This is Mr. Howard," Omar said.

We shook hands, chatted for a few minutes and moved aside to make room for a strange fat man who came in, hunted for his check book and bought three lots on Elm Street. He was followed by a widow and two children. The widow took a triangular lot and announced she was going to put up one of the slickest doughnut stands in Polo. A milk-wagon driver dropped off his vehicle and invested in a two-thousand-dollar business site, one hundred down; and two college boys bought a ranch on the outskirts of town.

Naturally, we regarded this fever of activity as a simple form of fraud, because we have done just such things ourselves, but to our astonishment it proved to be a regular daily performance. These people actually were buying real estate, and it was not a little opera prepared for our benefit. Six more customers came in before noon, glanced rapidly over a map with red lines, wrote out checks and departed with receipts. Harmony cleared his throat.

"First," he said to Mr. Howard, "what I crave to know is why any sane man would wish to sell out a business like this?"

"My wife is being rushed back to the hot springs in Arkansas," answered the real-estate agent. "I have to go with her. Otherwise, nobody could buy this business away from me any more than they could buy my left leg. This is a gold mine."

The financial haggling lasted a week, after which time we bought out Mr. Howard and set up in trade. From the beginning we sold plenty of lots, began to feel the warm glow of respectability, and were invited to join the Polo Chamber of Commerce and the church.

"This is both unexpected and pleasing," Harmony said, examining the bank book. "They can't put you in jail for selling lots."

"Remember," Omar grunted, "I dragged you into it. I brought you to Polo and I found this business."

"And we give you credit," Harmony grinned, looking at our plump friend. He had four new suits, spats and a cane, and was rapidly becoming Polo's glass of fashion.

It was not astonishing for the chamber of commerce to look us up, but the friendly overtures from the church came out of a clear sky. Mr. Gill was at the bottom of it. Selling lots in Polo was such an effortless proceeding that even Omar could sell them, and he is ungifted as a salesman. He couldn't sell life-preservers in a wreck at sea, but Polo real estate was easy, and he proved it by selling a corner lot, sixty by ninety, to the mayor, Mr. Joseph Bean. When you can sell frontage to the town's mayor the town is solid.

His negotiations were conducted with the aid of the mayor's daughter, one Alma Bean, and before he had finished driving the lady about town in search of corners, he had, as usual, tangled himself up in the sentimental fripperies of what appeared to be an austere love affair. Long after he had sold several lots to the lady he continued to loiter on the mayor's veranda, and we accused him.

"Certainly," he said. "Why not? Alma is a lovely soul."

"Lovely, but old," I said.

"Never mind. I'm no gosling myself."

"Your intentions can't be serious."

"Nothing beyond marrying the lady," he answered. "To you, Alma seems a trifle shopworn, but what you don't know is that she has bank accounts in her own name, is the only child, and gets it all when Joe Bean dies."

We chuckled.

"It's funny to you," he declared, "but now that I've turned honest I'm going to stay with it. I'll marry Alma, drop you two, and build up a career in Polo."

"We can stand it, can't we?" our leader asked, and I said we could.

As many a business man discovers, we found it would contribute still further to our social standing if we joined one of the golf clubs that cluttered up the scenery, and the secretary of the chamber of commerce egged us on.

"All our leading citizens play golf," he stated. "You make valuable acquaintances."

I objected feebly, but Omar and Harmony assured each other that what they needed most was exercise, and we finally decided to cast our fortunes with the Polo Country Club, which seemed to have the largest fireplace. None of us had ever experienced the thrill of knocking a small ball about an open field, and I am personally opposed to exercise in any form, so I never shall. My natural position is sitting down, with the legs extended. My notion of the needful equipment for a fine afternoon's sport is a stuffed morris chair and a small tray to hold glasses, but Harmony seemed interested in the golfing outlook and Omar began reading books on the subject. Within a week they were golfers. Delivery men began bringing in Scotch socks, bags, clubs, and shoes studded with spikes.

When a normal citizen takes up with this insidious game he goes out of his mind and is of little use to the human race. My partners began rising at five in the morning and dashing out for a brisk eighteen holes before office hours, returning home about seven in the evening, and leaving me to sell lots alone. When they found you could gamble on golf they tossed the real-estate business aside, and presently fell in with a couple of golf veterans named Ike Rankin and George Duffy, who were very poor players, and didn't mind pastiming with my associates, whose early efforts to hit the ball were pitiful to behold.

Harmony went around in one hundred and forty strokes, not counting clean misses, and Omar was somewhere between two hundred and a thousand, there being no way to score him. When the gambling started they gave our money freely and continuously to Messrs. Rankin and Duffy.

"You two make me laugh," I remarked one evening, after having been their guest long enough to watch their opponents despoil them of sixty dollars.

"Why?" Omar asked.

"If you had any sense you'd see these fellows are better players than you."

"They are not," Harmony snapped. "I've shot this course in a hundred and ten, and neither of them has ever beaten it."

"Do you ever win any of their money?" I asked.

"No," they admitted, "but it isn't because they play good golf."

"What then?"

"Ike Rankin and his educated laugh," Harmony explained. "He chuckles us out of these matches."

Mr. Rankin was generally detested at the Polo Country Club because of this laugh, which had become notorious. The Rankin gurgle was a combination of offensive sounds – a sort of snicker, cackle, giggle, sneer, guffaw and grunt. Golfers were helpless before it, and as Mr. Rankin knew it upset opponents, he used it to win games.

"You don't mean he laughs at you while you're hitting the ball?" I inquired.

"No," said Omar, "because then you could kill him with a mashie and have it over. He laughs when you ain't shooting."

Real golfers are extremely temperamental and the mere twitching of an eyebrow throws them off their game and causes them to slice or miss. To my astonishment, Omar and Harmony turned out to be prima donnas.

"That man," Omar complained, meaning Ike, "never gives us a fair chance. Again and again I miss the simplest shots because he's standing behind me, waiting to uncork his giggle."

"And," Harmony added, "I would be really a good driver by this time if it wasn't for the same thing."

"Why play with such a person?" I demanded. "Why not play golf with gentlemen?"

"We are still learning this game, and good golfers won't play with duffers. It's Rankin and Duffy, or nobody."

In the following weeks I was forced to listen to long bitter stories about the sinful Ike, and I wish to say it is a great trial to live in the same house with a couple of working golfers. The true test of friendship is for a nongolfer to sit still every evening and hear a detailed recountal of the day's exploits, and eventually I hit upon the plan of charging my partners fifty cents a minute, cash in advance. For five dollars I agreed to listen ten minutes while they told me the thrilling facts.

Eventually I concluded that the good golfers of the Polo Country Club declined to play with Harmony and Omar, not because they were duffers but because of Omar's golf costume—a purple thing, ending in spotted socks. At a short distance he looked like a Portuguese sunset.

"I know you can't play this game," I said, looking at him, "but what astounds me is that anybody on the course can play, with you in sight."

"You don't know it, but this is the latest thing," he said huffily. "I'd as soon go out in public wearing a red flannel shirt. All you need now is a couple of smoke pots hanging from your neck." *(Continued on Page 70)*

"Come, Father," She Said. "A Pity These Drunken Hoodlums are Permitted to Run Loose in Polo on Sunday"

WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

THE Burr Robbins Circus, trouping westward from Chicago in August of 1887, had pitched its tents at David City, a county-seat town of Eastern Nebraska, for a day's stand. The Missouri Valley was on the boom in '87 and business was flush.

There was a fight on the lot in the early afternoon. A townsman who had lost twenty dollars at a three-card-monte pitch attacked the card sharper. Three circus followers rallied to the latter's rescue and the townsman was beaten unmercifully. He was able to hiss a threat through his cut and swollen lips before he limped away.

Whispers of impending trouble ran about the lot at supper. Swapping of yarns in an infrequent idle hour with the show was certain to include a reminiscence of some epic battle between trouper and towner. On long Sunday jumps, the circus' one breathing spell, Weber and Fields had heard such tales of clems and Hey, Rube; had listened and laughed as one does at a good yarn.

The show's cars lay on a siding fully a mile from the lot. In coming in for the parade and again for the evening show, the troupe had used the road which led through town. There was one other route, down the single-track railroad, but the boys were not familiar with it.

As they were making up for the night show old Pop Davenport, the principal clown, a veteran of the day when the clown was the circus and all the rest little more than background for him, peered at them from beneath his shaggy eyebrows

"Do you boys know what 'Hey, Rube' means?" he asked shortly. They grinned and said they had heard some talk.

"Talk, eh?" he retorted. "You're likely to hear more than talk tonight. Laugh, will you? Well, I've seen a sight of 'em in my time; but none that was funny, leastwise until a long time after the bruises healed. Take the advice of an old-timer. If trouble breaks it'll come about the close of the concert when they're taking down the main top. Don't put on any make-up for your concert turn. Put your costume coat over your regular clothes, and throw the funny stuff away the minute it pops. When you hear 'Hey, Rube,' no matter what you're doing, leg it for the cars as fast as your kid legs'll carry you. Take to the track. They'll murder you if you go through town. Don't bother your heads about what's going on; just light out for all you're worth and keep going. It's not your row; you're youngsters, and you ain't circus folk, and you'd only get in the way and need looking out for if you stayed."

The Four Cohans in 1889

Out of the Frying Pan

THE old man's earnestness gleamed through his clown's make-up, and they were sobered. His advice was remembered

Three hours later the boys were in the midst of their concert turn when Grenier's brother-in-law, who traveled with the show, pushed back a tent flap and beckoned to them. They ran off the platform, shedding the costumes that branded them of the circus as they went. At the flap Grenier's brother-in-law seized each by a hand and started for the railroad right of way.

The night was overcast and sultry, its blackness broken only by flickers of heat lightning on the horizon and the guttering of the kerosene torches on the show lot. A band still played inside the tent, and they heard close by the soft whoosh of an invisible elephant blowing dust. In the distance a town dog barked, and the south wind rustled the ripening corn in a field across the track

No other sound for the first hundred yards they ran. They asked themselves if they were fleeing from a fancy. Then, as they cleared the show grounds and struck the railroad embankment, a single shout awoke the night—"Hey, Rube!" A rattle of pistol fire; a confused and waspish buzz of voices, growing louder; a woman's scream, shrill and horripilating. A burst of flame. The main tent was afire, fed by coal oil. Horses stampeded past, their hoofs drumming on the hard prairie. An elephant's trumpeting was answered by a berserk roar from the lions' cage, setting off the menagerie. The thud of animal bodies beating against bars and wooden walls, the screech of monkeys and tropical birds, more shots, the clamorous pealing of an alarm bell in the town.

The circus forces were beating back the first shock of the mob's attack, laying about them with tent stakes in close formation. Women and children huddled in the shelter of overturned wagons. Blows thudded and thwacked, men cursed, groaned and breathed in gasps and grunts. An elephant, flailing a tent pole in his trunk, was prodded forward by the bull keeper into the enemy's ranks. Their center broke and fell back in panic. The glare of the burning tent rent the dark, under cover of which the attackers had at first swept everything before them, and now disconcerted their straggling lines. Others, satisfied with the blow they had struck, and mindful of their own heads, were slipping back into the town singly and in pairs.

The circus had won; but Weber and Fields and their escort, panting up the railway grade, could not know it. The tumult, rising in volume, seemed to be coming nearer. The burning tent lit up the landscape, and in their minds they were as visible to others as the show lot was to them when they stole a fearsome glance over their shoulders. Joe stumbled on a tie and fell. Grenier's brother-in-law kept on and was swallowed in the darkness ahead.

Lew helped his partner up and they ran side by side again. They came to a long trestle. Here lack of breath and the peril of a misstep forced them to slow to a walk. As they felt their way tie by tie over the shadowy skeleton of timbers the headlight of a train flashed round a curve ahead and bore down upon them on the single track. Now they saw only too well what lay ahead, behind, beneath and to either side. They were halfway across, below was the gleam of water, and there was not a foot of clearance on either side of the rails. They ran frantically and recklessly for the far end, and saw—or in their terror thought they saw—that they could not make it. The rails were singing, the pop of the engine's valves was in their ears now. Turning, they fled backward. The engineer saw them and loosed a staccato shriek of the whistle that completed their panic

Darkly glinting waters lay beneath. Joe could not swim a stroke; Lew was an indifferent swimmer. One resource remained They could hang by their hands from the outer edge of the trestle, possibly, until the train had passed. Down they swung. The train was upon them. The engine rocked past, hot coals spilling from the fire box and falling with a hiss into the water below. Then the pound and clank of freight cars; a string of empties and too evidently a long one. It was slowing for the yards, and sparks flew from the brake shoes. These children of the tenements clung desperately to a stringpiece in an agony of fear and aching arms while the train roared on endlessly. They prayed and shouted encouragement to each other, but their words were smothered. Finally the flash of green and red lights on the rear of the caboose and the train had passed.

One—Two—Three——

BUT when they tried to pull themselves up again their overtaxed muscles would not respond. Each straining effort weakened the relaxing grip of their numbed fingers. They screamed for help and the echoes mocked them. Bullfrogs croaked a requiem in the reeds.

Between sobs, Joe managed to say, "I guess we're goners, Lew."

Fields, choking on his tears, protested to a last despairing hope.

"There's one chance left, Web," he argued. "We can drop while we've a little strength left and swim for it."

"I can't swim," his partner reminded him. "Give my clothes to my brother Muck, and don't tell mamma it was this way. Call it pneumonia or something."

"Maybe I can pull you out, Web." Lew tried to put conviction into his voice, but it broke on him. "If anything happens to me and you pull through, just take my things home."

"When I count three, we'll drop," said Weber.

"Good-by, Lew."

"Good-by, Web."

"One—two—three——"

They let go, falling like plummets, and landed with a great splash in a foot and a half of stagnant water, their legs sinking softly into a deep cushion of ooze. A cow, taking her cud-chewing ease on the bank, clambered to her feet with a startled snort and a fling of her heels and scampered away.

Death in a dozen forms had clutched at their throats continuously for fifteen minutes, to end in this ludicrous anticlimax. In their reaction, they laughed and cried hysterically and hugged each other ecstatically. The circus riot, it came to them, had been forgotten utterly for the past five minutes. Now it seemed a memory of another life. The west, they saw, was dark again. The tent had burned out and the night had recaptured its hush. The crow of a distant cock at midnight was borne on the soft south wind.

Four men were dead, casualties of that brief hot clash between trouper and avenging towner—two citizens, the boss canvas man and a razorback—but the boys would not know that until they had waded out of the stock pond and made their way to the show train, where the circus was beginning to bind its wounds and to count the cost of swindling a free-born Nebraskan.

Grenier had other worries that night, but Joe and Lew forced both themselves and their resignations upon his attention. The season was nearing its end and they must be back in New York to open with Hyde's Comedians—it had occurred to them since suppertime. Grenier's large and varied stock of profanity had gone to the well once

too often since that same meal. He hadn't a curse left and only waved them aside wearily.

At sunup the circus was on its way again. Grenier and a few others stayed behind for the inquest, and to hire every lawyer in David City

The circus did not show that day at its next stop; but the following morning brought a new big top from Omaha and Grenier from David City. He heard their resignations a second time and paid them off. Just then he was as weary of his circus experiment as were they, and sympathetic with their yearning for home.

"You've got something to tell them on the Bowery," was his only comment.

The troupe paraded the boys to the Chicago train and the girls' band played The Girl I Left Behind Me. Their circus days were over once and for all.

The fare to New York in that day of five cents a mile would make a hole in their summer's earnings, so they stopped in Chicago in the hope of picking up a stop-gap engagement. The season had not opened and Kohl & Castle's Olympic was the only theater running. They knew Castle only by reputation, and repute gave him the name of being a Tartar. Outside his door, each pushed the other forward. They entered together, eventually, and spoke as one. Castle cut them short.

"What can you do?" he demanded.

They began a lengthy catalogue of their talents and were interrupted again.

"How much?" he growled.

"Sixty dollars," Joe quoted.

"Fifty dollars," quoted Lew, in the same breath.

Fifty-Fifty With a Vengeance

"YOU kids better rehearse that number some more and come back when you know your lines better," Castle commented.

They conferred outside the door and were back in the time it took the theater man to light a fresh cigar.

"Fifty dollars," they harmonized.

Castle sang bass to their tenor.

"Forty," was his reply, and that was what they got.

Hyde's Comedians opened in Baltimore at Kernan's Theater in September. Hyde played the same cities, the same theaters and at the same ten to fifty cent prices as the Gus Hill and all the other variety road shows; but Weber and Fields now did only one act—their knockabout—outside of the aftershow. Hyde boasted an all-star show that included such favorites as Kitty O'Neill and Helena Mora, whom old theatergoers may remember for her barytone voice and her practice of planting someone in the gallery to sing the refrain of her numbers. That season the gallery voice was that of Gus Edwards, then a boy, now a producer and potentate of Tin Pan Alley.

The bartender at Kernan's was raffling off a saddle horse for the benefit of something or other and pressed chances on the company. The chances began at one cent and ended at three dollars. Fields drew the four-cent ticket; Weber paid thirty-eight cents for his. The show played Kernan's Washington house the following week. In midweek Fields got a telegram, the first he has any memory of. His hands shook as he opened the message. It read:

> You win horse. Will give you one hundred fifty dollars cash or send animal. Advise you take cash

Half the horse was Joe's, for it was share and share alike in good fortune and bad with Weber and Fields always. They might quarrel as to which half was whose, but the fifty-fifty never was questioned. Once with the Gus Hill show they had dissolved partnership and carried this division to heroic lengths. Weber customarily carried the firm's funds and accounted scrupulously for them. This Fields decided one day was a violation of the partnership code. He insisted that he be the custodian of the funds every other week, and Weber gave in. Lew was hazy in his accounting and Joe soon demanded a cash-on-hand statement. In answer Fields merely emptied his pockets and divided the contents into two equal piles.

"Where's the rest of it?" Joe demanded.

"What rest?" Lew asked offendedly.

"There's only $9.20 here"

"Well, didn't I give you $4.60?"

"I bet you spent it," Joe accused. "What right you got to spend my money?"

"Listen!" his partner commanded. "If I spent a dollar or so I spent it for the good of the firm. Didn't I pay half of it? Whatever I got, half's yours. That's the agreement. Whatever I spend, half's yours. That's the agreement. Take your $4.60 and shut up!"

For a week the two did not speak. Sharing the same dressing room and the same can of grease paint, this was awkward. A fictitious third party was invented as an intermediary

"Ask Mr. Fields if he is going to use that grease paint all night," Joe would address the air.

"Tell Mr. Weber, please, to keep his shirt on," Lew would answer.

This huff would have passed off naturally in time had not Fields "accidentally" hit Weber a terrific rap over the nose with his cane during the knockabout while their relations still were strained.

Weber clutched his bleeding nose with one hand and shook the other at Fields. He would listen to no apologies. This was the end. He was done with a partner who would steal from him, even try to murder him. At this Lew flew into an equivalent rage. In their dressing room they began dividing their effects, but their joint property would not come out even. There was an odd wig, a woman's blond tresses with two long braids. Joe grabbed one braid, Lew the other, and they tore the wig in two. They owned but one trunk between them. Borrowing a yardstick and a saw from the stage carpenter, they ascertained the mathematical center of the trunk and sawed it squarely in half. Gus Hill, hearing the row, intervened and forced a truce. By another week they were inseparable again, but Lew never after was treasurer of the firm.

No such halving of the horse was attempted. Lew and Joe needed few chattels less than they did a saddle horse even a four-cent one. If they had heard of a bridle path, they thought of it as a church aisle. Their equestrian experience had been limited strictly to hanging onto the tails of the milk-white steeds in the big ring of the Burr Robins Circus, and that association had not conduced to a closer intimacy

They had no doubt but that they should take the one hundred and fifty dollars, but the Hyde company met in executive session and decided that there was something rotten in Baltimore. Why, they asked, if the bartender was not intending to hornswoggle two inexperienced boys, was he so anxious to give them one hundred and fifty dollars in lieu of the horse? It was as plain as the nose on Lew's face that the animal must be worth much more than any one hundred and fifty dollars. They led the boys to the telegraph office and dictated their reply for them. It was: Rush the horse.

A Horse on the Boys

IT CAME on Friday—with a twenty-six-dollar freight bill attached—and the entire company, seventeen strong, assembled in the freight yards. Papyrus was not welcomed more hospitably last year. Five dollars was needed to induce the yardmen to unload the animal without delay.

Whether the bartender switched horses on them or not still is an open question; no other solution ever was put forward. It looked the prancing palfry little enough at first glance, but when its blanket was removed it was disclosed as Exhibit A in the annual report of the S. P. C. A. Every rib in the sway-backed structure stood out in bas-relief and the rheumy eyes gazed accusingly at Hyde's Comedians. Here was a Baltimorean that might have seen the same dawn's early light of September 14, 1814, remarked by Francis Scott Key.

It took all seventeen of them to push the four-legged misanthropist to a livery stable. The proprietor's first offer was twenty-five dollars. He had no opportunity of changing his mind. The net deficit on Weber and Fields' books was $6.42. They have lost money on horses since, but not through owning them.

From fifty dollars a week with Hyde they vaulted the next season to seventy dollars with the Australian Novelty Company, another variety road show. No theaters were open in the hot months, and the commonwealth tent show of the previous year had been no howling success. Loafing in the pool room of Miner's Bowery, curb market of the variety stage, with three idle months ahead, Weber and Fields heard of a turkey

(Continued on Page 110

From Left to Right—John T. Kelly, Harry Kernell and Tommy Ryan in the Eighties. Kelly and Ryan Later Were Members of the Original Weber and Fields Music Hall Company

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

XIX

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ALTHOUGH Prosper chose to take his battering with an air of lightness, it had been sufficiently serious to come within an ace of rendering him a lifelong casualty, and was ample enough to justify his abandoning the good, solid earth bed he loved so well for a somewhat softer couch. But there were other reasons—and these, too, were serious enough—for his requesting the hospitality of Mrs. Merlehurst.

He had to break to her the news of her husband's death, and, he felt, to help her in what might prove to be a difficult time. Also he desired to be near that exquisite child, Marjorie May; this latter for two sound reasons, one being that he hoped with considerable confidence that she would again walk in her sleep, and, sleeping, utter the name she had been on the verge of uttering on that first night in the sunken garden. The other reason was merely that he wanted to be near her, because it was the pleasantest place to be in that he knew of. If he had known of a better place, no doubt he would have gone to be in that place; but he did not.

Mr. Fair had reached that state of mind in which it seemed that the sun only shone where Marjorie May was. All other places were foggy and murky and cold, and need not apply.

Already he had formed the ghostly outlines of a complete solution to the mystery of the pyramid, and his keen instincts and edged intuitions were pointing a nebulous finger at the assassin of the sunken garden. But he lacked proof. His shadowy solution so far was partly guesswork, for he had only inserted a theoretical key of explanation into a theoretical lock of mystery. It still needed the practical turning, and he hoped to achieve this when, presently, he explored the castle.

But he was perfectly well aware that not for a day or two would he be fit to explore anything—except possibly the psychology of Marjorie May and her mother. He had been badly jarred and he was in no danger of forgetting the fact for, as he gayly told his gentle little nurse, he was entirely free from pain when he moved except below the ears and above the ankles.

Nevertheless, he did not grudge himself a brief rest from the intensive activities of the past forty-eight hours, for he was blandly and comfortably certain that the man in the gas mask—if ever he went near Kern Castle again—was by no means likely to prowl about the pyramid for some little time.

"Not with a neck and throat like his, I believe, Plutus," he mused idly over the newspaper which Marjorie May had bestowed upon him when, after the beef-tea festival, she went off to arrange her roses in the room which was to be his.

He opened the paper, his mind occupied with the contents of the telegram from Dale rather than with the news of the day.

"Niobe Swayne married Calhoun, and both died under the pyramid—Calhoun without a penny, Niobe with a small fortune in emeralds. That means something—the husband must have been ruined, while the wife was comparatively affluent."

His eyes were fixed on the close type of the newspaper, but he was not reading; and it was not until he had decided to ascertain from Fred Oxton whether Calhoun had ever mentioned Niobe Swayne that he became vaguely conscious that he was staring at two familiar words. He switched his mind onto the paper—and instantly the words leaped into sharp focus. They were these, Lord Kern, and the headlines above them were as follows:

"The Kern Emeralds. Lord Kern Offered Them to You—Years Ago—When He Was in Love With You?"

THE KERN MYSTERY AGAIN

TEN YEARS ABSENT PEER RECOGNIZED IN NEW YORK

SAILING FOR ENGLAND

The only information new to Prosper was contained in a ten-line cable dated two days before, which followed the headlines and was followed by a rehash of the story of Lord Kern's original disappearance and the recent happening at the castle. In the back page, it was announced, would be found a picture of the pyramid. The cable stated briefly that Lord Kern had recently registered and stayed at one of the smaller New York hotels for two days, declined to be interviewed, and had taken his passage on the fast Crescent liner Colossic.

Prosper was staring at this news item, frowning a little as he tried to find a place in his jigsaw for this fresh and unforeseen piece, when Mrs. Merlehurst came softly onto the veranda and sat in a deck chair facing him.

"You will have to beware of Marjorie's nursing enthusiasm, Mr. Fair," she said in her soft, perfectly trained voice. "She has just told me of her immense success with the beef tea ——"

She broke off, her lips parting as he looked up. She was very quick, for she noticed his minute change of expression instantly. "There is something interesting—in the newspaper?" she asked.

Prosper nodded, but did not tell her at once.

"Yes, I think so; but then I have not seen a paper for three days," he said evenly. "Which reminds me of something. The date on which the deed of gift from Lord Kern to Marjorie comes into operation is drawing near, isn't it?"

Her eyes dilated a little.

"Oh, yes if ever it comes into operation at all it will do so in less than a fortnight. But ——" She checked herself and repeated, "In less than a fortnight. Why do you ask, Mr. Fair? Is there anything about Lord Kern in the newspaper today?"

Prosper nodded again.

"I am afraid there is. It seems that he left New York on his way home nearly a week ago."

She sat forward in a movement so swift, so galvanic, that it was as though she had been thrust forward. Her great blue eyes went almost black, dilating immensely, but her face was suddenly as white as pearl. She gasped, catching back her breath, staring.

"I beg your pardon," she said almost in a whisper, "you say—you say that Lord Kern is coming home?"

Prosper's heart sank a little. Had she minded so much about the property, built so firmly on Marjorie's accession, that the possibility of disappointment could distress her so? She was staring—big blue-black eyes in a drawn, paper-white face—like one who sees a ghost.

"Lord Kern returning!" she gasped. "But that—that's impossible! Lord Kern is dead! He—is—dead! I know—I have known so ——"

She relaxed suddenly and sank back limply, with a long tremulous sigh, her eyes closing, so that it was as if she fainted. But even as he rose Prosper saw that she had not fainted, though in a moment he realized that it was only by a sheer effort of will that she had kept herself conscious. Her lips were quivering when, in a few seconds, she spoke.

"Forgive me—but I have believed for nearly ten years that Lord Kern was dead, and it was a great shock to hear ——" She broke off as a doubt came to her. "I suppose there is no question as to the truth of what the newspaper says."

Prosper reflected, then shook his head.

"There may be," he said slowly. "But in a case of this sort it is probably correct. I should be inclined to believe it. This man may be an impostor, but it would be a risky enterprise. And we have to remember that Lord Kern was to be expected to appear now, either within a few days, or, as far as the property is concerned, never. In any case it will be a very narrow shave for him. It seems to me that he will need all his good luck to be here within the time limit he himself fixed. Why"—Prosper's eyes brightened with the beginnings of excitement—"why, it is going to be—in fact it already is—a race against time! A hitch, a mishap in the engine room of the Colossic, a rough passage, almost anything out of the ordinary, and Lord Kern will be too late."

But the sweet-faced woman facing him shook her head, smiling faintly.

"Oh, but I was not thinking of the property at all when I cried out. A day or two—week or two—would not

matter, even though it would be a very timely windfall. Your news was a little two-edged, but—in a way—it was much more like good news than bad."

He looked at her, astonished. The color had returned to her cheeks and a sudden brightness had dawned on her eyes. She looked younger, happier

"Ah, you are astonished, Mr. Fair. You will think that I am like a young girl, flushing and paling, laughing and well-nigh weeping, sunshine and shadow, grave and gay, all in the same minute," she said; "but it took a little time for me to realize clearly that what must seem to you like ill news for me is really such good news that—a millstone has fallen from my neck!" Again a new thought seemed to come to her and again she changed. "Leaving in its place a necklace of thorns—of keen regrets."

She leaned forward, speaking most earnestly.

"For, you see, all those ten years I have been doing in my thoughts a most terrible injustice to—my husband. Some day I hope I may be able to explain that better, Mr. Fair. Perhaps it may seem to you an impossible and fantastic thing if I say that this news of Lord Kern's reappearance has brought me—after the first shock—an overwhelming sense of happy relief and also a deep and poignant sorrow—regret."

She was looking straight before her, her fine eyes like those of a girl.

Prosper thought swiftly. It was quite evident that she believed intensely in what she was saying, and he had to decide quickly whether this was a good moment to break to her news which in any case could not be kept from her for more than an hour or so. He decided that it was. Her spiritual mercury was high, her flame soaring. It was better to throw cold water on a high flame than on cooling embers—if one desired to preserve a fire. So he leaned towards her, his face serious.

"I congratulate you with all my heart upon any happiness my news has brought you," he said slowly. "And because I see that it is so, I hope that you will forgive me when I hint at some further news which may hurt you very much, but which must be given you which someone will have to tell you. We spoke of a man whom I called the Iron-Gray-Man "

She nodded, very pale again, gripping the wooden arms of her chair with white, slender fingers.

"Oh, yes, my husband," she breathed

"I promised that I would find him—if I could," continued Prosper.

"Yes."

"I have found him, though it is a difficult and painful task for me to find words in which to tell you how I found him."

But he had told her. She knew instinctively. He had seen the knowledge steal, gray and gradual, like the breaking of a cold, sunless, wintry dawn, upon her face. She stared, saying nothing for a long time. He saw the fine, delicate knuckles whiten as her grip tightened on her chair arms Presently she spoke.

"You mean—you are telling me—that you found him too late. You mean he is—dead! I know that you do!"

Prosper nodded and looked out across the sunny garden. It seemed very quiet there for a few minutes. Mrs. Merlehurst's voice was unexpectedly composed when she spoke again.

"Please, how was it? Was he ill ——"

"They will say that he committed suicide," explained Prosper. "But I can tell you that it was not so. He was killed—in the sunken garden of Kern, as Mr. Calhoun and the unknown woman were. But—as yet—only two people know that—the man who killed him and myself. Later soon, I think—all that will be explained. I share the knowledge with you because you are entitled to know, and in order that you should not be unnecessarily shocked. You see, he was coming back to you—to ask you to forgive him. That was his intention. There is a man—his companion—who will tell you of all that soon—some things that you will be glad to hear. But I can tell you that he came here to Kern with the intention of coming home at last to you."

Her eyes filled.

"Ah, I knew he would! I always knew that in the end he would come back to me and—need me. He was only a boy—a big boy—after all. Of course he was bound to come back to me," she cried softly. "I have tried, patiently, for so many years to be such a woman as he would be glad and perhaps proud and grateful to come home to. If only he knew ——"

Prosper was ready for that.

"You may be sure that he knew it. His friend will tell you so presently. He confided in his friend a great deal."

"And all these years I have been haunted—haunted—by a fear an incubus—a belief that he killed Lord Kern: that Lord Kern never really deliberately vanished, but that Geoffrey killed him in a fit of jealousy." She rose, breathing quickly. "Oh, that is what I can never forgive myself for! Never!"

She came close to Prosper.

"You are hunting for the man responsible for these tragedies at the pyramid, are you not?" Prosper nodded. "I thought so. And I have some things to tell you which perhaps may help you a little. Only not just now. Presently - presently."

She studied him for a moment, and a sharp anxiety appeared suddenly in her eyes.

"I hope—oh, I hope very much—that you will be successful in settling this mystery that hangs like a black fog over Kern. But surely it is very dangerous. Would it not be wise to have someone to help? That detective from Scotland Yard ——"

"I think that is arranged. He and Barisford and I are going to explore the castle and garden again—every nook and cranny," he told her.

"Mr. Barisford! But does he know you need him? He went to London this morning." Her voice fell. "Yesterday, after tennis, he asked Marjorie to marry him. She would not promise. I think he was terribly disappointed and he went away early this morning."

Prosper nodded.

(Continued on Page 83)

"Am I Supposed to Adventure Into the Bowels of the Earth?" He Said Plaintively

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 12, 1924

The Speech of Ashdod

PHARAOH, "contriving craftily," supplied the first case of anti-alien legislation, and we are told that the barbarous spirit of the Egypt of his day is in the new American immigration measure.

Since the opponents of restricted immigration have gone to the Bible for arguments it is illuminating to discover that there is a closer parallel to be drawn from it than that supplied by the Exodus. When Nehemiah rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem he did more than erect a structure of stone and mortar—he raised restrictions against the alien that were higher than the wall itself.

After the Babylonian conquest the walls of Jerusalem had been razed and most of the population carried off captive. When Nehemiah returned he found that alien races had swarmed in and were corrupting the Hebrew strain with their strange languages, customs and religions. The Jews who remained were straying from the worship of the true God and were marrying wives of Ashdod, of Ammon and of Moab. The only hope of saving the race seemed to lie in a swift return to segregation behind new walls.

When Nehemiah spurred his countrymen to the work there was loud protest from the aliens in their midst. Sanballat the Horonite and Tobiah the Ammonite, who led the dissenters, were promptly put in their places. "Ye have no portion," declared Nehemiah, "nor right, nor memorial, in Jerusalem." Written protest was sent to Artaxerxes, King of Persia, against the action of the Jews. By way of parallel, recall the flood of petitions and protests which poured in on Washington during the past year. The memorial to Artaxerxes was signed by the Dinaites, the Apharsathchites, the Tarpelites, the Apharsites, the Archevites, the Babylonians, the Susanchites, the Dehavites and the Elamites!

But the wall was rebuilt, and the sons of David, having cast aside their alien wives, assembled upon the top, where the priests and Levites purified themselves and the people and the gates and the wall. Even then the work was not complete. Nehemiah found that men of Tyre came within the walls and sold fish and all manner of ware on the Sabbath, and that the children of men who had married outside their race spake in the speech of Ashdod. So Nehemiah, the arch-exclusionist of all time, closed the gates of Jerusalem when darkness fell before the Sabbath and drove the visitors away; and he smote the fathers whose children talked in outlandish tongues and plucked off their hair until no word of Ashdod was whispered from the tower of Hananeel to the tower of Meah.

We have been slow in raising the immigration wall, and now that it stands between us and the flood there will be need still for measures as stern as the discipline of Nehemiah. Hyphenated Americanism must go. Men who have come here from other lands must be prepared to accept things as they find them and not seek to impose their ideas on us. The backward glance is not compatible with good citizenship. There must be no perpetuating here the mistakes of a backward continent. The newcomer, as always, will be taken in on a basis of equality; but for those who can give only allegiance with reservations there must be "no portion, nor right, nor memorial." We must close our gates on the men of Tyre and, in the course of time, educate the newcomers to speak in good American and not in the jargons of Ashdod. In the meantime we would suggest that the foes of restriction turn ahead from the Book of Exodus and give thought to the Book of Nehemiah.

Mr. Coolidge's Running Mate

THE choice of Gen. Charles G. Dawes as the Republican candidate for Vice President was a singularly happy one. General Dawes long ago captured the imagination of the country, partly by his personality, partly by his record as a brilliant and resolute public servant. He has impressed his fellow citizens as being one of those rare men who gather impetus as they proceed with any work they have in hand and come through by sheer momentum.

Much of General Dawes' strength as a candidate lies in the fact that people do not think of him as a politician. They think of him as soldier, administrator and co-author of the economic plan that is rightly regarded as America's greatest contribution to the future peace and stability of Europe. They remember the leading part he took at the birth of our national budget system.

General Dawes' name is linked with action and success. He is a hard worker; none harder. He is a go-getter and a pinch hitter. When he tackles a job chips and fur begin to fly. He may thump his desk, step on the loud pedal and invoke the powers of hell and Maria, but he has, above all, a habit of bringing home the bacon. His worst enemy dares not call him a mealy-mouthed nonentity. There is something Rooseveltian in his personal magnetism and his forthright speech, his downright utterance of inner convictions, careless of who may hear or what they may think. The bland suavity and the cunning evasiveness of the slick politician are no part of his make-up. General Dawes will make a powerful appeal to those millions of voters who are sick and tired of self-seeking politicians and are daily cursing out the whole breed regardless of party labels.

A Double Standard

THE other day a certain senator, who has been conspicuous for fairness and restraint throughout a congressional session marked by the absence of both, lectured a gathering of prominent newspaper proprietors and editors on the subject of advertising. Why, asked the senator, did they rigidly enforce standards of truth in connection with paid advertising and give space in their news columns to the falsehoods put out by politicians for personal gain and advancement? Why, in other words, maintain a double standard? He urged strongly that all material published in the editorial and news columns should be as honest and fair as the copy of commercial advertisers.

So far we have found it possible to establish a strict standard of honesty only in printed matter that is openly labeled advertising; and at that, the day is not far back when a large share of the advertising space was given over to patent nostrums. And in the matter of what politicians, press agents and self-seekers generally are permitted to get away with, we are still in the nostrum stage.

The business of politics is, after all, largely a matter of advertising—two or more parties extolling their own virtues in competition for the favor and votes of the electors. Truth is subordinated to personal and party gain. The real liberality of the advanced talker often does not extend beyond the wearing of a broad-brimmed hat. Party policies and platforms are too frequently constructed at the dictates of expediency. Imposing figures are carefully built for party ends and the boots of inspired legend used to conceal feet of clay. Party slogans, campaign catch phrases, scandal investigations, hearsay evidence—all advertising; and much of it false.

It is not necessary to stimulate patriotism by exaggeration and bombast, but every nation is guilty of both. How much of the history that is fed to school children would stand the acid test of fairness and honesty?

The glass front and the shaky inventory, the limousine on the flivver income, the string of pearls and the bank overdraft—false advertising, all of it. It is no wonder that the press agent has become the prize pest of the age and that guff and goose stuffing are our daily fare. The business of the press agent is to get the public to accept a viewpoint, which may or may not be the truth, about a public man or a corporation or a musical revue. He does not confine himself to printer's ink, but works by indirect means as well. He openly commercializes and takes advantage of our unlimited capacity for absorbing the spurious.

Modern Medicine Men

WHEN lamentable conditions of political and business crookedness are revealed the first and most logical demand is for the punishment of the guilty. But to stop housecleaning at that point is a halfway measure. High standards, whether in Washington at the seat of government or in Wall Street, must depend upon clean business in the smaller towns and an aroused and vigilant citizenship. But in addition to this obvious consideration there is the further thought that much corruption is due to sheer ignorance, credulity and superstition.

A cancerous growth on the business fabric is the get-rich-quick evil, which the mere use of the knife does not seem to cure. So extraordinarily numerous are the easily duped that the revelations of the courts hardly arouse even momentary interest, and the lengths to which promoters go in impressing their victims with hasty generalization and pretense cause but a yawn in the reading of a newspaper paragraph. Investors are actually found for a gold mine in the upper part of New York City, but the next edition of the paper will contain a better one than that.

Still more fertile soil for corruption is found in mankind's eagerness for cures. Here more than anywhere else the primitive desire of getting something for nothing shows its ineradicable grip. Gold-brick investments, perpetual-motion machines, schemes for new kinds of money and perfect systems of taxation—all these are bad enough, but the results of medical quackery are far more tragic.

Whole books have been written on cures that have failed, and the library is far from complete. In his History of European Morals, Lecky spoke of the absolute ignorance of the causes of some of the most fatal diseases, and today, half a century later, there is still, despite real scientific advance, a vast amount of such ignorance. We human beings are strangely mysterious combinations of animal, mental and spiritual elements. We have in us still much of the animal, the savage and the child. We are physical, chemical and psychological. In the best of us there are superstition, irrationality, unreason, resentment, aversion, vanity and wounded pride.

Our diseases are often the result of long years of unwise living, of a maladjustment of the different elements in our nature, of strain, abuse, overwork, ill-balanced diet, and habits that cause slow deterioration. Of course there can be but few if any inclusive cures. There is no fountain of youth, no magic, no philosophers' stone. New ideas and new methods may help, but they must be the result of scientific progress rather than of old primitive delusions in a new dress.

The past of the human race indicates that reason will grow but slowly. As long as superstition and credulity flourish, the unscrupulous will also thrive. To the penitentiary with them, but let us not overlook the conditions under which they prosper.

THE EASIEST MARKS

By Will Payne

E. P. MARTIN made a tremendous impression on me. He was the first man in jail with whom I had ever talked. The jail occupied part of the basement of a little brick courthouse, two stories high, surmounted by a yellow dome, sitting in a square where some poplar saplings were striving to grow amid the heat, drought and dust of a treeless prairie. The square was surrounded by a fence made of two-inch iron pipes, convenient for hitching horses to, but not ornamental. There was a cool, shuddery dimness down in the jail, with massive black iron bars and a metal door that clanked—substantially, I fancied, like the Spanish Inquisition. E. P. Martin was not actually in a cell at the moment, but permitted to sit out in the corridor behind the black bars and the door that clanked. There I talked with him—a lean, round-shouldered man of melancholy aspect, with a coarse dark beard that had a moldy look.

I had known him ever since he came to our town more than two years before, setting up his meager stock of merchandise in a pine shop about fifteen feet wide by forty deep. It was musical merchandise; but looking back at it, I doubt that we were a very musical community. He relied chiefly upon an instrument called a cottage organ whose principal merits were that it was cheap and took up but little floor space in pioneer houses, where floor space was at a premium. The variety of this instrument which Martin handled was subject even in youth to certain ailments of an asthmatic nature, and after a year or so the case warped into strange shapes; but it produced melody of a sort.

Martin's Discovery

THE dealer himself was considered an expert performer on the organ, and never refused to oblige at social and civic gatherings. His taste ran to compositions of a doleful character. Once a sympathetic dog of no breeding disgraced himself by sitting outside the window and howling his broken young heart out when Mr. Martin entertained the company at the organ.

He was a diligent man, and canvassed the county from end to end for trade, driving a pair of calico broncos, somewhat bigger than Newfoundland dogs, harnessed to a buckboard—that is, four light wheels and a long light platform, with a driver's seat in front. It was possible, with great care, to tie a cottage organ on the platform. Martin sold on credit, for in that country at that time everything was sold on credit. But if the purchaser was trustworthy somebody would always buy the note.

The business, however, was not profitable. Finally, in fact, it progressed downward to a state of hopeless insolvency. Then E. P. Martin awoke to the economic significance of three facts: First, that though organs, even wheezy ones, cost real money, anyone could buy a hundred promissory-note blanks for thirty cents; second, that with some practice a farmer's signature could be traced on transparent paper and reproduced at the bottom of a promissory-note blank; third, and most important, that somebody would always buy the paper.

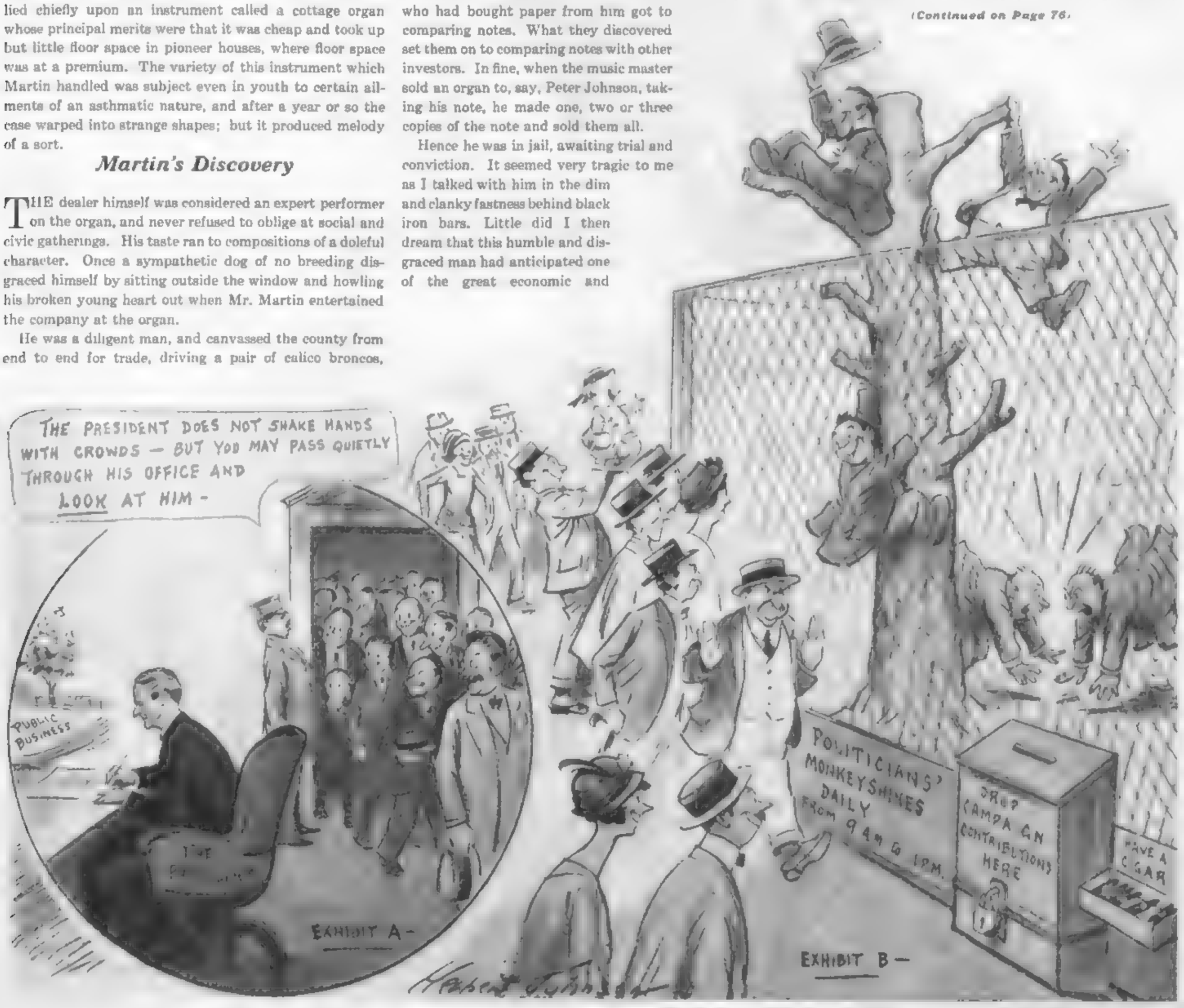
For a little while after synthesizing these facts E. P. Martin was in a very flourishing state. Then two persons who had bought paper from him got to comparing notes. What they discovered set them on to comparing notes with other investors. In fine, when the music master sold an organ to, say, Peter Johnson, taking his note, he made one, two or three copies of the note and sold them all.

Hence he was in jail, awaiting trial and conviction. It seemed very tragic to me as I talked with him in the dim and clanky fastness behind black iron bars. Little did I then dream that this humble and disgraced man had anticipated one of the great economic and political discoveries of our century—namely, that paper is cheap and somebody will always buy it. Apparently there exists all over America and Europe an enormous class of beings who by some inescapable necessity of their natures will go on accumulating real money and exchanging it for paper. Probably it is instinctive, just as the bee goes on accumulating honey no matter how often the store is robbed. This discovery seems to be introducing a new era in political economy.

Blue Sky Laws

YEARS after the Martin episode I talked with an earnest governor of Kansas, who was indignant over wholesale robberies committed upon the people of his state by rogues who sold worthless stocks and bonds in imaginary oil wells, gold mines, and the like. He was pushing through the legislature an act, to be known as the Blue Sky Law, which he fondly hoped would stop swindling of that nature. Since then nearly every state has passed some kind of Blue Sky Law. The Post Office Department, bankers' associations, chambers of commerce, newspapers and a great many

(Continued on Page 76)


THE PRESIDENT DOES NOT SHAKE HANDS WITH CROWDS — BUT YOU MAY PASS QUIETLY THROUGH HIS OFFICE AND LOOK AT HIM -
PUBLIC BUSINESS
EXHIBIT A -
POLITICIANS' MONKEYSHINES DAILY FROM 9 A.M. TO 1 P.M.
DROP CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS HERE
HAVE A CIGAR
EXHIBIT B -

Why Not Extend the Idea?

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Ballade of the Modest Golfer

I HAVE no wish to be a king –
That sort of thing has had its day;
I have no fond desire to sing
In what is called "Grand Operay";
In the political affray
I would not shine with voice or pen;
But oh, if I could only play
Like Hagen, Jones or Sarazen!

I do not yearn to have my fling
At night on any Great White Way;
No jewels do I long to bring
Before some maiden fair to lay;
I would not in apparel gay
Join the élite—the upper ten;
But oh, if I could only play
Like Hagen, Jones or Sarazen!

I do not pine within the ring
A bout with Dempsey to essay;
About my brows I'd not have cling
The poet's laurel wreath or bay;
Though I am not uncommon clay
I have my visions now and then,
And oh, if I could only play
Like Hagen, Jones or Sarazen!

ENVOY

Golfers, give ear to me, I pray!
I'm the most modest among men;
But oh, if I could only play
Like Hagen, Jones or Sarazen!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

If All Those Song Writers Went Back Home to See Their Dear Ol' Mammy 'Way Down South in Dixie

Giuseppe

He Buys an Automobile

EET seema lak everabod' theesa day ride een hees own automobila, so I save a my mon' an' lasta week I buy me a littla secon' handa car, an' taka da less' to learn how to drive heem.

Eet is verra easy. The man sitta by me an' he say "Pulla thees," an' "Poosha that; turna da wheel theesa way, an' turna eet that"; "Step on a da gas," an' "Put on a da brake." Everatheeng is fina lak silk, an' I theenk that to drive a da car ees mos' easy, laka da roll off a da log.

But da nexta day, when I taka da familee out for a da granda ride, an' hava by me not anybod' to say, "Pulla thees," an' "Poosha that," then eet is verra deeferant. Theesa little car what hava run so smootha before, today acta lak a da bucka da bronc. I poosha an' I pulla sama as before, but theesa car no know whatta to do, so she standa still an' cough all a da same lak a she hava da consump', an' she all a so speet at me fiva, seexa time.

But after longa whila I maka da start, an' theenk everatheeng goeeng fine, unteel I starta to drive pasta da traffeec cop, when he run up a to me an' holla, "Stop! Till I geeva to you da sig', step on a da brake, you foola!" I try to do whatta he say, but I am excite an' steppa instead on a da gas, when theesa littla car jump on theesa cop, an' run over heem. But he no can be so bad a hurt, for he jumpa up an' starta after me, sayeeng, "I keela you for thees! Stoppa da car, you boob!" But I no can stop. I am steel excite, an' theesa littla helliona of a da car he growl laka da lion an' run across a da street, over da sidewalk an' through a da store weendow.

Well, I am arrest. I paya twenty-fiva dol' because I no can drive, an' feefity dol because I breaka da weendow.

Fine a beeziness! After thees, I no more foola weeth a da automobila but do my driveeng on a da street a car.

—*C. A. Moreno.*

Color

I LOVE to paint my shutters blue,
My pillars rose, my gables green,
My doors a bright vermilion hue
With orange frescoes in between,
And then to hear the bigwigs say,
"How crude! All houses should be gray!"

And when I've tinted vacant spots
Of walls in some delightful tone
With gallant swirls and polka dots,
And when the solemn pedants groan,
"This really isn't done, you know!"
I ask, "Why not? I like it so."

Must all the world be dark as doom,
Poor hoodmen-blind—for such you be?
Behold, against your timid gloom
In laughing hues of life and glee
Our valiant rainbow! Let me think·
We'll make that chimney salmon-pink!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Queen Elizabeth

[THE SCENE is in the palace of ELIZABETH, *the so-called Maiden Queen of England.* ELIZABETH *is bored, and her courtiers and ladies in waiting are endeavoring desperately to entertain her. One of her ladies,* MARY PEMBROKE, *is singing a song, accompanying herself on a lute.*

MARY *(singing):*

A nightingale sang to the amorous moon,
Hey, nonny, nonny oh!
And her sang a dolorous, tearful tune
With a hey, nonny,

ELIZABETH *(angrily):* Ods bodkins! Gadzooks! Not to mention grammercy! For the love of Pete, can that hey-nonny-nonny stuff. Cut it out! Who wrote that?

MARY: Will Shaxpur, your majesty.

ELIZABETH *(sulkily):* Well, that dumbbell's goin' to get his one o' these days. He's the rottenest song writer in the business. Come on, kid, slip on another record.

MARY *(singing): Where the bee sucks, there suck I* ——

ELIZABETH *(disgustedly):* Oh, that one's got whiskers. Where's Frank Bacon?

[FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM, *steps forward from the courtiers.*

BACON: Your majesty?

ELIZABETH: Say, Frank, you ain't so dumb as you look. When I made you chairman of the royal entertainment committee I thought maybe you'd put a little pep in things around here. What have you done?

BACON: Those French singers we had last month ——

ELIZABETH: A coupla small-time janes. They were as bad as these hey-nonny-nonny birds.

BACON: Well, how about The Spanish Tragedy?

ELIZABETH: Yeah! A swell show that was. A flock o' cheap hams, an' people dyin' an' everythin'. It give me the willies. An' that there Hamlet thing where his uncle croaks his old man—say, how does that bird Shaxpur get that way? I'm goin' to start somethin' soon.

BACON: We had three beheadings last week.

ELIZABETH: Yeah, an' we'll have another one this week if the entertainment committee don't come to life. Three beheadings! Two poets an' an alderman! Ods bodkins ——

(A uniformed attendant appears.)

ATTENDANT: Sir Walter Raleigh, your majesty.

(Continued on Page 70

An Impression of a Sensational Newspaper Editor's Intimates, After Reading His Paper

Can't you just taste them!

Isn't this a picture that speaks straight to your appetite?

Doesn't it say delicious flavor—wholesome, tempting, nourishing food—delight and satisfaction for your hunger?

Only the kind of peas that make the very best pea soup are accepted by Campbell's.

These selected peas are prepared and blended by Campbell's famous chefs into a rich, smooth puree—richer still for the fresh, golden country butter it contains.

Campbell's Pea Soup is as fine a food as you could place regularly on the family table. Careful mothers know how good it is for the children—even the baby.

To prepare the best Cream of Pea

Follow these simple directions:—Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Soup for health—
every day!

BILL THE CONQUEROR

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER XVIII

LONDON was a dead and empty city when Bill turned the corner into the Prince of Wales Road, Battersea. Even the coffee stall at the end of the road was silent and deserted. Just how late it was he did not know, for his watch, like time itself, seemed to have stopped. He was dimly aware of a not unpleasant fatigue, for, like Judson on a previous occasion, he had walked all the way back from Wimbledon—not, as had been the case with Judson, because he had to, but because his uplifted mood made any other form of locomotion impossible.

Lovers are a curious and unpractical race. If Bill had been asked what he imagined himself to have gained by his journey to Holly House and those hours of silent sentinel duty in the shadows of its garden, he would not have been able to say; yet he was not conscious of having wasted his time. The fact, too, that it had been quite impossible for one with his slight knowledge of the topography of the house to guess which of those windows whose lights had gone out one by one as he watched belonged to Flick did not in any way take the edge off his fervor. For all he knew, he might have been expending his emotional energy on the window of his Uncle Cooley or even on that of Mrs. Hammond; but he did not care. He had done the only thing possible on such a night, and now he was ready to drop into bed and dream of quickly made fortunes and a life lived happily ever after.

He climbed the five flights of stairs that led to Number 9, Marmont Mansions and, stepping delicately to avoid waking Judson, reached his room. Ten minutes later he was asleep.

Exactly when it was that he was wakened by a noise that sounded like the sudden collapse of the roof, he could not have said. The evidence of his window, which had been an oblong of black and was now an oblong of dingy gray, seemed to point to the fact of several hours having passed. He was on the point of dismissing the noise as part of a dream, when the sound of a hearty chuckle outside his door came to convince him of its reality. There was somebody in the passage, and, however unpleasant it might be to get out of bed, it behooved him to go and look into the matter. Only an idiot burglar would burgle a place like this and laugh while doing so; but even idiot burglars must be thrown out by the conscientious householder. Bill put on a pair of slippers, grasped a chair as the handiest weapon and charged forth.

The noise had evidently been caused by the falling of the hatstand, and what had caused the hatstand to fall had just as evidently been the efforts of Judson Coker to hang his hat on it. He was now leaning placidly against the front door, and he turned a happy face in Bill's direction as the latter came out of his room. He was still in full evening dress, with the exception of the white tie conventionally worn with that costume. This he had apparently lost or given away; and in place of this he was decorated with a ribbon of light blue of the kind used to adorn the female hair, hanging diagonally athwart his shirt front and giving him a vaguely ambassadorial look. His hair was disordered, and he beamed at Bill with an almost overpowering friendliness.

"Hullo, Bill, o' man!" he cried jubilantly. "Say, I can't get this darned thing to stand up, Bill, o' man. Every time I try to make it stand up it falls down, and every time it falls down it makes the most awful noise, and every time it makes the most awful noise I try to stand it up, and every time I try to stand it up it falls down, and every time —— Where was I?" he asked, puzzled.

"Miss Sheridan is Nottertome, Sir," She Replied in a Voice of Ice

Bill lowered his chair and regarded him sternly; then stooped and restored the hatstand to an upright position. Judson, who had watched the process with a tense interest that would have been almost excessive if his friend had been trying to walk a tight rope across Niagara Falls, uttered an excited cry.

"You did it!" There was nothing petty or envious, no note of jealousy about his admiration. "You did it! First shot! You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

"Don't make such an infernal noise!"

"You're quite right, Bill, o' man. Noise, yes. But not infernal noise. Well, Bill," proceeded Judson genially, "it's great seeing you again after all this long time. Yes-sir, that's what it is—great! What have you been doing with yourself? Sit down and tell me all about it."

"What have you been doing, that's what I would like to know."

Judson nodded owlishly. "You're absolutely right, Bill; absolutely right. You're always absolutely right. And a great gift it is too. Nothing to beat it. Well, Bill, o' man, I've been out to supper. You remember my pointing out a girl to you at the Al-al—Al-hal —— Wait!" said Judson with dignity, raising a compelling hand. "Lots of fellows think I can't say the word. Oh, yes, they do! It's all over London that I cannot pronounce the word Al-hambra, but I can, I can, and I'm glad! glad! glad! Where was I?"

Bill, somewhat recovered now from the moroseness which comes to those abruptly awakened in the small hours, was growing interested.

"Did you meet someone who took you to supper?" he asked.

"No, sir!" replied Judson with a touch of hauteur. "I was the one that took someone to supper. Yes, I know what you're going to say. You're going to say, where did I get the money to take someone to supper? And very frank and honest of you, too, to say so. Manly, that's what I call it—manly. I got that money, Bill, o' man, because I've got a head."

"You'll have one tomorrow all right," said Bill unkindly.

"A smart business head," resumed Judson. "Lots of fellows haven't got smart business heads, and where are they? Streeping the sweets. You know what I did? Well, listen then, because you're a young man trying to get along, and this'll be useful to you. Alhambra! I've said it once and I can say it again. You remember that piece there was in all the London papers about Toddy van Riter founding the Silks? Well, I clipped that out and mailed it to Toddy and told him I'd had it put in all the London papers because he was a young man trying to get along and I wanted to do him a good turn. At the same time—and mark this, Bill, always bearing in mind the word 'Alhambra'—at the same time I asked him to lend me a hundred smackers. And what ensued? He sent 'em! They arrived this morning. And that's why I say to you—and I want to lay stress on this, Bill—that anyone who thinks that just because I've been having a bite of supper I can't say the word 'Alhambra' lies! Lies," said Judson, waving his hand spaciously and restoring his balance by a swift snatch at the hatstand, "in his teeth! And you know as well as I do, Bill, that it's the worst possible thing to lie in your teeth, because four in every five will get pyorrhea."

"You'd better go to bed," said Bill.

"I will," agreed Judson with a sage nod of his smart business head. "That's just one little thing that I will do. I'd like," he went on, eying the hatstand with sudden truculence, "to see the man who will stop me going to bed. That's me. Blunt and straightforward, and if people don't like it they can do the other thing. I'm going to bed. Just like that!"

"This way," said Bill. "Watch your step."

"Funny you should have said that, Bill, o' man," chuckled Judson. "It's just what that girl said. The girl I met at the Al-hal ——" He halted. "Bill, there's something at the back of my mind that I want to tell you. Something important. But what is it? Ah! There you have me! But it'll come back. Oh, yes, it'll come back. Never forget that, Bill. However black the sky, however dark the outlook, it'll come. Well, good night, Bill, o' man. Mustn't keep me up," said Judson, and with a brief "Alhambra!" vanished into his room.

Daylight was now streaming pinkly in through the window and the bird population of Battersea Park had begun to greet it with a vociferous chirping. The light and the

Continued on Page 30

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A **Sunbrite** *cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor*

No more strong, stale odors!

Sunbrite, the "double-action" *cleanser sweetens as it cleans*

Every strong, stale odor is a warning! For no matter how clean your kitchen utensils may look, such odors prove that perfect cleanliness has not been achieved.

The knife you cut an onion with, for instance—you know how stubbornly the flavor and the odor cling! Wash the knife thoroughly with soap suds; scald it. To the eye, it may seem clean. But cut an apple or a lemon with it, and you'll find a taint of onion still.

Clearly, you must have some sweetening, purifying agent to overcome such stubborn odors.

Sunbrite supplies this needed element! A single scouring with **Sunbrite** makes your utensils fresh as new, not only shining clean—but sweet and odorless. One simple process; two results, through the *double action* power of **Sunbrite** to sweeten as it cleans!

At the same time, **Sunbrite** scours without scratching and will not roughen the hands. And another thing—the price! Just a few cents a can, and with each can a United Profit Sharing Coupon! There is economy, indeed, in this *double action* cleanser.

Wherever you want the assurance of perfect freshness, in kitchen and in bathroom, use **Sunbrite.** You will find *double action* cleansing with this single process a great saving of time and effort.

Swift & Company

Double action *yet costs less*

870

(Continued from Page 28

noise combined prevented Bill from dropping off to sleep; which was just as well, for an hour later his door opened and Judson made his appearance, clad now in a suit of blue pajamas.

"Just looked in to tell you that thing I forgot," said Judson. "It came to me in a flash only half a minute ago."

"Well?"

Judson plunged into thoughtful silence for a moment.

"Sorry," he said. "Forgotten it again. Good night, o' man."

He retired. Bill closed his eyes, and after what seemed the lapse of a few minutes awoke to find that the morning was well advanced—so well advanced that he could hear down the passage as he opened his door the pleasing sound of one who prepared breakfast. He made his way to the bathroom, to the accompaniment of a musical snoring from behind Judson's closed door.

It was only after Bill had finished breakfast and was reading the Sunday papers that the heir of the Cokers presented himself. A trifle pale, he seemed nevertheless in far better condition than one meeting him some hours back would have supposed possible. His mental equilibrium also seemed to have reestablished itself. He bade Bill a subdued but friendly good morning and drank four cups of coffee in rapid succession.

"Did I dream it," he said, "or did I make a certain amount of noise coming in last night? Seem to remember crashing into something."

"That was when you upset the hatstand."

"The hatstand!" said Judson, pleased. "That was the clew I wanted. Now it all comes back to me. How much did I tell you, o' man, when I came in? Or didn't I? I seem to remember having a chat with you."

"You told me Toddy van Riter had sent you a hundred dollars."

"That's right." Judson helped himself to more coffee but declined, with a gentle shake of the head and the soft, sad smile of a suffering saint, Bill's offer of scrambled eggs. "In fact," he confessed, with reference to these wholesome foodstuffs, "I don't believe I can even stand the sight of them. You might put a paper up in front of your plate, Bill. Thanks. It's funny about eggs on the morning after. They sort of look at you." He drank deeply from his coffee cup. "Well, now let's see. Did I tell you about taking Prudence Stryker to supper?"

"You told me you took someone to supper."

"That's right. Prudence Stryker. The girl I pointed out to you. A dear old pal of mine back in New York. Remind me sometime to tell you about the night she and I and Jimmy Boole and Freddy Osgood ——"

"Thanks," said Bill. "You told me about that at the Alhambra."

"Did I? Oh? Well, there she was, prancing about on the stage last night, and after the show I popped round and took her out for a bite of supper. We had quite a good time."

"So I gathered."

"Got in with a bunch of hearty mixers and went on to a fellow's apartment. Just a nice home evening. It wasn't till about half past three in the morning that the people in apartment below sent for the police. Well, what I'm trying to tell you, Bill, is that Prudence handed me a bit of information that's going to send you singing up and down Prince of Wales Road. I meant to tell you last night, only it slipped my memory."

"You're sure you remember it now?"

"I certainly do. It was about that mutt Slingsby."

"Slingsby!"

Bill laid down his knife and fork the better to attend. For the first time he permitted himself to hope that this news of Judson's might really be of importance. "How does Slingsby come into it?"

Judson shook his head sadly, as one mourning over the wickedness of the world

"Slingsby treated that poor girl darned badly, Bill, o' man. I didn't get an absolute strangle hold on the facts of the case, because, between ourselves, I wasn't feeling as bright as I could have wished at the moment; but I did get onto this, that Prudence and this fellow Slingsby were extremely matey for quite a time, and then he sneaked off and started going around with a girl from the Gaiety; and, one thing leading to another, Prudence did the square straightforward thing by blacking his eye and passing out of his life forever."

"She blacked his eye? Then that was "

"Exactly. It happened the night before Flick went to work in his office. But that's neither here nor there, o' man. I'm coming to the really important part. We somehow or other got talking about you, and I mentioned that you were old Paradene's nephew and had come over to London to try to find out why the profits on the old boy's business had fallen off; and then she said that you were just the fellow she wanted to meet, because she could put you wise to where the dirty work was."

Bill sat up excitedly.

"There really has been dirty work?"

"As far as I could gather from Prudence, it has been running on all six cylinders for years. And here's the point: I was verging on a state which you might call pie-eyed when she told me; but I gathered this much—that one night Slingsby, who must have been pretty well tanked himself to do such a bonehead thing, confided the whole business to her. Told her everything, o' man! Where the body was buried and all about it. The way fellows you would ordinarily think darned shrewd, level-headed birds make goofs of themselves with women beats me. Look at Samson! Or Mark Antony, for the matter of that. The bigger they are," sighed Judson, "the harder they fall."

"But what was it? What has Slingsby been up to?"

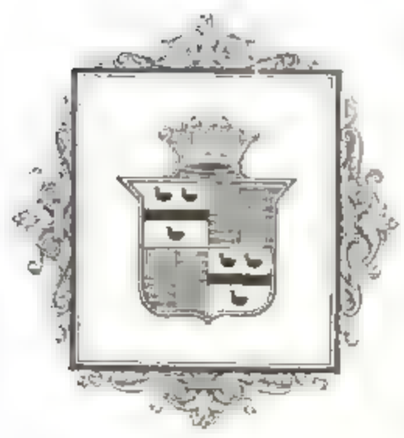
"Ah! Now that," said Judson, "she didn't tell me, because she's saving it up for you. She wants to give you the low-down in person, so that you can hand it on to the old man, thereby doing Slingsby dirt and putting him where he belongs. I've arranged everything. You're to give her dinner tonight."

"Tonight?" Continued on Page 32

"Well, Then Listen, Kid," Said Miss Stryker. "Here It Comes!"

V63

NINETY DEGREE V-EIGHT
—*the Cadillac Principle*



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V63

V63

V63

Cadillac Motor Car Company
Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 30)

"This very night. I'll come, too, if you like."

"No, thanks."

"Sure? No trouble, you know."

"Quite sure, thanks."

"Very well," said Judson resignedly. "Maybe you're right, at that," he went on after a moment's meditation. "The idea of a quiet evening and an early bed doesn't look so bad to me, I'm bound to admit. For some reason or other I've got an odd sort of headachy feeling today. I guess it's the weather. Well, she will meet you at Mario's at 8:15. You can't miss her. Tall, dark, handsome girl, built rather on the lines of a motor truck."

"Mario's?" said Bill. "No, hang it all, not Mario's!"

"Eh? Why not?"

"Mario's is sacred. It was there that I dined with Flick the last time we had dinner together before she went off to America."

"You'll go to Mario's—and like it!" said Judson firmly. "Good heavens, you can't expect the girl to start chopping and changing just to humor your whims! It's darned decent of her to take the trouble to meet you at all."

"Yes," admitted Bill, "I suppose it is."

"Eight-fifteen sharp in the lobby then. You won't have any difficulty spotting her. She'll be wearing a red dress. She's rather Spanish in appearance, with great gleaming eyes and a lot of teeth."

"Ugh!"

"Eh?" said Judson sharply.

"Nothing!"

"She's a thoroughly nice girl. Full of pep. You'll like her."

"I will if she really tells me something important about Slingsby. Gosh, Juddy, do you realize that this may mean the straightening out of everything? If she can tell me as much as you think she can, I shall be in the strongest possible position with Uncle Cooley."

"Aces and eights," agreed Judson.

"And then I shall be able to take Flick away from those confounded people of hers and marry her without any more delay. Juddy, you don't know how I feel about Flick. She's like a wonderful inspiration. Sometimes, when I'm sitting all alone, I can see her face with those dear blue eyes of hers ——"

Judson reached for the Sunday paper and hoisted it defensively in front of him. There are limits to the obligations of friendship.

"Some other time, o' man," he said.

CHAPTER XIX

THE spirit of optimism and joviality which has just been shown sweetening the daily round of Number 9, Marmont Mansions, Battersea, had found, during the week which had passed since Flick's arrival, no counterpart at Holly House, Wimbledon. In spite of the fact that the return of prodigals is almost proverbially associated with joyful revelings and effervescent gayety on the part of the whole strength of the company, with the possible exception of the fatted calf, Flick had found little to cheer her in the atmosphere of her revisited home; and day by day in every way she had had need to fill her mind with thoughts of Bill in order to prevent depression claiming her for its own.

The lecture which her Aunt Frances had begun on the platform of Waterloo Station had continued intermittently throughout the week; and at seven o'clock on Sunday evening it gushed up into such a freshet of eloquence that Mr. Sinclair Hammond, bursting the bonds of years, put his foot down and asserted himself with a mild man's impressive ferocity.

"Flick," said Mr. Hammond, interrupting his wife's remarks in an odd, strained voice.

"Yes, Uncle Sinclair?"

"Just run away for a moment, will you?"

Mrs. Hammond directed at him the gaze which had so often sent him cowering back among his books. But tonight it had no effect. Hell hath no fury like a mild and peace-loving man who has at last decided to give battle, and Mr. Hammond was strong with the strength of one who has been simmering for a week in a fury of suppressed animosity. Just as Bill West, another mild man, could be roused by a blow on the head with a stick, so could Sinclair Hammond be stirred to action by the spectacle of Flick, whom he loved, being talked to and talked at and nagged and harried and generally rendered miserable.

"I am speaking to Felicia," said Mrs. Hammond frostily.

"Get out, Flickie," said Mr. Hammond with a twisted half smile, and Flick left the room.

Mrs. Hammond turned majestically on her husband. Unlike the King of France, she had no one to warn her that this was no mere revolt, but a revolution which was to destroy her supremacy in the home forever; and she endeavored to crush him in the old familiar way.

"Be quiet," said Mr. Hammond, and Mrs. Hammond was quiet.

"You've got to stop it, Francie," said Mr. Hammond mildly, but holding her with a glittering eye. "You've had plenty of time to say all there was any need to say on the subject of Flick's leaving home, and now you've finished. Do you understand? Definitely and completely finished. I won't have the poor kid worried any more. And, to remove temptation from your path, I am now going to take her out to dinner somewhere. I am going to transport her to where there are lights and music and good dyspepsia-promoting food. The band will play, the lights will gleam. Who knows? I may even dance with her. And when we come home—probably at about six in the morning—you will welcome her with your famous smile; you will dig up a motherly embrace, and your pleasant chatter will deal exclusively with the brighter side of life. Do I make myself clear?"

"Sinclair ——"

"In one moment," said Mr. Hammond suavely, but still with that unholy glitter in his benevolent eyes. "I asked you the simple question—do I make myself clear?"

"But, Sinclair," protested Mrs. Hammond, and there was an awe-struck note of appeal in her voice, "you can't take Felicia out to dinner!"

"Watch me!" said Mr. Hammond.

"But George is coming to dinner!"

"Your brother George," said Mr. Hammond, "is a man whom in many ways I respect and admire. By his own efforts he has risen from rags to riches, so to speak, and I esteem him for it. But as a dinner-table companion for Flick at this particular moment he fails to qualify. You know George and I know George. He would lecture Flick, and I do not intend to have her lectured."

"But he will think it so odd if Felicia is not here to meet him!" wailed Mrs. Hammond.

Mr. Hammond kissed her affectionately on the forehead. He was very fond of Francie.

"He may be able," said Mr. Hammond frivolously, "to get an article for Pyke's Weekly out of it. Famous Nieces Who Have Behaved Oddly to Famous Uncles. Well, I must be going up to dress. I suppose it means a white waistcoat." He sighed. "Ah well, we must all make sacrifices in this world."

He kissed Mrs. Hammond again and left the room humming.

"Flick!" he called.

Flick came out of the morning room.

"Flickie," said Mr. Hammond, "we're a couple of reckless young fellows out for a good time. How would you like to come and have dinner somewhere—somewhere low and vulgar? Let's go to one of those Night Clubs Which are Living Hells that Society Spice writes about."

Flick gazed at him for a moment with an incredulous awe. Dearly as she loved her Uncle Sinclair, she had always recognized his limitations. And this was open rebellion. This was hoisting the skull and crossbones.

"Wouldn't it be lovely!" she said wistfully.

"It will be lovely," Mr. Hammond corrected.

"But Uncle George is coming to dinner," Flick reminded him.

"I know. Think how jolly it will be to revel in some gay café and feel that Uncle George is sitting snugly all the while in yonder dining room! It'll be like turning on the cold shower and standing over by the bathroom door, watching it."

Flick hugged him.

"You are a darling, Uncle Sinclair!"

"Well, I got a kind of idea that a little change would do you no harm tonight. Where shall we go? Do you know a good hell?"

"Let's go to Mario's."

"Mario's? A new name to me. Considering that I am one of the wild and depraved younger generation they're always writing about nowadays, I know very little of London's West End. Will it be devilish enough for me? I want a place where I can throw bread at people. How is the bread throwing at Mario's?"

"Splendid. All the best shots go there. Mario's was the place where young Lord Trevelyan picked off six waiters with six consecutive rolls."

"Six?" said Mr. Hammond musingly. "Ah well, we must see what we can do. But how do you come to know of this low resort?"

"I went there once"—Flick hesitated—"with somebody."

"H'm! Oh? Ah!" said Mr. Hammond. He scrutinized her a little closely and his manner took on a certain gravity. "Would it be indiscreet to ask with whom? And I hope you appreciate the fact that I am the only man in Wimbledon who wouldn't have said, 'Who with?' Who took you to Mario's, Flickie?"

"Bill West, Mr. Paradene's nephew. You remember my telling you about him in the garden that day?"

"I remember. So he is over in this country—and you have met him again?"

"Yes."

"Flickie," said Mr. Hammond, "I know you will think me an awful old bore, but I'm afraid I shall have to begin dinner by talking what you might call shop. You won't mind?"

"I don't mind anything you do, Uncle Sinclair."

"Right!" said Mr. Hammond cheerfully. "I ought to get finished by about the fish course, and after that we'll start throwing bread. Were these waiters that Lord Trevelyan bagged sitting or on the wing?"

"Rocketing."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Hammond. "Well, well, we can only do our best. Hurry up and get some clothes on, Flickie. I'm off to dig my white waistcoat out of the moth balls."

II

"FLAG that waiter, old love," said Miss Prudence Stryker, indicating a sprinting martyr who was whizzing about among the crowded tables in his efforts to do the work of two ordinary men, "and remind him that when he was a little boy he promised to bring us a bottle of Lanson."

Bill beamed politely and turned to do her behest.

"Waiter!"

"Louder," recommended Miss Stryker. "Less of the Pekingese and a bit more of the bloodhound."

"Waiter!"

"That's better. You've got a nice voice. If you studied and had it developed you'd make a good train announcer."

Bill beamed again. It seemed to him that he had been beaming through a dreadful eternity.

If it is true that a man may smile and smile and be a villain, it is equally the case that he may beam and beam and yet be in an extremely acute state of discomfort. Bill was not enjoying his evening out at Mario's celebrated night club.

Even in those remote days when he had been wont to add his presence to the parties in New York of which Judson Coker had been the life and soul, Bill had never really derived much pleasure from this type of entertainment. Indeed, even before his mistaken infatuation for Alice Coker had turned his thoughts to deeper things, he had come quite definitely to the conclusion that parties bored him to extinction. To be at home at these bohemian revels a man has to have a nimble wit. He must be a strong kidder, a good scout and a great old josher, and must possess in addition an interior of cast steel and asbestos. Bill was deficient in all these qualities. His interior put up practically no resistance after the second or third cocktail, and no one was more keenly alive than he to the fact that he was a poor josher, an indifferent scout, and hardly to be reckoned a kidder at all by any impartial critic.

The present occasion was proving even more exacting than those other orgies. Then he had been one of a crowd, while now he was in the position of having to shoulder the whole weight of the entertainment himself, and it had proved a considerable weight. Apart from the fact that the holy associations of the place made it distasteful for him to dine there with anybody but Flick, there was a flamboyant exuberance about Miss Prudence Stryker which had oppressed him from the very moment when she had sailed forward to meet him in the lobby. The accuracy of Judson's description of her had come home to him right from the start.

Judson had said that she was built on the lines of a motor truck. She was. Judson had said that she would be wearing a red dress. She was, though the adjective was almost feeble. Judson had said that she was full of pep. This also was true. The only point on which Judson had gone astray was in his prediction that Bill would like Miss Stryker. He did not. He would have been hard put to it to name any other living person whom he disliked more. He disliked her large and gleaming eyes. He disliked her impressive physique. He disliked the tendency which she had developed as early as the soup course to address him as old love. And most of all he disliked the way she bent forward and laughed merrily in his face and her habit of pointing her witticisms by slapping him on the arm. As Mr. Wilfrid Slingsby had discovered at an earlier date, Prudence Stryker was a girl of muscle, and her slaps were like the kicks of a playful horse.

Nevertheless, he persevered. Miss Stryker, whatever her surface faults, had one outstanding merit that eclipsed them all. She was the girl who knew where Mr. Slingsby had buried the body; and, as such, must be conciliated. So Bill, though speculating wanly as to what she would be like if the waiter ever brought that Lanson, brought the old bulldog courage of the Wests to bear and set himself grimly to see the thing through.

The exact nature of the body which Mr. Slingsby had buried refused to reveal itself. All through the age-long meal Miss Stryker stoutly declined to talk what she described as business, confining herself to snappy anecdote and mirthful jest. All that Bill had gleaned by the time the coffee arrived was that Mr. Slingsby's secret was a pippin, well worth waiting for; and in the interval of waiting he managed to achieve such a creditable imitation of a vivacious host that Miss Stryker formally stamped him with the seal of her approval as a good kid. And, as everybody knows, it is but a step from being a good kid to being a good scout, and from there a mere amble to the giddy eminence of a great old josher. Shortly after Bill had reached the good-scout stage Miss Stryker expressed a desire to dance.

(Continued on Page 42)

Walter P. Chrysler Says Maxwell Now Excels Among Fours

In the four-cylinder field, the good Maxwell is now duplicating the revolutionary results which the Chrysler Six has already registered among the sixes.

That in brief is the story of the recent developments which have taken place in the Maxwell plants, under the direct supervision of the Chrysler engineering staff which, in my opinion, now stamp the Maxwell a most remarkable four-cylinder car.

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BLUE PETER

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Pallas Sailed Into Foul Weather. There Was Much Hauling of Yards, Much Handling of Sail

THEY dubbed him Blue Peter before the pilot had gone, and he smirked foolishly, for the name pleased him. It rang of the sea, of tall ships, of sailing day. It conjured visions of far horizons, of mystic isles, of straits and capes, of wide waters and romance. Blue Peter! The very sight of the blue square with the white square center snapping in the piping breeze at the fore truck was enough to thrill any soul not utterly chained to sordid earth. And the soul of Peter Muggridge scorned chains. Peter was a poet.

He had little of poetry in his lines or movements, for he was tall, gangling, bony and uncertain. But perhaps the uncertainty was in a measure unfamiliarity; feeling underfoot the subtle heave of a ship on the sea, Peter, who a week ago declaimed poetry of his own composition to helpless cows yoked in the barn of his father's farm, could scarcely be expected to carry himself with the catlike surety of his shipmates.

The chief thing was, his shipmates—those amazingly sure-footed and sure-handed boisterous ruffians who cursed him and trampled over him, who seemed always about to stagger to a fall under the lasting influence of sailing-day booze but who never fell, who swarmed aloft to the dizzy heights and performed labors there which he would have believed impossible on the rock-steady floor of his father's barn—these men had called him Blue Peter. He was glad. He ignored the curses, never felt the trampling or the gouging elbows; he pulled wet cold ropes, and hopped out of the way of fiendish wires that sprang and coiled and whizzed like interminable serpents possessed of seven devils for every fathom.

"Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo!"

screamed a chanteyman at the fore-topgallant halyards. And like wolves, hoarse with thirst or squealing with pain, the dogged men chorused:

"Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Oh, poor old Reuben Ranzo!
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

Blue Peter squealed with the rest. The men nearest to him gave him queer looks, for he knew nothing of hauling. He hauled out of time and mixed his hands with those above and behind his own.

His long bony arms and legs were in the way. But blissfully he chorused to the chantey, eyes raised aloft until they might as well have been shut, mouth wide open, and yelping in the most approved fashion, with even a grace note cunningly slipped in.

"Get outa me way!" growled Grady, able seaman, punching Peter fiercely with his elbow. "Youse couldn't pull a poultice off a pig!"

But Blue Peter was above himself. He moved a couple of feet farther down the rope.

"Oh, Ranzo was no sailor!"

piped the chanteyman.

"Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

howled Blue Peter in ecstasy.

"He shipped aboard a whaler!
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

When the sails were set, and the tug had vanished with its own smoke, and the sweet bark Pallas thrust briskly into the crisp curling seas that were gloriously painted in the sunset glow, Blue Peter stood at the bulwarks abreast of the mainmast, staring with his soul in his eyes at the beauty around him. He held in his rough, unlovely hands a coil of running gear. Somebody had told him to make it up and hang it on the pin. He had no idea what to do with it or where it went when done; he only knew that he stood right in the midst of such a picture as only his most imaginative moments of poetic fervor had ever shown him.

"She's outward bound to the sunset,
Outward bound to the west;
With the gold of the sun on the pearl of her sails
Like the gleam of a cock pigeon's breast!"

Blue Peter rolled that bit of impromptu verse off his tongue as readily as the creaming seas rolled from the speeding ship's glossy sides. It was not good verse, perhaps; but his eyes glittered with true frenzy as he gave it birth. The second mate, approaching with trouble in his eye, stopped with a grin of surprise.

"It's a blooming poet, is it?" quoth Mr. True.

Peter turned with a start, but without alarm. The rope in his idle hands fell, and he did not stoop for it.

"Yes, sir," he said. "All my life I have read of the sea, and made poetry about it. Now I can make real poetry. This would make anybody want to write poetry, wouldn't it?" He waved a gaunt arm to the gorgeous west. "But I want most to be a sailor, sir. Something grand about a sailor's life." (Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

"You'd better believe you want to be a sailor, m' son!" the second mate retorted crisply. "That's what you signed on for. And a live sailor's a damn sight better off than a dead poet. Pick up that rope and get a move on if you value your health."

Peter Muggridge was a misfit in life. Born to the drudgery of a poor farm, laboring from early boyhood at tasks which thickened his joints and prematurely lined his face, there was yet a spark within him not to be quenched by any bitterness of toil. Many a winter evening did he feed the stock in the dark, saving the bit of lantern candle for his nightly stolen treat of hoarded books, filched scraps of paper, and pencil stub. Poetry was Peter's angel. He read poetry. Particularly of the sea. He made poetry too. Though, since he had never set eyes on the sea, he had perforce to gain knowledge through the printed word. So his verses were poor things. They lacked life. That could come only through living his subject. But he meant to go to sea, to live the life. Meanwhile he read. He studied, taking the written examples of great men for his guide. He would have made Abraham Lincoln his model, but Lincoln was no sailor.

He composed poetry about the sea and ships and sailors, reciting his efforts to his plow horses and his cattle; sometimes to the sheep, for they seemed intelligent, though really they were only placidly silly. He learned sea chanteys from a rare old book which had music with the words, and got the schoolmarm to teach him the tunes. He had the knack of imagination, which permitted him to seize upon the idea behind the queer doggerel. Long before he bundled up his clean shirt and books to run away to the sea, he could sing every chantey in the book; he fondly and fatuously believed that when the time came he could howl his chorus and haul his rope like the saltiest tar afloat. His first experience had scarcely borne out that belief; but he did not mind. In fact, he had never noticed that he was a pretty useless thing when it came to hauling on a rope in harmony with other men. The song was the thing. He had sung out splendidly.

He was roughly snatched out of a beautiful reverie, later to be set down in lilting verse, by the sordid demands, uncouthly spoken, of hungry seamen waiting for him to carry along the supper. He obeyed, setting down upon the forecastle bench a tin pan of steaming fresh-meat hash and a black kettle of boiled tea leaves.

"Cook says the stooard'll send the dessert along presently," said Blue Peter hurriedly.

He did not see the curious grins on the men's faces. There was something queer about the ship. He noticed it as soon as he stood inside the smoky forecastle and smelled the hot food. He waited for no food; but a voice growled after him as he ducked outside to the fresh breeze again, bidding him go hurry up the steward. Obediently he staggered aft, and stood beside the half-deck door waiting until the steward might appear. He knew enough not to venture on the sacred poop. His reading had taught him that much. He had read, too, that ships' stewards fetch the cabin food from the galley at the proper time. While he waited he strove to put his first impressions into poetry, and, declaiming aloud, a tall youth thrust his head from the apprentices' house and regarded him whimsically.

"What's the game, old son?" inquired the youth. "Feel bad?"

"No, sir," said Peter. "Composing."

"Ho, you are, hey?" grinned the other. "Well, you look pretty green to me. Listen. Don't hang about aft to do it unless "

"I'm waiting to see the stooard, sir. The men sent me to hurry him up with their dessert."

The lad smothered a roar. His eyes twinkled not unkindly. He had outgrown the cruel habits of cheeky boyhood.

"Go for'ard, son, go for'ard," he said. "Find the man who sent you aft, and hammer seven bells out of his hide. And don't sir me, and don't spout poetry unless you're sure it's worth hearing."

"It is worth hearing," maintained Peter. "Listen to this ——"

But his kindly mentor stopped him.

"Keep it! What are you aboard here, anyhow?"

"I hope to be a sailor. All my life I've loved the sea."

"Well then, be a sailor. But hope won't help unless you work like hell behind the hope, m' lad. Hope never furled a split fores'l in a Cape Stiff blizzard."

"I can work," insisted Peter sharply. Work was the thing he had done ever since his hands could grasp anything useful. "I'll be a sailor too. I ain't so green. I've read plenty o' books about the sea. I know all the chanteys too. Why, the chaps called me Blue Peter soon's they got on to me. They know a sailor when they see one, don't they?"

"Blue Peter!" chuckled the youth, with a new light in his eye. "Yes, they know, all right. The Blue Peter looks real sassy up there on sailing day, then down it comes, and it's no use until next sailing day. Go for'ard, old sox, and don't let 'em horse you. Duck! Here comes the mate."

Trouble seemed to have beaten poetry, knocked it clean out, when the Pallas had been ten days at sea. Blue Peter found no time to put his daily experiences into verse during daylight hours, and the men would not let him have the lamp at night. He found the sea life very different from what he had dreamed too. There was a devilish motion all the time. It left him empty and wondering, for his appetite had been as sharp as his elbows and knees. In time he got over that, and appetite came back. But everything was strange and unstable. Washing decks, the slightest jog against another man hurled him into the sloshing water. He was driven aloft when a sail had to be handed, and men stamped on his fingers, jostled him until he almost fell from the yard or rigging, cursed him for a useless fathom of hungry tripe. They made him scrub out the forecastle. It seemed to be always his turn at "Peggy." They set him on lookout. He was so enthralled with the soft splendor of the amazing heavens and the gently rolling sea that he had no eyes for ships' lights. The mate saw a steamer's lights before the lookout reported them.

"Keep him on deck through his watch below!" said the mate.

So Blue Peter stayed sleepless that night. But a wakeful soul kept a tired body company. He stole to his poor bunk for pencil and paper, and surreptitiously scribbled in the white moonlight, reporting to the second mate aft every time the bell struck. Nothing could down his poetic spirit, whatever his unpoetic body suffered. When he saw young West, the apprentice, next day, he proudly slipped the lad the result of his midnight muse.

"New chantey. Halyards," he said with fine repression.

That evening in the dogwatches the half deck rang with ribald merriment. The boys sang Blue Peter's new chantey and added new verses setting forth their opinion of the poet. But Peter heard only their shrill young voices piping his song. He stood beside the galley, heedless of the singsong which the watch was roaring, and joined in, softly at first, then louder, full throat, in the choruses of his own new piece:

"Ho, the sea rolls high and the sea rolls free!
Sing! Heave! Swing to the sea!
And the ship sails fast with a foaming lee;
Sing with a swing to the sea!"

"Sing with a swing to the sea!" he roared, head up, eyes all but closed, swaying, gaunt arms swinging as on a rope. And Grady, able seaman, in the throes of song himself, was sorely hurt at the undownable interruption. Grady stopped singing, stepped from the hatch, and smacked Blue Peter hard across the wide, yawning mouth.

"That'll tache ye manners, ye long clodhopper!" said Grady.

Peter's cap fell to the deck, and he stooped to pick it up, feeling his bruised mouth tenderly. The ship rolled slightly, and he grabbled for a hold, staring after Grady, who had contemptuously resumed his song without a second glance. A muttering passed around the men, a spitting, a very anathema of contempt. One of the boys who had seen called to his companions of the half deck, and the bitterness of boyish jeers for Peter mingled with the muttering of the men. But the singsong went on. Blue Peter might as well have been one of the Samson posts for all the notice they gave him then.

Toward the end of the dogwatch he sat alone on the fore bitts. With a bit of rope he tried clumsily to make sailors' knots. He had watched others make them, but had received no encouragement when he asked to be shown. Now the men, drifting one by one to the forecastle to prepare for the first watch, passed him and cursed him, deriding his poor efforts. Grady snatched the rope from his hands and flicked it in his face.

"Don't you hit me!" Peter shouted in swift temper.

Grady stopped, astonishment written ludicrously all over his face.

"Why, you scrapin's av a pig trough!" he grunted, and punched Peter sorely on the nose, bringing a trickle of red.

Peter launched one of his gaunt arms in a wild and random-appearing swing; his great bony fist struck Grady over the eye, and catapulted him headlong into the arms of his shipmates. They caught him, laughing, taunting him, changing front with the tide of battle, and Grady spat on his hands, frowning at the power of that punch.

Then eight bells clanged aft.

"Belay that skylarkin'!" roared the bos'n. "Grady! Ain't it your wheel? Git a move on!"

Men permitted Blue Peter to use a little of the lamplight that first watch. It was against custom. The lamp should have been turned down; the men should have slept. But they talked of that astonishing wallop that blacked Grady's starboard eye; none profanely cursed Peter to his bunk when he bent to the lamplight, scribbling new verses that had come to him.

"Like the kick of a hor-rse, 't wuz!" said an old man reverently. "You ain't one o' them prize fighters in disguise, be you, matey?"

"I ain't a fighter at all," said Peter irritably. He was fighting just then with an obstinate rime.

"Ain't, hey?" the old man persisted. "Ever break stones wi' yer fistes, then?"

"No. I ain't done anything you say. But on the farm I used to wrastle cows some. Let's see now. Gales—sails. Breezes—freezes. Foam—home."

"Aw, shut up an' turn in!" growled a sleepy sailor. "Wrastle cows! Throw bull, you mean! Turn in an' let a bloke catch th' bird!"

At four bells Grady came from the wheel. Instead of getting his pipe for the five minutes' smoke permitted before joining his mates on deck, he went straight to Blue Peter's bunk. Peter snored unpoetically.

"Come an out till I ate ye!" said Grady. He gripped the sleeper with hands like bale hooks, and hauled him from his blanket, gaping foolishly. Then, before Peter was well awake, Grady thumped him cruelly, thrusting one forearm under his chin to hold his head up against the bulkhead, and punching with cold ferocity with his free fist.

"Black me oye, will ye? I'll ate ye!"

Sleepers awoke. Scowling faces peered over bunk sides, some thrust between gaudy curtains. These were the fastidious ones. They one and all cursed, whether from curtains or barren, cheerless boards; and they mostly cursed Blue Peter, for Grady was top dog.

"I'll ate ye!" puffed Grady.

Then something happened. Blue Peter snatched his head aside. Grady's fist crashed against the bulkhead, and Grady swore horribly. And seemingly without effort the yokel who had wrastled cows on the farm stooped, gathered Grady into his long gaunt arms and straightened up. It was like the twanging of a bow. Grady shot through the air, arms and legs asprawl, and crashed against the stanchion on which hung the lamp. All was smoke and darkness for a moment. When somebody struck a match Blue Peter was stamping on the lamp wick, scraping together the debris. Outside, Grady's bare feet slapped fast on the deck planks, receding; and Grady's awed voice receded, too, muttering broken jargon in which "Mither!" and "Divvle!" repeated often.

"'E wrastled cows!" whispered the old seaman, diffidently offering a foully dirty handkerchief to Peter, whose nose was crushed like an overripe raspberry.

Peter returned to his bunk, grumbling, still in a sort of mazed wonder at the incursion into his slumbers.

The Pallas sailed into foul weather. There was much hauling of yards, much handling of sail. The decks were never dry now. Blue Peter found discomfort in the increased motion, particularly aloft. But the men taught him little tricks, showed him things, did not curse him so unsmilingly. They cursed him, for he was not much use yet, but they cursed him in friendly fashion, clapping him on the back. Grady showed him how to gather folds of a sail between his elbows and stomach; how to hold on and still do his part. The lads of the half deck jeered at his songs; but, jeering, bore no malice. The mates became aware of his existence.

The captain, hearing of his earnest attempts to become a sailor, said he was to be allowed to take a lee wheel while the hard weather lasted, and to stand a trick alone in finer days.

He was a noticeable figure, standing at the lee spokes of the helm in a blusterous norther, straw hair flying, heedless of the loss of his only cap, light blue eyes aflame with ardor as he cast them aloft at the straining topsails dark with wet. And his weather helmsman glanced wonderingly across at him; for when Blue Peter put his strength to the wheel there was no need of other power. And his lips moved ceaselessly. The captain, stepping near to glance into the binnacle, flashed a sharp look up into Peter's face, for words were rolling forth—words of the sea and ships, yet not of the Pallas.

"I hear you're a poet, young man," said the skipper with a faint smile. "Don't let it interfere with your steering."

"It won't do that, sir," quoth Peter boldly; and, taking courage, rolled out more fine words:

"Oh, the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a well of light
That holds the hot sky lame,
And the steady forefoot snores through the planet-powdered floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!"

"You're nothing but a pirate!" snapped the captain angrily. "You didn't compose that. It's pure Kipling!"

"I know, sir," said Blue Peter complacently. "It's pretty good, though, isn't it?"

"Forget it, and 'tend to your work, my lad. You're aboard here to work, understand."

The weather helmsman snickered when the captain had gone. He had been overawed when the captain condescended to speak to Peter of poetry. Now he had something to tell the fellows in the forecastle. He had never been one of those who so suddenly accepted Blue Peter just because he had pitched Grady over his head. As soon as his trick was up he scuttled along to tell the news, and first of all to old Dan Orker, the ancient seaman who had asked Blue Peter if he had ever broken stones with his fists.

"I knowed he wuzn't no good," said Dan. "I'll tell him a few soon's he comes for'ard."

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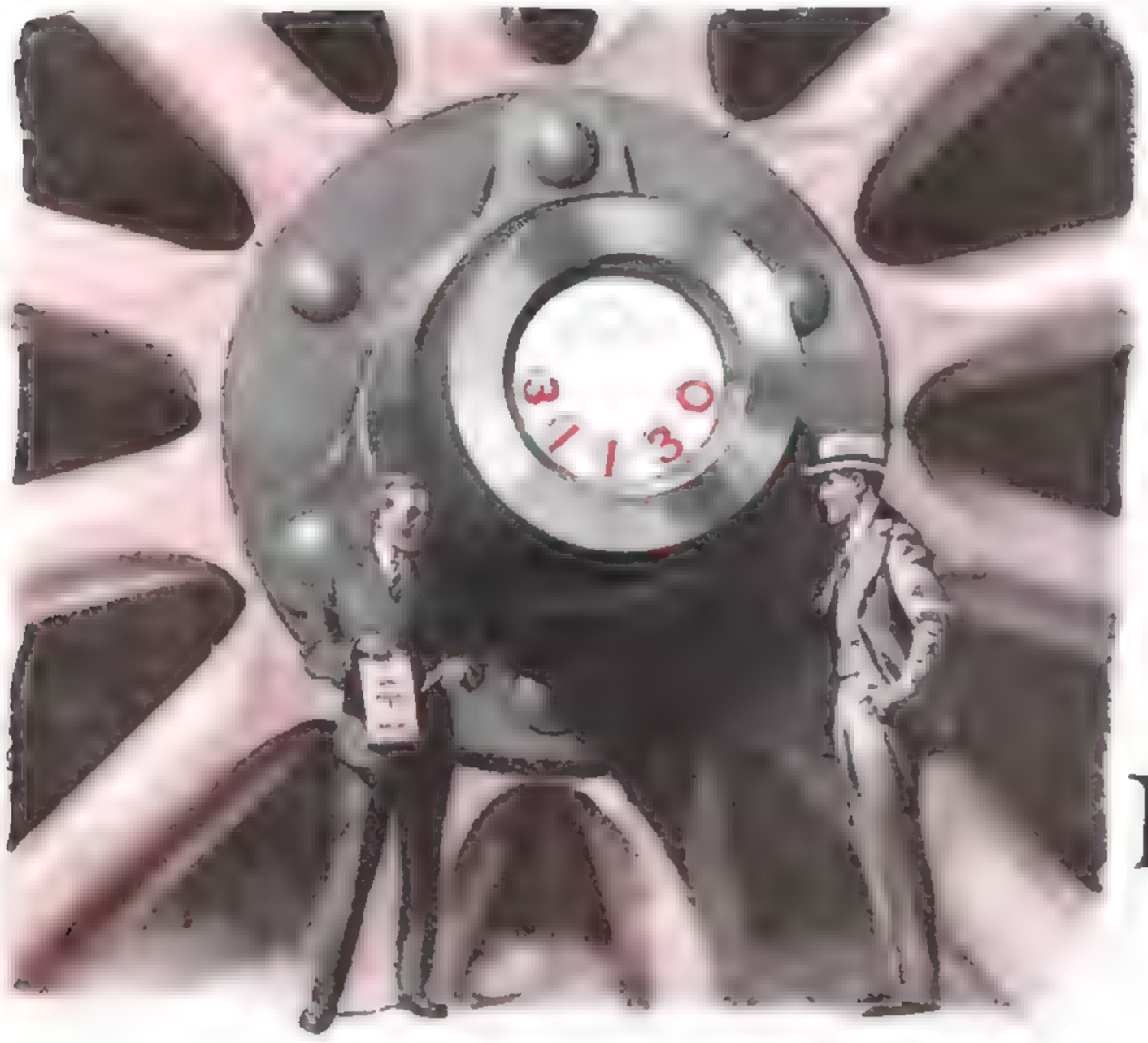

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 36)

Dan said bitter words to Peter when he appeared. The old man had a queer nature that caused him to toady or revile, according to the status of the victim. There was a little hesitancy in the old man's approach; but Peter made no retort, and the bitter words followed fast.

"Spoutin' po'try es somebody else wrote, and sayin' es it's yourn!" Dan gibed. "Damme! You ain't no good, nohow. Ain't a sailor, and you steals po'try!"

But Blue Peter was already busy writing down the thoughts that had come to him while steering the speeding ship. Old Dan used up all his vituperation, never drawing a comeback; and when he subsided, muttering, men who had shown some respect for Blue Peter after his astonishing defeat of Grady, changed their opinions and said things they would have been afraid to say an hour earlier.

Calms and sea mists. And the humor of the crew fitted the atmosphere that beset the ship. Officers grew snappy; men growled and were driven. Yards were boxed and braced hourly, to catch airs that died aborning. The captain sat for hours under a small awning on the poop, reading, scribbling in a brown leather notebook. He alone appeared untouched by the general depression. At times he would beat time with his pencil, as if accenting some rhythm. Men passing to and from the wheel glared at his placid back, cursing him when out of earshot for his comfort.

Blue Peter went about his work, learning slowly, heedless of the changed attitude of his shipmates. Grady abused him, but only verbally. Others might hint that he take a wallop at the farmer again; but after all, it was Grady who had experienced that terrifying fall at the farmer's hands.

One blinding evening, when the sun blazed forth from a brazen western sky after a day of rushing rain squalls that had whipped the sea to yeast and driven the Pallas like a startled stallion in spasmodic rushes, the captain brought out his deck chair again and scribbled while the light lasted. And just before dark a strong, steady breeze boomed out of the northeast with all the signs of settling there. He leaped to his feet, brisk and alert.

"Check in the yards all around, mister!" he ordered. "Shift over the stays'l sheets!"

"Now bullies!" roared the mate. "Fair wind! Starboard braces!"

"Hey-aie-aie-aie!" screamed the bos'n. "In with 'em!"

"Ho-ho! Ho-ho! Hey, hoy!" yelped Blue Peter, hauling like a grinning madman.

The swift action came as a relief to him. Fully occupied though he had been with his poor verses, the gloom of the past days had begun to chafe him.

"Shut yer hatch, y' long fathom o' tripe!" growled Grady, and stamped viciously on Peter's bare feet. But he couldn't sadden Peter.

The men trimmed the mizzen yards and the spanker sheet, and trooped forward to start the first fore-hatch singsong in many days.

When a concertina squealed cheerily, and Grady opened his mouth in boisterous song, and all hands began to cast off their gloom, Blue Peter perched himself on the fore fire rail and hammered out some new verses of a new chantey.

Midway of the harmony the mate's whistle shrilled out, and an angry voice called all hands aft.

Men leaped to their feet, looking anxiously into the windward dusk. No threatening squall deepened the falling night. But the command to muster aft was peremptorily repeated, the captain himself was at the poop rail. All hands trooped along the shadowy main deck; every face was touched with vivid light for an instant as the open galley door was passed. Stars were beginning to sparkle. The mellow wind hummed through the taut rigging, and the forefoot gave forth a musical roar that carried a swish of speed in its note.

At the second order to go aft Blue Peter looked up for the first time. He saw the men shuffling aft; heard them growling. He ran into the forecastle to stow away his paper and pencil before following them.

At the break of the poop the men gathered, and the two mates frowned over them in the gloom.

"Stand over to windward the men who trimmed the mizzen yards and spanker!" snapped the mate.

Half a dozen men moved over, muttering.

"Any more?" demanded the captain sharply.

"How do we know? We never tallied 'em!" retorted Grady boldly. "Wot's the idea? Ain't lost nuthin', have youse?"

"What do you know about it?" flashed the skipper. "Stand forward, that man!" Grady hung back. The skipper went on coldly: "It makes no difference. I know you. One of you men picked up and took away a wallet belonging to me. If it isn't produced in five minutes your gear will be searched. It's up to you. Mister Mate, are the men all here?"

The mate swiftly counted heads. Not satisfied, for the edge of the crowd was in moving shadow, he called over the names.

"All here but that Blue Peter chap, sir," he reported.

"I see 'im duckin' into the foc'sle wi' some'at in his 'ands, sir!" squeaked old Dan Orker eagerly. "And I knows 'e ain't on lookout, sir."

The second mate ran down the ladder and started forward. But he was no swifter than the captain. And the value put upon that missing wallet might have been fairly estimated by that one fact. Heedless of lost dignity, careless of custom, the captain darted through the murmurous blackness of the main deck and to the forecastle as fast as two very seasoned sea legs could bear him. The second mate arrived with him, but only by running.

Together they entered the forecastle. The lamp was lighted, and, turned too high, was smoking acridly. The glass was half blackened; little light won through. But oblivious of flying oil soot, of semi-darkness, of the hurrying of shod feet, and even of the entrance of the captain and officer, Blue Peter crouched so close to the lamp that his wild hair was singed, his nose buried deeply in the pages of the notebooks contained in the captain's lost wallet. Blue Peter's eyes were strained, eager; his loose mouth hung open, but his lips moved ceaselessly; his unkempt head swayed, nodded, keeping time to some silent rhythm.

"I thought so!" cried the captain.

Blue Peter straightened up like a released sapling as the wallet was snatched from his hands. Bits of paper fluttered to the floor, and the second mate picked them up, with a surprised, pained glance at Peter, whose lower lip hung lower and limp, whose light blue eyes were almost idiotic in the dazed light that flickered through his winking lids.

"I found it layin' in my bunk, sir," stammered Peter. "I just picked it up and looked inside to see whose it was, and it was poetry. I forgot all hands was called, sir."

The captain was very red, and his teeth shone in the pale lamplight.

"You found it in your bunk!" he sneered.

He seemed to be about to strike Blue Peter. Instead he glared straight into the distressed yokel's eyes for an eloquent ten seconds, then turned, book in hand, to leave the forecastle.

"Dismiss the men, mister," he said to the second mate. "As for this—this thief - is he any good at all?"

"Pretty green, sir," replied the officer, without much joy in his voice. "Seems to try hard, but ——"

"Don't sympathize with the fellow!" snapped the captain savagely. "I'll disrate him. Give him to the cook for a boy! Tell cook to work him up. Steal my scrapbook? I'll make him jump overboard!"

Ensued woeful days for Blue Peter. The ship stole across the latitudes into the wonders of tropic seas and sargasso weed and magic star-blazing nights. The seas were deepest sapphire blue, creamed with small crests like fretted ivory. In them swam and loved and fought all manner of gleaming, sinuous, exuberant creatures. Above, the fleecy tufts of fair-weather cloudlets alone flecked the azure of the vastly remote heavens; among them sailed long-tailed tropic birds, flashing their almost transparent breasts against the sun. Between heavens and ocean leaped the silvered flying fish, revealing to the human onlooker nothing of the terror of the grisly dolphin in chase, but only the flashing beauty of their flight. And the Pallas vied with all Nature in her loveliness. Her gleaming figurehead leaned forward with swelling breast over the flirting seas. Her sharp stem and flaring bows parted the seas and flung high in the warm air great showers of glittering spray which pattered into the headsails like small shot. Two great sharks swam, one on either side of the stem, keeping their positions so unwaveringly as to seem fastened there. Two apprentices sat on the bowsprit all their watch below, trying to tempt one of those outriders with a piece of rancid pork on a chain-snooded hook, never knowing how lucky they were in their ill luck.

Above all towered the tall canvas, full of the enchantment of ivory whitenesses and gray, mauve, purple shadows; all a-thrum with music of strains harmoniously born, of chirruping sheaves, of shrill note of chafing parrels, swishing of a loose buntline against straining canvas, of resonant clang of chain upon the hollow steel of a lower yard when a topsail twitched impatiently at the sheets. Even the tapping, tapping of two men busily chipping rust from a bulwark stanchion with chipping hammers, blended into the tune and gave it character.

But Blue Pete saw none of these wonders. From dawn to dark he was kept toiling at every unpleasant task which the devious brain of the vengeful cook could devise. Not often was it given to a windjammer's doctor to have a seaman delivered into his hand. "Work him up!" the order had been. Work him up he did. There were pigpens and chicken coops to clean. There were greasy bricks to scrub. The galley floor had never been scrubbed since sailing day. The bricks were cemented with filth. There was greasy paintwork to clean. There was even brasswork around the galley coal bunker. There were stores to break out; harness casks to fill. In the longboat were still six sacks of potatoes, mainly sprouting, mostly rotten. They must be picked over one by one; the specked ones must be used at once, preferably in the crew hash; the doubtful ones must be used for cabin table at once, and if complaint arose at their lack of cabin quality—why, Blue Peter was a farmer, and ought to know better than to pick out bad potatoes for the cabin.

All these things Blue Peter did, and did in dumb submission. He was hurt to the soul by the captain's accusation; but the wound that rankled, stunned, beat him down, was the tacit treatment of his fellows. If he had to pass near a man, that man stepped hastily aside with averted face and audible spit. Old Dan Orker, whenever they met, gave him a steady sorrowing glare which was, in fact, simply an illustration of honorable age mourning over degraded youth. Nobody spoke to him, except the cook. The lads of the half deck, who had chaffed him, jeered him, sung his new chanteys, and mocked him jovially or contemptuously according to their opinion of him at the moment, now utterly failed to see him at all. It takes a boy to be supremely cruel; and the very cruelest of boys' methods of showing displeasure is sending a fellow to Coventry, as they call totally ignoring him. He was off the earth as far as they were concerned. Young West, the senior apprentice, who had given Peter many a good-natured hint, became as oblivious as the rest. Only one man ever uttered a word to Blue Peter, and that was to make him feel his humiliation the more. Men even ceased their own chatter whenever he passed within earshot of them. He was an outcast.

So through the tropics, until the colder seas and the grayer days returned. Blue Peter grew morose and wore a scowl continually. His hair was tangled and unkempt. There was a cloud in his eyes and a droop to his mouth. Something in his chin suggested that he might not be as completely whipped as he looked; but all in all he was a fine example of the penalties attached to petty thievery. Dan Orker, taking courage from long immunity, began to utter advisory platitudes aloud when near the galley, so that Peter could hear them. Once the tortured yokel raised his hand over the old man's gray head in fury, but let the blow drop undelivered. Old Dan went forward, cackling about that.

"He dassent!" he declared. "Thieves is allus cowards. I ain't afeard o' no such bloke as that."

Blue Peter had kept his forecastle bunk. That made his lot the harder. Living among the men, he was not of them. They turned the rounds of day by day as if he never existed. Yet the cook drove him from the galley as soon as his long day was done.

"You work 'ere, but you live for'ard, me son. You ain't so bloody hanxious to get 'ere o' mornings; I ain't aching for your company hevenings," said the cook.

Peter even gave up writing poetry. He made wondrous verse in his mind; bitter, tempestuous verse that clangored of elemental conflict. But he could never put it to paper. Although he was living just such a bitter experience himself, he could not believe that it was possible. It seemed too inhuman. Therefore it could not be true poetry. But he was too full of it to erase it from his mind.

Strangely, perhaps, while the mere physical conditions of his daily drudgery ate like acid into his soul, he never once lost the thrill that came from the sea and the ship. He lay awake night after night for hours, in his meagerly furnished bunk, listening to the voices of the running seas outside. There was the steady hollow roar of the bow wave. Sometimes there was a heavier note, a sharper crash, when the ship encountered a charging comber and shouldered it aside shattered to shards of foam. Then there was the vibrant quivering when she dipped her bobstays and backropes, drove them through the side of a rising sea, and dragged them streaming with brine into the air again. Over his head he could hear the tremendous straining of the foretack; the patter of falling sprays; rarely, the musical trickling drip of thin streams of water from the foot of the forecourse when a steeper sea volleyed its sprays high. His very bunk boards creaked. The stanchions in the forecastle each had its own voice. Through the open door could be detected the clacking of the chain sheets of the fore topsail against the steel lowermast where they led down from the quarter blocks. Pervading all, blending all the night noises of the ship into a mighty chant, was the pouring wind, the sonorous reverberation from the straining sails, the drumming of long rolling seas against the vast hollow hull.

Always he fell asleep soothed and eased of his hurts. His days might be horrible things; his nights were his own, to people with his own fancies. That stubborn spark within his breast revived the flagging fires of his poor abused physical body whenever sleep fell upon him.

But the ship drew down towards the Falklands. Ice there was, and snow, and a rising westerly wind that hardened, making the snow a biting blizzard, turning stately icebergs into wandering grim menaces. The captain of the Pallas carried his royals and flying jib longer than most men would; but time came when sail must come in or blow away. And that moment came, as always, at night.

"Show a leg, m'lads! All hands!" bellowed the bos'n at the forecastle door midway through the middle watch. Men stumbled out, swearing, groping for wet boots, trying to strike wet matches.

"I never see a ship make a v'yage wi'out turnin' out all hands in the middle watch," growled Grady, first on deck, however. "If the Old Man couldn't find any other way he'd tack ship wi' a fair wind, the divvle ate his guts!"

"Up wi' you!" the bos'n yelped. "Growl you may, but work you must, old sons. The royals is all in. It's in upper topgallants, and tie a reef in the mains'l. Shake a leg, you, old Dan Orker! Oughta be in a 'ome, you did. Hey, rise and shine, you! Oh, it's you, is it? Blue Peter! A sodjerin' dog! Out! Blast me but I'll help you along wi' my boot! Up, and out! Cook's mate? It's all hands, m'lad. Out and up wi' you!"

A dollop of freezing water hurtled over the rail as the men climbed into the rigging. Blue Peter reached the fore-upper-topgallant yard shivering with the bitter chill, wet to the skin before he well started. His teeth chattered cruelly. The night was black with an evil blackness; the snow flurries that had persisted all day had for the moment ceased. But the blast of the gale was cold as the breath of death; the topgallant sail, not yet entirely gathered up by the buntlines, billowed and flopped and snatched at the yard until the braces twanged. The ship lay over dizzily. Out of the southwest great seas charged thunderously; high aloft the spars vibrated in a fashion to freeze the marrow of anybody not a complete sailor.

Blue Peter had never been aloft in such a turmoil. He clung frantically to the rigging, afraid to step off into that howling blackness onto a thin and invisible footrope, face to face with that soaring, flopping, thundering devil of a sail. But men crowded behind him.

"Hop onto the yard!" screamed the next man, pinching Peter's leg savagely. "Git out on it! Wot ye' waitin' for—sunshine?"

Hissing through tight teeth, Peter ventured. He had climbed trees at home. Once an eagle attacked him when he robbed the nest. He had climbed down a well.

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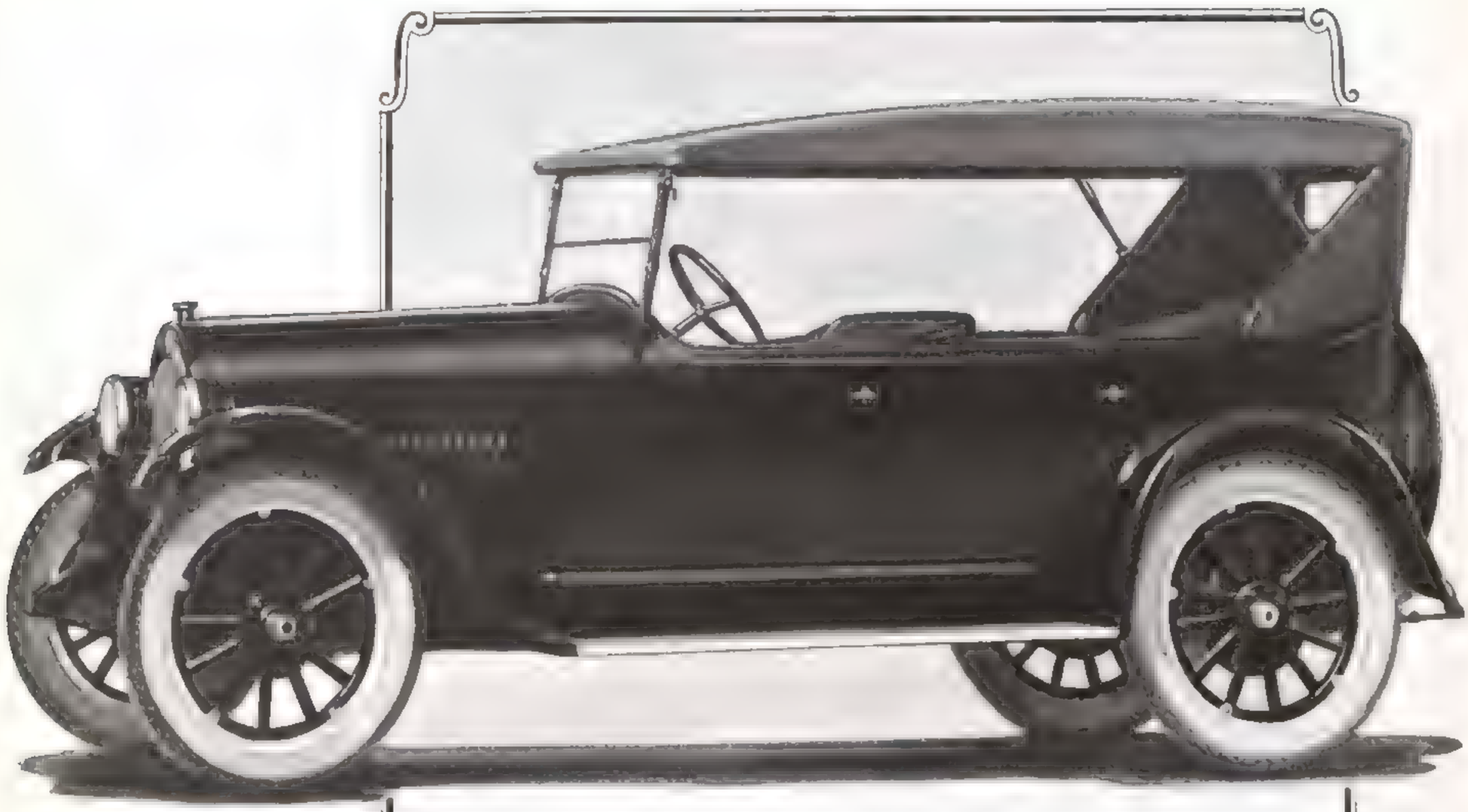

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(Continued from Page 38)

All came back to him as the silliest sort of child's play as he gripped the jackstay with desperate fingers and fought against that icy, flogging, fiendish sail.

"Muzzle it, you lousy farmer! Ketch holt and muzzle it! Want to heave me orf the bloody yard, don't yuh?" screamed the man beside him.

Three other men stood on that trembling footrope with Blue Peter. Every one spoke to him. They had not given him word or glance for weeks. Now they said plenty to him. He clung with one hand, his grip like a steel vise, and numbly strove to gather up the sail as he dimly saw the rest doing. Those men took both hands to the work, keeping their footing with unbelievable luck. Peter heard shrill voices crying out in the darkness abaft, where men and lads furled the main and mizzen topgallant sails. A blinding snow squall struck the ship. The icy particles cut his face. The ship reeled. He let go his sail and grabbed for a two-handed hold again; the released canvas all but hurled the next man from the yard. Blue Peter sweat. In spite of wet and snow and wind, he sweat, for he heard the man start to utter a prayer as his hold slipped. But the fellow was a true deep-water man. He regained his hold, started to pick up his sail again, and cursed Blue Peter from cradle to the hereafter, coldly, pointedly, completely. He said Peter did that purposely.

When the sail was secured, and the men began to descend, Peter was crying with rage at that accusation. The men shoved him out of the way, careless whether he held on or not. And the snow squall grew into a blizzard.

"Take in the mains'l! Make it fast!" roared the mate through a megaphone.

The ship pitched heavily, rolled down, and filled her decks until the hatches were covered. And the driving snow whitened everything, conquering the darkness, revealing the grisly seas, the bending spars, the thrashing sail fighting against the constriction of buntlines and clew lines.

The men from the main topgallant yards stopped at the tops and lay out on the main yard. The men from the fore dodged the flooding seas and climbed again. The scene was trebly terrific in the ghastly light of the snow. The men's weird cries were like the wailings of tormented spirits. The great main course loomed out of the overhead void like a cloud surcharged with spite.

"Up and give 'er hell, bullies!" roared Mr. True, the capable second mate, leading the way.

Furling the big course was a job for all hands. The best sailor would be first aloft. There would be no need to order a man to the point of terrific labor, in the bunt. If any man beat the second mate to it, the second mate would be a sorry man for many a day. Men fought for place in the narrowing shrouds beneath the top. Blue Peter was right among them. Nor would he give way when they pushed to pass him. He was trembling with frenzy; had it been daylight his eyes could not have seen. He was utterly out of mind with blind fury. Men stamped on his hands. A sea boot started his nose bleeding. But he gripped the main yard right behind the man who had kicked him, and worked out along the yard. A youngster crawled over him, going to the lighter job at the yardarm. A slip of the foot, and flap of the sail, and Blue Peter found himself holding the youngster in the grip of one long sinewy arm, quite unaware how he got there. The boy squirmed loose with a little catchy laugh.

"Thanks, mate," he squealed, and sidled swiftly out to his place as if almost falling to his death were a commonplace.

Peter fell upon the sail with berserk rage. He thrilled with the youngster's careless thanks, though even now he scarcely realized that he had saved a life. But he grappled an armful of wet sailcloth, and swore at it as if it were a man who had hurt him.

"To my way—a ayah!
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!"

And by woeful bits the great sail was picked up. The men battled for an hour on the yard, cut with snow that was frozen into glassy points, drenched with the flying seas, fingers bleeding and nails torn. Twice the canvas beat them, blowing from their hands before a gasket could be passed. Twice the indomitable Mr. True led them to fresh battle.

So in the end they furled their sail. And weary gasping men crawled stiffly down the ratlines, robbed of almost all their sleeping hours. Blue Peter slowly came to himself as he reached the deck.

"Take the fores'l off her!" bellowed the megaphone, and beaten men stopped in their weary tracks to curse.

But there is no shirking at sea when the foresail comes in. Men scarcely able to stand tottered after the tireless second mate. Lads who had chorused so cheerily before, dragged themselves silently into the fore rigging again.

At the end of another desperate hour the ship was snug for a while. Men stumbled dazedly into the forecastle, or to their deck shelters, according to whether it were their watch below or on deck. Blue Peter shambled forward, shaking his head like a wounded bull. He had given of his best; he had put forth every ounce of his great strength without one thought for his own safety; and he had survived. Had he been able to think clearly at all, he would have been surprised that he had not been killed. As it was, there was only one voice which persisted in his brain when he crawled into his dismal bunk.

"Tried to chuck me off the bloody yard, he did! Larst out on deck, an' useless, that's Blue Peter! I'm goin' to give 'im a hot shot tomorrer. My oath!"

That savage remark drove sleep from Peter for good. In a few minutes the forecastle resounded with noisy slumbers, but Peter gave nothing to the chorus. He turned and tossed and fretted. Sleep betrayed him. His bruised, exhausted body cried for sleep. His seething brain fought sleep and bade him suffer. And wild, savage themes came to him in place of sleep. He saw written in fire before his aching eyes such poetry as man never wrote. He could read it line by line. It was almost complete. Never was such a seapiece planned as that which came to him out of the chaos of a whirling brain. Just one thing was lacking. That would come. The lines did not seem to scan, though the rime and the theme carried sonorously. He would get his pencil and paper. Sleep was gone. He would have a masterpiece ready before the watch was called. He lifted a cramped and agonized leg over the leeboard of his bunk, groaning involuntarily. Then into the forecastle burst a dripping, oilskinned sailor, slamming the iron door against the rush of a hungry sea. "All hands! Rouse out! Show a leg, me sons!"

"Hell! It ain't eight bells yet!" grumbled a startled sleeper.

"Rise-o!" bawled the dripping seaman, shaking each man in turn. "All hands! Take three lower t'gallants off her an' reef fore an' mizzen-upper-tawps'ls! Blowin' like Barney's bull! Now, me sons! Yuh goin' to let Blue Peter beat yuh on deck? Rouse out, old Orker!"

Blue Peter had beaten them out. Halfway out of his bunk at the call, he had been overpowered by a resurging flood of the blind fury of resentment that had carried him through when furling the foresail. Now, tortured in every limb, gasping with stark agony of back and limb and muscle, he drove his gaunt, shambling body out into the shrieking gale and waited for neither oilskins nor boots. His strawlike hair caught the driving snow like a bird nest; the bitter sea swirled about his knobbly, unlovely feet and ankles. Already the watch on deck were at the buntlines. The halyards were all gone; the clew lines manned. Blue Peter stumbled in among the men, and fell against the second mate as he grabbed for a hold on the ropes.

"Ha ha! Here's a bloody hangel!" roared Grady, lurching against Peter. Mr. True gave one keen glance, and turned to his rope again.

"Peter first out? Good lad! You'll be a sailor yet!" he cried.

Then the dizzy climb aloft to furl and reef. Blue Peter found himself on the main-lower-topgallant yard without clearly realizing how he got there. The sky was a driving sheet of snow whirled on the fifty-mile gale like an unbroken cloud. The sea was so thrashed by the wind that it was scarcely darker than the snow-lightened sky. And the Pallas stormed grandly through it all, like the gallant godless she was named after. From the wildly swinging height Peter could see every circumstance of her progress, note each buffet she received, each repulse she dealt out. When she heeled to leeward so far that her lower yardarms swished through the bitter seas, and untold tons of fury cataracted across her streaming decks making the slender spars tremble and jerk like reeds in a waterfall, Blue Peter found himself amazingly straddling his stirrup rope, hauling his sail to the yard, shouting like a blond viking his defiance to the storm. He saw only a colossal battle picture in the way of the ship in the sea. Every instant of watching and working suggested to his acutely tuned brain some new thought to embody in that wonder work of poetry which he felt assured he was going to achieve. He found men furling on either side of him; knew they were not keeping up with his work. They hauled and pounded in grim, clenched-teeth desperation. The vague figures on the other yards were silent too. Only Blue Peter roared as he worked, and cared nothing. His every bone burned, his muscles cracked. His bare head, bare feet, open shirt bosom were caked and filled with frozen snow. But he was sweating. He picked up his sail with both hands, throttled the devil in it, beat it and lashed it down.

Then down to the deck and up again to the reefing. He was second only to Mr. True on the fore-upper-topsail yard. He would have taken the place of honor at the earring, but the second mate bawled to him to leave it alone. When the reef tackles were set taut to haul, he was in between Grady, at the lee earring, and old Orker. The yard was jerking furiously to the thrashing of the slackened sail.

"Aie-aie-aie! Hey-ah!" howled Grady, hauling on the reef tackle.

"Aie-hey! Aie-hey! Ho, hey!" roared Blue Peter at his side.

"Hold all you get, boys, or this sail's going to kill somebody," yelled the second mate, far out to windward.

Like a gunshot, when every man laid his weight on the pull, Grady's reef tackle broke. Grady clutched the lee lift, and was safe. Blue Peter, reaching greedily to his work, had taken a hold on the standing part of the tackle, near the block. The rope surged. His left hand jammed in the block, almost wrenching his arm out and sorely mangling the hand. Old Dan Orker, behind him, lost his grip and began to fall, grasping desperately at the nearest hold, screaming in his pitiful old treble. He seized Blue Peter's right wrist, wrenched it from the jackstay, and clung instinctively, convulsively.

"Hold it! Hold it! My God!" bellowed Mr. True as the sail started to burst loose all along the yard. "Catch a turn, to leeward! D'ye want to murder us all?"

Grady peered at the sail. He was a good sailor, but believed in the maxim of every man for himself when gear started carrying away. What he saw was Blue Peter, draped over the yardarm, held there by a cruel contrivance of luck. His left hand was jammed and mangled in the reef tackle, secure there without any grip; and that alone was for the moment saving the sail from blowing out and hurling all hands to death. In a moment the tortured flesh would tear; then the thing would happen. Peter's gaunt body hung across the yard, his long legs with his bare blue ankles and great knobbly feet sticking out into the bitter emptiness abaft the yard. Balance was preserved by the weight of old Dan Orker, frenziedly squealing in his terror, his own grip weakening, held by the steely clutch of Blue Peter's farm-muscled fingers.

"Kin ye hold ut?" bawled Grady.

"What's the matter here?" cried the second mate, sliding down the footropes to the windward gang.

His own reef earring was fast. He quickly saw the trouble. Two men hauled old Orker up to safety; then Grady secured the tackle, and Blue Peter's crushed hand was liberated.

"Oh, it's you again, is it?" shouted Mr. True.

"I couldn't help it, sir!" shouted Peter, believing the officer was berating him.

"Help it? Oh, Lord!" grunted Mr. True.

"Let me out there, Peter. Your 'and is hurt," yelped a sailor.

"Git down outa this, matey," bawled Grady, A. B. "Job's done now."

"'Ere, Peter, gimme that reef p'int!" sobbed old Orker.

Blue Peter heard nothing. He grabbed and tied reef points, though blood dripped from his fingers. While he had hung over the yard, his body torn almost in two, one wrist scorched with the desperate grip of old Orker, the other hand crushed between rope and block with the fury of a loosening sail tearing at it, he had lost all sense of time or place. As vividly as his vision had come to him earlier in that sleepless night, so vividly now did the idea come to him for the rounding out of his wonder poem. He muttered the words as he reefed.

"All done, matey!" bawled Grady. "Lay in an' git below!"

The beaten, gasping men clawed wearily down the rigging. At the sheer poles they stopped, while a roaring sea passed. It was a grinning devil of a sea. It leaped high at their legs; it poured over the rail; it filled the decks and swept men and boys away like wood chips on a millrace. And when it had gone on, Mr. True anxiously tallied his men.

"Where's Blue Peter?" he asked. "Where's Blue Peter?"

All the rest were there, shivering, gasping from their icy plunge after the sweating labor aloft. They grabbed one another, peering into faces they knew could not be Peter's.

"God! I hope he wasn't taken!"

But Blue Peter was missing. The decks were swept bare. No man was there except the group about the second mate and the little knot on the poop. It was then Blue Peter's shipmates found out what a paragon he had been; that green yokel from the farm.

"Wuz makin' a good sailorman, he wuz!" growled Grady.

"C'd fight too!" said another, at whom Grady swore.

"Allus fust out, was Peter!" declared another, who had often called Peter a clod-hopping lazy louse.

But it was old Dan Orker who put the capital on Peter's fame.

"Saved my neck, did Peter!" he whimpered. "Saved my life, he did! An' he didn't steal th' Old Man's po'try book, Mister True. I put it into his bunk, s'help me, I did! Let me tell th' captain!"

The second mate grabbed Orker and thrust him aft with savage force.

"Blue Peter's gone, poor lad," said the officer. "But you'll come clear his name, you old criminal! I knew the lad was no thief!"

The captain stood at the ladder head. His ship was snug and safe now. She could be left to fight her own battle. He listened to Mr. True; called old Orker up to face him. And out of the darkness forward bellowed the voice of Grady, A. B.

"Glory be! He's here! Blue Peter's aloive!"

They trooped forward. Even the captain forgot himself and plunged through the streaming deck wash with the rest. And they came to the forecastle. There, oblivious of all, his mangled hand reddening the dirty floor, his dripping figure steaming in the lamp glow, Blue Peter stooped over a piece of saturated paper, sucking at a pencil stub, frowning in despair.

"It won't come," he muttered. "It's all gone again! Up there I see it all, plain as plain. Now it's gone."

"Here, my lad!" interrupted the captain, taking Peter's arm gently. "Put that stuff away. You're going to make a sailorman; that is sure. I'm not so sure about the poetry. Come aft and get that hand attended to. You'll lose a fin if you're not careful."

So Blue Peter was an invalid. He found himself in amazingly good quarters. The steward smiled at him; gave him cabin tidbits. The men grinned in friendly fashion. The cook called him Peter, invited him to sit by the galley fire. The captain gave him a card which would tell him all about the vagaries of the compass. He was in a new world.

But he was impatient to get back to work. The captain had told him, the mate had told him, Mr. True had told him that before the Pallas took her pilot there would be no better sailorman in the ship than he. All of which was fine. It softened in a measure the annoyance of those lost rimes which, queerly, had never come back. Even the vision had vanished. But there was recompense, even for that. On the day that the gale broke, and sail was made again, he watched the men masthead the topsails. At first he watched impatiently, wishing to be there. Then somebody called for a chantey. West, the apprentice, sprang to the head of the rope, and roared to the wide ocean Blue Peter's own poetry, his very own chantey:

"Ho, the sea rolls high, and the sea rolls free!
Sing! Heave! Swing to the sea!
And the ship sails fast with a foaming lee.
Sing with a swing to the sea!"

The captain watched Peter's swaying head. "Well, my lad," he smiled, "are ye for the sea or for poetry?"

"They belong together, sir!" said Blue Peter fervently.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Watch This Column

REGINALD DENNY

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."
—SHAKESPEARE

Those of you who enjoyed REGINALD DENNY in *"Sporting Youth,"* have a treat in store in his next picture, *"The Reckless Age,"* adapted from *"Love Insurance,"* the sparkling story by Earl Derr Biggers. It is full of youth and daring and excitement, and was directed by Harry Pollard, who was responsible for *"The Leather Pushers"* and *"Sporting Youth."* Denny is supported by Ruth Dwyer, Hayden Stevenson, Dorothy Revier, Fay Tincher and other capable players.

This play is a good illustration of the clean pictures I have been talking about in these advertisements—the kind which younger generations may see and enjoy and discuss with their parents. It is a mighty interesting business, this production of clean pictures, and at least it will determine the temper of the modern public. What are your views on the subject?

In *"The Signal Tower,"* in which VIRGINIA VALLI stars, supported by ROCKCLIFFE FELLOWES and WALLACE BEERY, there is one of the most realistic railroad wrecks ever screened. A passenger train collides with a freight on a high bridge spanning a canyon and many of the cars disappear down the mountainside. Also the fight in the tower will put you on your toes. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre to put this picture on. He is eager to please you and will value your suggestion.

Are you on the alert for the Champion JACK DEMPSEY pictures? Don't make the mistake of thinking that these plays were written just to exploit the champion. They are delightful stories by Gerald Beaumont, and aside from the champion's work, they will be thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. Perfectly cast and carefully produced, they are now being shown in leading theatres throughout the country.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

BILL THE CONQUEROR

(Continued from Page 32)

Bill rose politely. The idea of dancing with his fair guest was one that filled him with loathing, but in pursuance of his policy of conciliation he forced himself to do it. It was at the moment when they were circling round the room for the second time that Flick entered the restaurant with her Uncle Sinclair and mounted the stairs that led to the balcony. As a vague concession to old-fashioned propriety, Mr. Hammond had decided on a table in the balcony in preference to one on the main floor. The main floor, a glance told him, was infested to no little extent by brilliant creatures who, though doubtless good-hearted and kind to their mothers, seemed to him better seen at a distance. The balcony, to which are banished those who visit Mario's without dressing, had the appearance of being 99 per cent pure. His white waistcoat would be wasted there, but that could not be helped.

How long Bill danced he could not have said. The process seemed interminable. From time to time the music would stop and they would return for a brief instant to their table, only to spring up once more at the bidding of the saxophones. Eventually, however, just as he was beginning to feel that Miss Stryker's powerful form must be constructed of India rubber, she confessed to a desire for temporary repose. They sat down, and Bill, feeling that if he missed this opportunity, another would not occur until he was too weary to understand what she said, leaned forward.

"I wish you would tell me about Slingsby," he pleaded.

"Want to know about that?"

"I do, indeed."

"Well, then listen, kid," said Miss Stryker. "Here it comes!"

Bill hitched his chair a few inches nearer and beamed devotedly into her face. Miss Stryker, with a preliminary slap at his throbbing arm, began to speak.

III

MR. HAMMOND tugged at his waistcoat, which had grown mysteriously tight since its last public appearance, and looked down interestedly over the rail at the throng below.

"Nothing in this modern life of ours, Flickie," he said, "is more significant than the attitude of the good and respectable toward Sunday evening. Places like this are the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual change that has taken place in the life of the English family. Twenty years ago a man of my decent stodginess and unblemished reputation would never have dreamed of moving out of his home on Sunday night. Twenty years ago I would have spent the concluding hours of the Sabbath surrounded by my loved ones beneath my own rooftree. There would have been supper, consisting of rather red cold beef, rather wet salad, cold, clammy apple pie, blancmange, and a very big, very yellow cheese. This would have been followed by hymns in the drawing-room; or possibly, if our views were a little lax, by some round game played with pencils and pieces of paper. The fact that I am here and strongly tempted to drop a sardine on the head of that bald gentleman down below is due to what they call the march of progress." Mr. Hammond helped himself to hors d'œuvres. "Having relieved myself of which prosy reflections," he said, "I will now turn the conversation to the subject of your previous visit to this place. How did you happen to come here?"

"Bill brought me. He had been here once before with Mr. Slingsby, Mr. Paradene's manager in London."

"And now about William," said Mr. Hammond. "Tell me all."

Flick's kitten eyes searched his face gravely. She was wondering what would be the result if she really did tell him all; if she confided in him the twin facts that she loved Bill and that Bill loved her, and the additional fact that, as soon as ever he gave the word, she proposed to elope with him. Consideration for her Uncle Sinclair's feelings caused her to decide against this course. It would have been comforting to herself to pour out her secret, and she knew that she could have relied on him to keep it but it would be at the expense of his peace of mind. Poor darling, how he would worry!

"I happened to meet Bill the day I left home," she said. "And so, you see, when I was by myself in London, I naturally saw quite a lot of him."

"I see," said Mr. Hammond doubtfully.

"I used to dine with him a good deal."

"I see."

"And one of the times he brought me here."

Mr. Hammond crumbled his bread.

"I seem to recollect your telling me in the garden that day that this William had been the ideal of your girlish dreams. Did he still exercise a spell when you met him again?"

"He's very nice," said Flick guardedly.

"You didn't tell him, I suppose, that you had once worshiped the ground he trod on?"

"Bill was in love with somebody else when I met him again in London."

Mr. Hammond looked relieved.

"Ah!" he said.

"Madly and desperately," said Flick, bubbling. "He had twelve photographs of her in his sitting room."

Mr. Hammond's relief was now complete. He attacked his roast chicken with gusto.

"I'm bound to admit, Flickie," he said, "that you've taken a weight off my mind. You may have suspected occasionally during the past few years that I am mildly fond of you. I am a battered old hulk, with but little to live for ——"

"I thought you said you were one of the younger generation."

"Never mind. For purposes of my big speech I am a battered old hulk, with but little to live for except the happiness of my golden-haired child."

"I wish I had been your child," said Flick wistfully. "How simple everything would have been then, wouldn't it?"

"If you mean that you would have twisted me round your finger even more easily than you do at present, you are probably right. But you keep interrupting when you should be listening in silence, brushing away a tear from time to time. Harking back once more, I say I am a moth-eaten old relic with practically nothing to live for except to see you happy; and I don't mind owning that I've been a good deal worried about you, my Flickie. I want to see you doing the right thing, and I've come to the conclusion that your marrying young Roderick will be the right thing. I've made a point of seeing something of him lately, and I like him."

"I like him too. I like him very much," said Flick warmly.

"The great point in favor of this Roderick idea is that it is sensible, and the older I get the more I feel that you can't beat the sensible thing. Marry Roderick, my child, and may an uncle's blessing be your reward. The mere fact that he will eventually inherit several million pounds gives him a great glamour in my eyes."

"I never knew you were so sordid! If I loved a man I wouldn't mind how poor he was."

"Brave words, child! But never forget, poverty is the banana skin on the doorstep of romance. . . . What are you gazing at so intently? You have a spellbound look."

Flick had been watching the gyrating couples on the floor below. She withdrew her gaze with a start as he spoke and turned to him once more. Had Mr. Hammond been an observant man he would have noticed that her eyes had widened into a curiously fixed stare and that about the corners of her mouth there was an oddly pinched look. But he was not an observant man. Moreover, he was smoking now, and the cigar, which he had purchased in a somewhat doubting spirit, was proving of such rare excellence that his mood had become dreamy and introspective.

"I was looking at those people down there dancing," said Flick. She seemed to speak with difficulty.

"Weird creatures," said Mr. Hammond, puffing comfortably. "Ages ago, though you may not believe it, I used to be one of them myself. Yes, I, your respectable uncle, loved and admired by all Wimbledon, frequently cavorted as a young man at the ancient equivalents of this place. It used to be Jimmy's in those days, and Covent Garden. You probably expected me to say Cremorne; but no, that was before even my time."

Flick scrawled hieroglyphics on the tablecloth with nervous digs of her coffee spoon.

"Uncle Sinclair," she said at last, "I suppose men are always falling in love with girls."

"It has been known to occur," admitted Mr. Hammond.

"I mean, thinking they are in love with girls and really not being in love with any particular girl, but—oh, I don't know how to put it. I mean there is a sort of man who might pretend he was in love with a girl and—and really seem to mean it, and make her think he meant it, while all the time he was perfectly happy with other girls and forgot all about her after they had been separated for a day or two."

"I should imagine a great many young men were like that, unless they have changed a lot since my day. Constancy is a shy plant that blossoms only in the sunshine of middle age. Except, of course," added Mr. Hammond hastily, "in the case of a young fellow like Roderick. You wouldn't find him doing that sort of thing."

"I wasn't thinking of Roderick," said Flick. She traced another intricate pattern on the tablecloth. "I suppose you're right, Uncle Sinclair."

"In what respect?"

"I mean about being sensible. I suppose—well, what you'd call romance is rather silly, isn't it?—and the only thing to do is to be sensible."

"That is my opinion, given for what it is worth. Though, mind you, I don't think that you would have any cause to complain of lack of romance where Roderick was concerned. The boy drips with it. Look at that tie he wears!"

"If you were a girl, Uncle Sinclair, would you marry a man if you found out you couldn't trust him?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, suppose someone had pretended that he was in love with you, and then you suddenly found out that all the time he was going about with other girls—dining with them, and dancing and"—Flick shot a swift glance over the balcony rail—"and beaming up into their beastly faces as if he thought them the most wonderful thing in the world," she went on viciously. "Wouldn't that make you feel you had made a mistake?"

Mr. Hammond patted her hand.

"Don't you worry, Flickie," he said. "Roderick isn't that sort of chap; not that sort of chap at all. If he was, I would be the first to advise you to have nothing whatever to do with him. A fellow you can't trust isn't any good to anybody."

CHAPTER XX

TO MANY people in this age of rush and hurry—indeed, one might say to most people—the early hours of Monday morning are the worst of the week.

Mr. Wilfrid Slingsby, as he sat at breakfast in his house in Bruton Street on the morning after Bill's dinner with Miss Stryker, experienced nothing of this Monday feeling. Everything seemed to him for the best in the best of all possible worlds. His eye was bright and his mind at peace as he ate his kidneys on toast and read the pile of morning papers beside his plate.

But his reading was that of a specialist. A glance at each periodical was enough for him before he threw it on the floor. Only one section of these papers interested him—that devoted to theatrical reviews. The previous Saturday night had seen the opening of a new and sprightly farce, Tell It to Papa, at the Bijou Theater; and this had the distinction of being the first theatrical venture for which Mr. Slingsby had assumed sole financial responsibility. And it seemed from the papers today, as it had seemed from the Sunday papers yesterday, that he had stumbled upon a gold mine.

Mr. Slingsby finished the last review and leaned back in his chair, a happy man. It is the dream of all those alchemists who dabble in theatrical ventures to discover one day the philosopher's stone, to produce a historic farce—one of those farces which flare over the horizon about once in every twenty years and after a record-breaking career in London go on running forever in the provinces. And this dream, judging from the criticisms of the press taken in conjunction with the enthusiasm of the first-night audience, Mr. Slingsby seemed to have achieved. He finished his breakfast, smoked a leisurely cigar and rang for his car to take him down to the City.

Continued on Page 44

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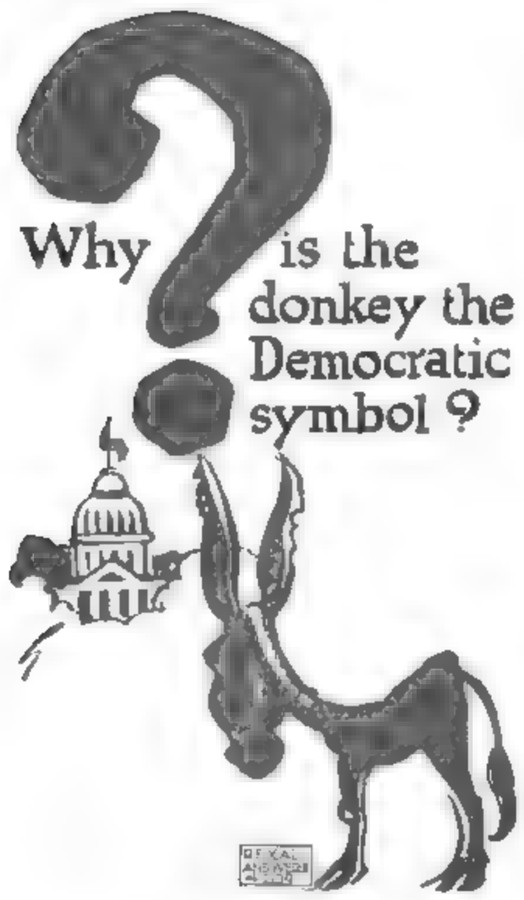

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Puretest Rubbing Alcohol belongs in homes—for removing odors of perspiration—for cooling babies' inflamed skin—for soothing the face after shaving.

In club houses and camps—for easing strains, rubbing down sore tissues, limbering up stiff joints.

In sick rooms and hospitals—for providing a bracing bath and cooling the patient's body during fever.

Absolutely safe for external use in any quantity, and it leaves a faint rose fragrance. Summer's most delightful balm!

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

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Drug Stores

There is one in your town.

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(Continued from Page 42)

Complete happiness was Mr. Slingsby's. No thought of any Damocles sword suspended above his head came to mar his joy. From this day forward he was on velvet. He could abandon his commercial career and live the life of a leisured gentleman, confining his activities to smoking big cigars and telling dramatists that their second acts needed a lot of work done to them. As the car stopped outside his office building his heart was leaping high. Larks did not actually sing in the sky above St. Mary Axe, but to Mr. Slingsby they seemed to be singing. So exalted was his mood that he beamed upon Henry, the office boy, like a father and was in two minds about giving him half a crown.

"Gentleman waiting to see you, sir," said Henry.

"Gentleman, eh?" said Mr. Slingsby, almost adding Tra-la-la! "Where is he?"

"I showed him into your office, sir."

"Quite right," chanted Mr. Slingsby, just managing to check his right foot from executing a dance step. "Any name?"

"Mr. West, sir."

"Mr. West, eh? Ah, Mr. West? Yes, yes!" He curveted into the private office.

"Ah, West," said Mr. Slingsby jovially, while the air seemed to echo with the clash of cymbals and the note of flutes, "hope I haven't kept you waiting."

He had kept him waiting, but Bill did not mind that. "Good morning," he said frigidly.

He wanted no friendly overtures from this blue-chinned man. He was about to execute the spiritual equivalent of hitting Mr. Slingsby over the head with a hatchet, and he resented the other's ebullience.

"Sit down. Make yourself comfortable. Have a cigar," said Mr. Slingsby.

Bill sat down, but waved away the proffered cigar. He waved it away with much the same cold aloofness which an executioner might have exhibited toward a cigar case extended by a prisoner at the block. He was feeling like an executioner. The conversation which he had had at Mario's with Miss Stryker had made it plain to him that Mr. Slingsby had, indeed, revealed to that lady the location of the body's interment; and the body was one of such magnitude that he marveled at any man, even when a good bit tanked and under the weakening influence of love, confiding such a secret to anybody.

"I came here this morning ——" he began.

"You weren't by any chance at the opening of Tell It to Papa at the Bijou on Saturday, were you?" interrupted Mr. Slingsby.

"No," said Bill. "I ——"

"A riot, my dear fellow!" cried Mr. Slingsby. "A positive knock-out! Not a single paper either yesterday or this morning that doesn't rave its head off. It's the first show I have ever owned outright and it's the biggest winner since Charley's Aunt. In fact, between ourselves, I shouldn't be surprised if it makes even more money. Costs nothing to run—three acts with only one set, an ordinary interior—and looks like playing to capacity for a couple of years. It's a funny thing the way people let these gold mines slip away from them. I know for a certain fact that at least six managers turned it down cold. It was quite by accident that it came my way. But I know a good play when I see one, and the moment I read the first act ——"

"I may as well tell you right away ——" said Bill.

"—— I knew I was onto a winner. Even then, of course, I didn't know how big it really was. But I knew it couldn't fail. There's one scene where the fellow loses his trousers ——"

The mere accident of Mr. Slingsby pausing at this moment to relight his cigar enabled Bill to escape hearing the entire plot of Tell It to Papa and to jerk the conversation back onto a business plane. He had an uncomfortable sense of being bustled and hurried as he began to speak, and this made it difficult for him to be as impressive as he could have wished. But he relied on the subject matter of his discourse to grip his audience.

"I dined last night with Miss Prudence Stryker," he said, feeling that that was a statement which, if anything could, would divert Mr. Slingsby's mind from the humors of Tell It to Papa.

His confidence was justified. Mr. Slingsby let his cigar go out again and stared fixedly across the desk. Mr. Slingsby did not actually say, "Proceed! Your narrative interests me strangely!" But the mere fact of his silence was enough to convince Bill that his attention was arrested.

"And I may as well tell you," proceeded Bill severely, "that I know exactly what you've been up to."

There was a weakness about the phrase which he did not like, but he had only just stopped himself saying, "I know all!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Slingsby. There was nothing tremulous about the hand that struck the match that lighted his cigar for the third time, nor did his voice express undue emotion. But his dark eyes were gleaming. "What do you know?"

"I know that you are Higgins and Bennett!"

"Higgins and Bennett?" murmured Mr. Slingsby, bewildered. "Higgins and Bennett?"

Bill had no patience with this childish attempt to evade the issue.

"Yes, Higgins and Bennett," he repeated. "The mysterious firm that has been buying up all Uncle Cooley's wood pulp at the smallest possible prices. It was a nice, simple, ingenious trick, wasn't it? You get the job of London manager to Uncle Cooley, and then you start a firm under another name and sell all the stuff to yourself and sell it again to other firms at a handsome profit. I don't wonder you can afford to put on your Tell Father's!"

"Not Tell Father—Tell It to Papa. Much better title," corrected Mr. Slingsby.

"Never mind that!" said Bill sternly.

"But it makes a difference," urged Mr. Slingsby. "You'd be surprised how many good shows have been killed by bad titles. You can see it for yourself if you think a minute. Tell It to Papa. It rolls off the tongue. It looks well on the billing. It ——"

"I didn't come here to discuss the titles of plays," said Bill. "What I want to know is what you intend to do about it."

Mr. Slingsby's black eyebrows rose.

"Do about it?" he said. "My dear fellow, what is there to do about it? There was always the chance of the thing coming out one of these days, and now apparently it has happened. You haven't got anything remotely resembling evidence as yet, of course, but unfortunately that doesn't matter. Now that you are on the track, you won't have any difficulty in getting evidence. I must clear out. That's plain enough. No argument about that."

Bill was oppressed with a feeling that the scene was going all wrong. Even in this moment of his triumph the other's personality was too strong for him. Hardly in a less degree than on that other occasion when the blue-chinned one had trampled all over him at the luncheon table, he felt himself a weak-kneed, diffident inferior. With an effort he forced himself to a spurt of truculence, sadly aware the while that it was not going to amount to anything. The second mate of a tramp steamer or one of Miss Ethel M. Dell's more virile heroes might have attempted truculence with Mr. Slingsby and got away with it; but Bill, even as he spoke, knew that he was not the man to do it. He did not even bother to bang the desk.

"Clear out?" he said, in what he tried to make a hard and intimidating voice. It sounded to him like an apologetic bleat. "Suppose I have you arrested."

Mr. Slingsby looked at him with a pained incredulity. This, Mr. Slingsby seemed to think, judging from his expression, was simply asinine—mere babble from the sick bed.

"Have me arrested!" he said. "Talk sense! You don't suppose your uncle is going to thank you for making a public exposure of this business and getting him laughed at by everybody. He will be only too glad to have the whole thing hushed up."

He eyed Bill as if he expected him to apologize, and such was his magnetism that Bill very nearly did. Mr. Slingsby summed up.

"Never," he said severely, "go into a thing of this sort unless you are prepared to have it slip up on you at a moment's notice." Bill just contrived to check himself from saying he wouldn't. "I had the sense to make all my preparations long ago. My money is invested in South American securities, and I shall take the next boat to Buenos Aires." He paused. "No," he went on, "I shall go to New York first and arrange for the production of Tell It to Papa. Tell me," he said, shelving the more trivial matter of his criminality—"you have lived in New York for a number of years—who would you say was the best manager to go in with on the production of a nice clean farce with only one interior set for the three acts? It doesn't need money spent on it. The thing takes care of itself. All I need is an honest man."

Bill, routed and discomfited, rallied for a brief counter attack.

"What do you want with an honest man?" he said bitterly.

Mr. Slingsby was not to be jarred out of his geniality.

"There is no need to be personal," he chided gently. "No need for any hard feelings. I'm the one who ought to be grumbling. You've spoiled as nice a little income for me as ever a man had. Fortunately I can get on without it. Tell It to Papa is all I shall want for the rest of my life. You have no cause to be nasty. You have done pretty well for yourself. Old Paradene ought to come down handsome when you tell him. Besides, you've learned a very valuable lesson—one that ought to be a great help to you in your future life. Never," said Mr. Slingsby, and would have laid his hand on Bill's shoulder if the latter had not drawn coldly back—"never tell your business secrets to anybody. Anybody, mind! And above all, never give yourself away in an effort to impress a girl with your smartness. It doesn't pay. In fact, better keep away from girls altogether. They're tricky propositions. No sense of honesty. Nothing fair and square about them. . . . How was Prudence?" asked Mr. Slingsby chattily.

Bill found himself saying that Miss Stryker had seemed pretty well.

"Quite a nice girl in her way," said Mr. Slingsby tolerantly. "Beast of a temper and inclined to be deceitful, but quite a good sort on the whole. I think I shall be able to give her the part of the maid in one of the touring companies of Tell It to Papa. And now, my dear fellow," he said, making a little rustle of dismissal among the papers on his desk, "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to be going. I have a lot of cleaning up to do before I leave. By the way, it would be most kind of you if you didn't say anything about this little matter to your uncle before I sail. I shall be able to get Wednesday's boat. I should appreciate it extremely if you would postpone telling him till I've gone. There's just an outside chance that, if I were actually ready to hand, so to speak, he might take it into his head to be vindictive. Better not tell him till I've gone. Eh? What do you think?"

"All right," said Bill.

He had no notion why he said it, except that it was the only thing that he felt he could possibly say.

"Capital!" said Mr. Slingsby, his excellent teeth gleaming in a delighted smile. "Well, good-by, my dear fellow. I hope we shall meet again one of these days. Oh, before you go." He scribbled on a card. "Take this," he said. "Give it to the house manager at the Bijou and he'll fix you up with a couple of seats any night you want. Better, perhaps, not make it a Saturday. I know you'll like the show. Best second act that's ever been put on the stage."

It was not till late in the afternoon that Bill returned to Marmont Mansions. The necessity of walking slowly and stopping dazedly at intervals rendered his progress westward slow, and by the time the lunch hour arrived he had not got beyond the Strand. He turned into a quiet restaurant, and the effect of the meal was so curative that he emerged again in a state of cheerfulness almost rivaling that of Mr. Slingsby.

He perceived that the impact of the other's powerful personality had led him to ignore the really vital fact. Whether Wilfrid Slingsby was crushed or defiant was immaterial; whether he stayed in or out of jail made no difference whatever. Crushed, defiant, free or in broad arrows, Mr. Slingsby had played his part. Whatever his demerits as a man, Wilfrid Slingsby had made it possible for him to do Mr. Paradene a momentous service. He had made it possible for him to achieve what he had come to London to do.

Yes, Uncle Cooley could hardly overlook a service like this. Now, surely, he must, as Mr. Slingsby had suggested, come down handsome. And if he did, why then the last obstacle between himself and Flick was removed.

Through a world ringing with joy bells Bill made his way to Marmont Mansions and floated airily up the stairs into his sitting room. There was a letter lying on the table, and the joy bells seemed to ring

(Continued on Page 46)

CHAMPION

Champion Sillimanite is Wrested from Mountain Tops

Champion controls the only known commercial supply of sillimanite. The Champion mine is located far up in the Inyo Mountains of California, where it was discovered by Champion scientists after several years of tireless search.

So almost inaccessible is the location of this mine that sturdy burros are used to carry the precious sillimanite crystals down from the mountain tops.

No other spark plug core we believe has ever even remotely approached the Double-Ribbed Champion core of sillimanite in quality. It has proven far superior to the best porcelains. Sillimanite is recognized as the finest insulator that has ever been produced.

It is positively impervious to the passage of electric current through its structure and the semi-petticoat tip, made possible by the strength of sillimanite, remains free from carbon so that Champions give better service for a longer time.

This means that dependable Champion spark plugs deliver a full, very intense spark to the firing points. Combustion is more complete. Oil and gas are saved. Power and speed are increased. Acceleration is much quicker.

Millions of motorists know that Champion is the better spark plug. That is why Champion is outselling throughout the world—why seven out of every 10 cars you meet on the road have Champions in their cylinders.

You, too, will know new motoring satisfaction if you will go to any one of the 90,000 dealers who sell Champions and buy a full set at least once a year. They will soon save their cost and make better car performance certain.

The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine. The Blue Box sells for 75 cents. Champion X is 60 cents. (Canadian prices 90 and 80 cents.)

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
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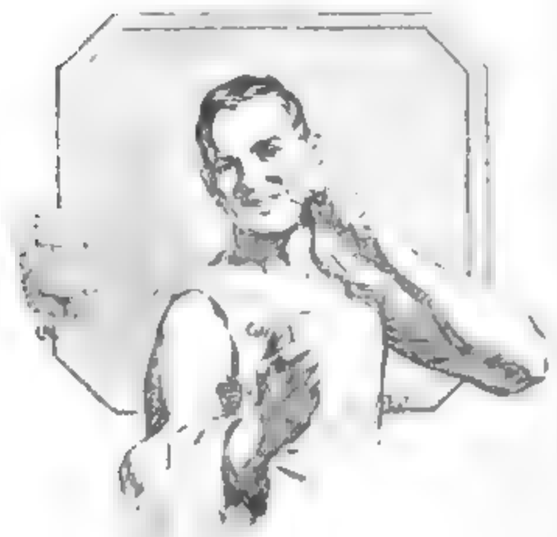

Even the cap was designed for speed

If you're the kind of a shaver who likes to make race track speed in the morning, Williams Hinge-Cap will appeal to you. Slippery fingers can't drop it. Carelessness can't lose it. For the cap's hinged on. It simply can't come off. And the tube hangs up.

As for the shaving cream, it was designed especially for the hardest men in the world to please—the men with wiry beards and tender skins. Williams works up into a rich, creamy lather almost instantly. And as the razor glides across your face you experience a new sensation of comfort. Each stroke is lubricated. Razor friction is entirely removed. And when the shave is over, your face feels clean, cool and delightfully refreshed.

Try it tomorrow morning and you'll become a Williams convert for the rest of your life. Large size, 35 cents. Double size, 50 cents, containing almost twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

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WE'VE scored again! *Aqua Velva* is the new product—a scientific preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 17-A.

(Continued from Page 44)

louder than ever as he recognized Flick's handwriting.

He tore it open.

The joy bells stopped as if they had been turned off with a switch. He collapsed onto the settee. There was a strange buzzing in his ears; the opposite wall seemed far away and obscured by a mist; at the pit of his stomach was a dull, aching feeling, as though some unseen hand had smitten him with violence.

He reread the letter. . . . There must be some mistake.

Mistake! That was what the letter said: "—— feel we have made a mistake—sure we should only be unhappy—marry Roderick on Wednesday—only thing to do ——" And for this extraordinary, this ghastly, this unbelievable change of heart she gave no reason. No reason whatever.

Bill stared before him and the room grew darker and darker.

CHAPTER XXI

THE garden of Holly House slumbered in the moonlight. Trees threw dark shadows across the lawn, and in the bushes little breezes went whispering to and fro. To any man strolling there with his mind at rest the place would have seemed a magic haven of peace; but on Bill, lurking warily in the shelter of the shrubbery, its romantic appeal was wasted. His mind was far from being at rest.

It was with no vague intention of hanging about in the darkness and keeping a sentimental watch on lighted windows that Bill had come to the garden this time. He was here tonight as the man of action. Hours of concentrated brooding over Flick's letter had brought him to the conclusion that it was an inspired letter, probably dictated word for word, with all the commas and full stops complete, by that repellent woman who had forced them asunder in Waterloo Station. Yes, the more Bill thought about it, the more definitely he seemed to see in that letter the hand of the demon aunt.

No man of action embarks on any enterprise without a settled plan. Bill had a settled plan. It involved the cooperation of one of the minor domestics of the Hammond household, and it was in quest of such a domestic that he had taken up his present position in the middle of a laurel bush facing the side of the house. He had reasoned the thing out. It would be useless to attempt to communicate with Flick through the ordinary medium of the post. A woman like that Waterloo Station woman, brimming over—as that brief glimpse of her had told him—with the lowest and most criminal cunning, would undoubtedly be exercising supervision over Flick's correspondence. She would be watching for the postman like a bird dog, all ready to intercept letters. As for district messenger boys, it would be sheer waste of money to employ them. No, the only thing to do was to lurk about here until one of the servants came out for a breath of air and then collar him or her and bribe her—or him—with untold gold to convey secretly to Flick the note which even now was burning holes in his left breast pocket.

It was a good letter. The writing of it had occupied an hour and a half, but the results had justified the toil. In six closely filled sheets it told all that there was to tell about his undying love, explained the roseate aspect of the situation as regarded the future when Uncle Cooley should have been informed of the Slingsby matter, and sketched out in detail a scheme for Flick to leave home privily next day, meet him under the clock at Charing Cross and proceed with him to the registry office, where he had made all arrangements for their immediate marriage. In the whole annals of love correspondence there had probably never been a letter which so nicely combined the fervent and the practical, and all that was needed now was a messenger to take it to her.

But the charms of the moonlit garden, obvious though they should have been, appeared to have no appeal for the domestic staff of Holly House. The breezes chuckled in the bushes, the moonbeams danced on the lawn, invisible flowers filled the air with a languorous scent; but not even a knife-and-boot boy was lured out of that back door. Little by little, as he kept shifting his position to avoid cramp, Bill began to be filled with sneering and contemptuous thoughts toward the British domestic. He seemed to picture these degraded creatures huddled together on this divine night in a stuffy kitchen, with all the windows shut and the fire going full blast, talking about the movies or reading Forget-Me-Not Novelettes.

And finally, after a distant clock had twice struck the hour, the strain of this waiting became too much for him. He burst from the bushes and marched up to the front door.

A long interval followed his ringing of the bell. Then a parlor maid appeared. Bill, who had anticipated a butler and had been wondering if the latter would remember having seen him before, experienced a momentary relief; and had even got so far as feeling that here was the minor domestic for whom he had been waiting all these weary hours, when he caught sight of the girl's face and immediately withdrew the fingers that were fumbling in his pocket for the note. She wore spectacles, and through these her eyes seemed to glitter with so austere a light that he suspected her instantly of being a minion, probably the demon aunt's right-hand woman.

Nevertheless, it being necessary to render some explanation of his presence, he plunged boldly ahead.

"I want to see Miss Sheridan," he said.

The spectacles raked him with what seemed a shocked incredulity. The parlor maid had the air of one who has been reading books of etiquette and is cognizant of the fact that calls upon young ladies at such an hour of the night are among the things that are not done. She made Bill feel like the villain of a What is Wrong With This Picture? advertisement.

"Miss Sheridan is nottertome, sir," she replied in a voice of ice.

"Can I see Mr. Paradene?"

"Mr. Paradene is nottertome, sir." She eyed Bill with critical spectacles and went through the first stages of closing the door. Nor can we in justice blame her. Bill's vigil in the bushes had left him a good deal disheveled and far from the sort of person one likes to find on one's front-door step after dark. "They've all gone to the theater."

This was true. It had occurred to the amiable Mr. Hammond that Flick was looking pensive and depressed, and he had continued his good ministrations on her behalf by suggesting a dinner in town and a visit to the theater. And it was part of the irony which so marks mundane affairs that the manager enriched by the expedition was Mr. Wilfrid Slingsby, for it was at the Bijou Theater that they had taken a box.

To Bill, however, there seemed no truth whatever in the statement. Its obvious falsity confirmed him in his opinion that this woman was a mere instrument of Flick's Aunt Frances. He withdrew sullenly as the door closed; and after pausing for several moments in deep thought on the drive, sneaked round the corner of the house and hid himself once more in the bushes. There was no need to be discouraged by a single parlor maid. A big house like this would have all sorts of servants, and at any moment one of a more benevolent disposition might pop out. He snuggled into his laurel bush and waited.

He had been waiting some ten minutes when there suddenly came to him something that was practically an inspiration. On the night when he had taken refuge on top of that outhouse roof, Flick, he now recollected, had come climbing down her knotted sheet from a window immediately above it—presumably that of her bedroom. Silly of him not to think of that before. All he had to do was to locate that outhouse, climb onto its roof, and there he would be. If there was a light in the window he could whistle softly till she appeared; and if darkness showed that she was not there he could put the letter, with a good-sized stone, in his handkerchief and hurl the whole package in for her to find when she went to bed. He wasted no more time. Extricating himself from the bush, he made his way round the house.

There was his roof, just as he had left it. So far, good. But the window above it was dark. He groped about for a stone, found one, and was wrapping up his parcel when from somewhere above his head there came the sound of a window opening, followed by a soft but penetrating "Hey!"

A man who has been subjected to the amount of nervous strain which Bill had had to undergo that day is in no mood to have "Hey!" said to him out of upper windows when he is trespassing in hostile gardens. Bill bit his tongue, dropped the stone and the note, and leaped sideways into the shadow of the outhouse. There he waited, holding his breath, for the drama to develop.

It now became apparent that only his guilty conscience had led him to suppose that he was the person whom the mysterious voice had addressed; for at this moment there sounded from the darkness to his left a sharp whistle, and he perceived that he was not the only trespasser in this garden. The breeze, which for some time had been freshening, now began to blow strongly, shredding away the bank of clouds which had covered the moon and illuminating the scene as if a spotlight had been turned on. He himself was in the shadow of the outhouse, but beyond this little pool of gloom the garden was bright and he saw all things clearly. Out of the window, easily recognizable in the silver glow, protruded the head and shoulders of his uncle's adopted son Horace; while below, his large feet ruthlessly trampling some choice begonias, stood a squat, burly figure—the figure of a man whom Bill did not know, and with whom, if he had had his choice, he would have been loath ever to become acquainted. For, as plainly as if he had carried a sign, this man wore the word "plug-ugly" written all over him. We who have met Joe the Dip at close quarters in the light of the sun know that he was not one of Nature's beauty-prize winners. Seen at night, he was a human gargoyle.

The boy Horace was leaning further out of the window.

"I've got 'em," he said.

The wind was now blowing so strongly as to render whispering impossible; and Horace's chest notes came plainly to Bill's ears, as did the plug-ugly's response.

"Good enough!" said the plug-ugly. "Drop 'em down."

For the first time, on hearing these words, Bill, though still at a loss to know what all this was about, became convinced that dark deeds were in progress. Possibly the interview with Mr. Slingsby had blunted his genial trust in human honesty. At any rate, he needed no further words to tell him that sinister things were toward. And this was fortunate, for there were no further words. Horace reached back into the room, leaned forward again, balancing in his hands some solid object that looked like a bag, and dropped this into the depths, where it was neatly caught by the plug-ugly. The boy then retired and closed the window, and the plug-ugly, hereinafter to be called Joe the Dip, trampled down a few more begonias and began to steal down the path that led past Bill's hiding place. He had arrived abreast of him when the latter spoke.

"Stop!" said Bill. "What have you got there?"

In the normal round of his everyday life Joe the Dip was a man of phlegmatic habit. It took a good deal to stir him to any exhibition of mental distress more marked than the quiver of a raised eyebrow. But this was something special. It got right into his emotions and churned them up. With a single startled yelp of dismay, he looked once over his shoulder and then began to pound off across the lawn as fast as his ample feet would take him.

It was a futile move. Even under ordinary conditions Bill could have given him fifty yards in a hundred and won comfortably; and now the welcome prospect of action coming after his long, tedious wait in the bushes made him a supersprinter. Joe, moreover, was hampered by a heavy bag. The race ended halfway across the lawn, where Joe, feeling the hot breath of the pursuer on his neck, turned at bay. He dropped the bag and flung himself on Bill.

Nothing could have been more admirably suited to the latter's frame of mind. Joe, standing beneath the window in the moonlight, had looked an ugly customer, but that did not damp his ardor. Bill had had a trying day, and what he felt at that moment was that they could not come too ugly for him. At the precise moment when Joe's clutching fingers closed upon his throat he induced him to relax them with a short, sharp uppercut which, from the click which followed its delivery, appeared to have landed squarely on the spot where it was calculated to do most good. There ensued a scrambling flurry of blows at close quarters, and then Joe, securing a grip, swung Bill off his feet and they fell together. And for some moments matters became confused, with Joe in the ascendant.

But every fighter has his weak spot. With some it is a too fragile jaw; while

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First National Pictures

The Girl He Loved

The girl Abe Lincoln first loved was Anne Rutledge, wistful, quiet, and with eyes as blue as summer skies. Their romance, shown in "Abraham Lincoln," is one of the sweetest love stories the screen has ever told. Ruth Clifford, on the left, plays the rôle of Anne.

Abe Goes a-Courting

WOULD you consider him an eligible bachelor?

Hardly the hero of a flapper's dreams—but he's a regular fellow just the same. You may not recognize him without his beard, but here is Abe Lincoln as played by George Billings in Al and Rav Rockett's entertaining picture, "Abraham Lincoln."

His hair isn't combed or his trousers pressed, but he is leaving to woo the girl of his heart. Abe was always that way. But shabby and poor as he was, an aristocratic Southern girl chose him as her husband over his rival, the suave and wealthy Stephen A. Douglas.

"A Self Made Failure"

THE story grandma told was a pathetic one—a lonely old age and fraud that left her almost penniless. But the way young Ben Alexander and Lloyd Hamilton solve her problems and set things right is a merry tale from beginning to end. That's what makes J. K. McDonald's "A Self Made Failure" so likeable—there are both laughs and a tear in it, and the folks are as human as you and I.

IT'S a dangerous game, gentlemen—this solitaire. Especially if you play it on the evening of your first wedding anniversary, when your wife's heart is brimming with love and happy with memories.

"Single Wives" is the kind of society drama you love to see. The principal rôles are enacted by Corinne Griffith, whose beauty is typical of American womanhood, and Milton Sills, featured in some of the screen's biggest pictures, and known to every theatregoer in the country.

Your local theatre will give you a chance to see "Single Wives" late this month.

Up from the Depths

DID you ever know a man so low that a woman's love could not raise him up? "For Sale," a new screen story of society life, has caught firm hold of drama and laid bare the hearts of a man and the woman who loves him. Claire Windsor and Robert Ellis are in the featured rôles.

She Was "Born Rich"

ALLOW us to present, on the left, the charming and fascinating Doris Kenyon, whose presence adds to the delights of "Born Rich," a recent novel that the screen will visualize. Her type of beauty will contrast with the blonde loveliness of Claire Windsor in a leading feminine rôle. In addition Bert Lytell and Cullen Landis are in the cast to tell of the joy—and the tragedy—of being "Born Rich."

The picture will be issued in August to theatres throughout the country.

The Way of the Flapper

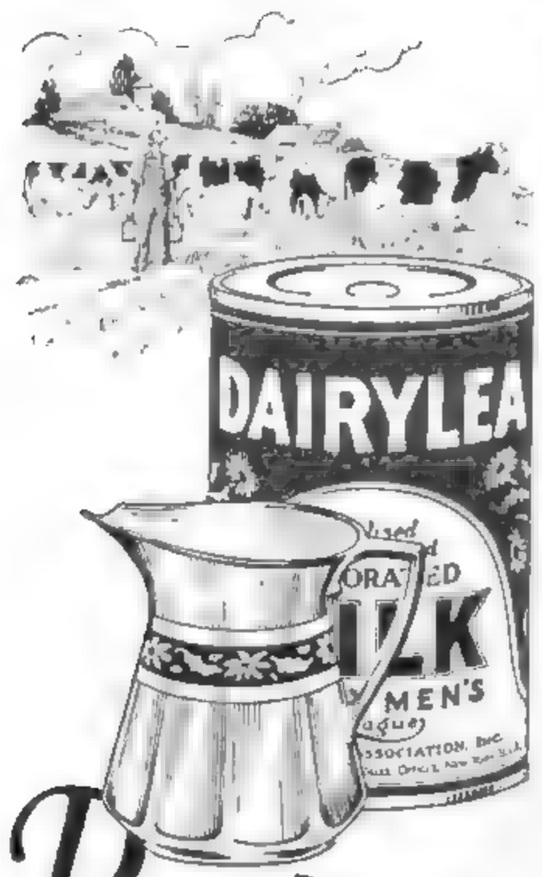
DANCE through the merry years of life if you will, but have a care, O flappers, that your wings do not crash a happy home to bits. Colleen Moore, in "The Perfect Flapper," had this misfortune. Sydney Chaplin, he of the doleful countenance, is the innocent victim of innocent flapperism.

However, there is a way out. Colleen found it by captivating the dignified lawyer who sought to name her in his client's divorce action! And at the same time she learned the real secret of a girl's charms for men.

* * *

"The Perfect Flapper" is a story of a typical American girl. It is first of all entertainment, but it has its little moral—that there's a wholesome mind beneath the most flapperish bobbed head.

First National Pictures, Inc., presents a consistent high quality program of screen entertainment in the best theatres of the country. Questions on its pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, First National Pictures Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City.



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(Continued from Page 46)

others have a finicky distaste for being hit on the nose. Achilles, it will be remembered, could stand little punishment on the heel. None of these weaknesses impaired the efficiency as a fighting machine of Joe the Dip. Strong men with hammers could hit him on the nose and accomplish nothing; nor was it easy to discourage him by buffets on the jawbone. Nevertheless, he was but human. He had his danger spot, and it was one which had frequently undone him in the rough-and-tumbles of his colorful past. He was extraordinarily ticklish. You had but to prod Joe with a sharp finger and he became a spent force.

And this was what Bill did now—purely by chance as he strove to overcome him in the wrestle. His wandering fingers suddenly roamed searchingly over his adversary's ribs, and on the instant Joe wrenched himself free with a stifled howl and staggered to his feet.

Bill also rose. There was nothing in his acquaintance with Joe that led him to suppose that it was safe to remain on the ground while the latter was standing. He jumped up, and from that instant the tide of battle began to turn. Joe was a massive rather than a nimble fighter. When it came to long-range exchanges he was at a disadvantage. The wind had dropped now as suddenly as it had risen, and clouds once more covered the moon; but there still remained enough light for Bill's purposes. He slid in and jabbed Joe in the eye. He swung forcefully and felt Joe's cauliflower ear yield squashily under his fist. He slid in once more and smote Joe on the other eye. And it was this last blow, delivered with all the violence of one who had had a morning with Wilfrid Slingsby, an afternoon with Flick's letter and a night in the bushes of Holly House, that decided the issue. It seemed to lend the final touch to Joe's discouragement. Staggering back, he prolonged his stagger till it became a run; then, making for the shrubbery, he cast himself into it; and working his way round till he came out into the open, took to his heels and passed out of Bill's life forever.

Bill stood panting. This little turn-up had done him a world of good. He felt happy and invigorated. Dismissing his late opponent from the scheme of things, he picked up the bag and went back to the outhouse to find the letter he had dropped. And it was here that he received the final shock of this disturbing day.

The letter was not there; nor was his handkerchief. Both had been swept away into the darkness by that unfriendly wind.

Bill searched well and thoroughly, but he could not search the whole garden; and gradually there stole upon him a sense of discouragement as poignant as that which he had caused Joe the Dip to feel in the concluding stages of their little disagreement. He was beaten. Fate was against him and there was no use struggling.

He slouched brokenly through the garden out into the road, slouched half a mile down the road till he met a taxicab, and climbing wearily in, drove back to Marmont Mansions, where Judson greeted him with frank amazement.

"What on earth," Judson exclaimed, "have you been doing to your face, Bill, o' man?"

Bill had not been conscious of anything amiss with his face. A glance at the mirror now revealed surprising wounds. Judging from the evidence, at least one of Joe's wandering wallops must have got home on his nose. He placed the bag on the table and went off to the bathroom.

When he returned, cleansed and refreshed, he found that Judson's simple curiosity had led him to open the bag.

"What are you doing with all these old books, Bill?"

"Books?" Bill began to understand. He told his story briefly. "That kid must be one of a gang of crooks," he said. "He certainly dropped that bag out of the window to the fellow I had the scrap with."

Joyous excitement lit up Judson's speaking countenance.

"Why, good gosh, Bill, o' man," he cried, "this is the most amazing bit of luck that ever happened! Old Paradene can't in common decency do less than slip you half his fortune now. He's a nut about books. Many a time has my old father bored me stiff with stories about his library. If ever there was a blue-eyed boy you will be it, once he hears about this. Make your terms stiff, Bill, o' man! Slip it into his ribs! Don't weaken! He ought to give you a million a year for this!"

"And a lot of good that will be," grunted Bill moodily. "Flick's marrying Roderick Pyke the day after tomorrow!"

"What? But I thought she was going to marry you!"

"Well, she isn't. They've been getting at her, I suppose. I had a letter from her. That's why I went to Holly House. I thought I might be able to see her or at any rate get word to her."

Judson's jaw had fallen. This calamity was affecting him deeply.

"Flick!" he cried. "Marry that bird who said Toddy van Riter founded the Silks? Not while I have my strength!"

"What are you going to do about it?" said Bill wearily.

"Do about it?" boomed Judson. "Do about it? Why ——" He paused reflectively. "Well, I'm darned if I know!"

CHAPTER XXII

WEDNESDAY morning, eleven of the clock, and a fair, fresh day, with a cheerful little breeze nipping along from the southeast. Placid, stolid, wrapped up in its own affairs and titanically indifferent to all else, London went about its daily business. From Putney to Sloane Square, from Cricklewood to Regent Street, from Sydenham Hill to the Strand, from everywhere to everywhere, red, yellow and maroon omnibuses clattered without ceasing. Policemen guarded the peace, stockbrokers dealt in stocks, beggars begged, hatters sold hats, loafers loafed, spatters sold spats, motors rolled in the park, paper boys hawked the three o'clock editions of the evening papers, and retired colonels sat spaciously in the club windows fronting on Piccadilly and Pall Mall, dreaming of lunch. The only things in all the great metropolis that even hinted that this was not just one of London's ordinary days were the striped awning stretched over the pavement in front of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and the strip of red carpet which the awning shadowed—portents which indicated clearly to the *cognoscenti* that a marriage had been arranged and would shortly take place beneath that church's famous roof.

In addition to Bill, who was dressed in quiet gray picked out with a twill of invisible red and accompanied by Bob the Sealyham, wearing a tan-colored leash and a splash of mud on the tip of his nose, the *cognoscenti* already assembled on each side of the awning consisted of the usual group of old women, discussing other weddings they had seen in their time; the usual seedy men, chatting in undertones about snips and winners; and the usual baby, asleep in a perambulator, without whom this kind of gathering never seems complete. These would stand round, gaping, until the bride and bridegroom emerged, when they would potter off, to reassemble at the next wedding that happened along.

Of all those present, Bill alone had come to this spot with a motive other than that of mere idle sight-seeing. But what that motive was he would have found it difficult to explain. He certainly expected to derive no pleasure from watching Flick go into that church and come out again on the arm of her husband—not even the mild and vacuous pleasure which the old women and the seedy men would experience. No, it would be sheer torture to witness this ghastly thing; and yet he knew that strong men with ropes would not have kept him away. There is a deep-seated instinct in all human beings that prompts them to twist the knife in the wound and make things as unpleasant for themselves as possible, and it was this instinct that Bill was obeying.

And even now, before any of the wedding party had appeared, he was not in the loosest sense of the word enjoying himself. The struggles of Bob the Sealyham alone would have prevented that. Bob was taking this business of waiting hardly. His dog soul was in seething rebellion, for he considered that he had been cheated and imposed upon. Observing Bill leaving the flat, he had slipped adroitly through the door at the last moment and asked quite civilly to be taken for a walk. To this proposition Bill had apparently agreed, and they had started out perfectly normally and all quite in order; and now here he had been for twenty minutes, marooned in the middle of this beastly pavement, unable to move more than a couple of yards in any direction. And he was beginning to feel that this was going on forever. He expressed his resentment, accordingly, by a series of determined efforts to strangle himself on the end of his leash, weaving the leash about Bill's leg in order to get a better purchase; and it was during the last of these attempts at suicide that the cheerful little breeze, whipping round the corner of the street, removed Bill's hat and sent it trundling across the square.

To Bill's deeper sorrows, therefore, there was now added the misery of being conspicuous and an object of derision in the eyes of the *hoi polloi*. Of all spectacles that enchant a simple-minded London audience, that of a man chasing his hat on a windy day is the most exhilarating. And when, in addition to chasing his hat, the man is in imminent danger of being tripped up by a frolicking dog their enjoyment becomes complete. Bill's little entertainment went with a roar; and when he returned, hatted once more and full of hard feelings toward his species, his chagrin was deepened by the discovery that in the interval of his occupation elsewhere Flick had arrived and gone into the church. The *cognoscenti*, when he rejoined their ranks, were already engaged in discussing her and comparing her with other brides of their distant acquaintance.

The notices on the whole were favorable. One lady in a cloth cap and a cavalry mustache said she liked 'em plumper, but with this exception Flick had a good press. Adverse criticisms were reserved for the appearance of her "Pa." Bill, knowing that Flick possessed no pa, took this gentleman to be her Uncle Sinclair, to whom doubtless would have been assigned the task of giving away the bride. He had not gone very well with the critics. Indeed, there was one man in a sweater and a dented derby hat who grew almost caustic on the subject of Mr. Hammond's trousers crease.

"Where's the groom?" inquired the lady whom Flick's figure had displeased. "'E's late."

"Of course 'e's late," rejoined one who knew about these things. "Only natural 'e'd let her get there first," he explained, apparently with some recollection in his mind of the habits of boxers.

"Looked a bit pale, I thought she did," ventured a rather diffident voice.

The speaker seemed to be a comparative novice at these affairs and a little conscious of the weakness of his position in the midst of these experts.

"They always look pale," coldly said the man who knew. "Besides, I reckon you'd look pale if you was properly up against it like 'er. I seen a picture of 'im in the Record this morning. Nasty-lookin' bloke."

"Yus?"

"Yus!" The man of knowledge was not one of your broad-minded fellows who are able to make allowances for the alterations which reproduction in a cheap morning paper can effect in the human countenance. The fact that nobody could possibly really look as villainous as Roderick had done in the Record did not occur to him. "A nasty, mean-lookin' bloke with a smudge across his face. If you ask me, I think 'e'll beat 'er!"

Bill could endure no more. Three courses suggested themselves to him—to go away, to knock the speaker down and trample upon his remains, and to go into the church and sit there. And because it was the unpleasantest and would make his torments the most complete, he chose the last. He made his way through the square, found a handy tobacconist's, purchased an ounce of tobacco in a forbidding wrapper, and on the strength of this business deal left Bob in charge of the man behind the counter; then walked out of the shop, threw away the tobacco, and returning to the church, strode in and sank into the nearest pew.

It was dim and cool and rustling in here; and quite against his wishes a feeling of peace was beginning to steal over Bill, when he was roused to wrath once more by a voice breathing delicately in his ear.

"Ticket?" whispered the voice.

It was a pink youth, who looked hot and uncomfortable. The scowl which Bill bestowed upon him was so fierce and so packed with hatred, malice and uncharitableness that his heat and discomfort seemed to grow even greater; and after backing a pace and blinking he finally decided to withdraw from the affair. The idea of a man in a gray suit and minus a ticket being at a wedding of any importance offended all his finest feelings; but even had the edifice he was in been of a less sacred character, Bill had not the appearance of one with whom it would be agreeable to wrangle. Gray suits always make a big man look bigger, and Bill's suit was very gray.

Bill sat on. After one startled glance at his suit the congregation appeared to have

(Continued on Page 50)

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I am going on record for you, to the people of America, that your mission is not merely to sell, but to render a genuine service to every wearer of hosiery in your community. A Company and its representatives can prosper only in proportion to the service they render.

Wm. C. Kobin

VICE-PRESIDENT
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REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS

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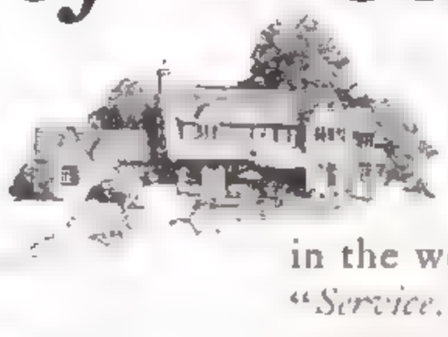

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"*From Mill to Millions*"

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To-day, as more of our mills are in the making and as new millions of customers are being added, it is fitting that we should remind ourselves of the simple secret of our success.

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Our idea was to make the best silk hosiery that human ingenuity could contrive and sell it directly to the wearer, at a saving, through representatives who call at the home; in other words, to give the public a better product for less money.

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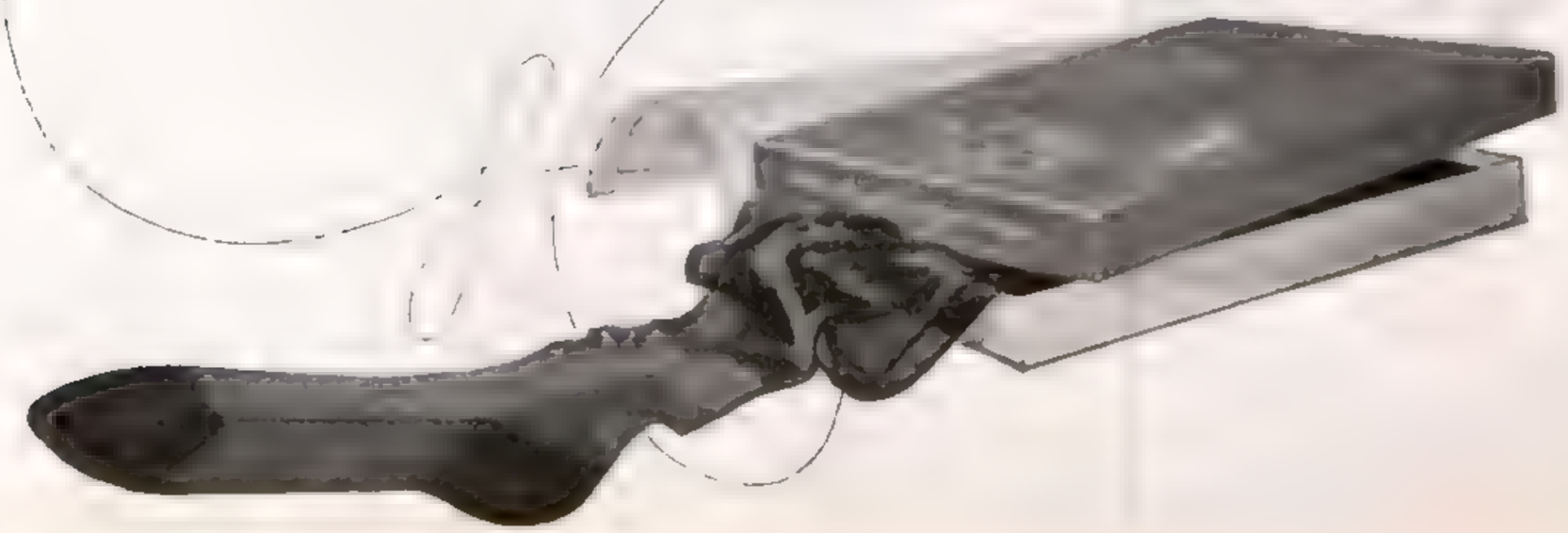

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(Continued from Page 48)

come to the conclusion that he was just one of the myriad sights of a great city and gave him no further attention. He plunged into mournful meditation.

Whispering had begun. The atmosphere had become suddenly disturbed and restless. It was a long time before Bill, deep in his thoughts, roused himself to observe this; but once it had come to his notice, it was unmistakable. People were murmuring with their heads together. People were shuffling. Plainly something was wrong.

An important-looking man with a badge pinned to his coat came down the aisle. He stopped and whispered sibilantly in the ear of an ornate woman in the pew in front of Bill's. The woman uttered an astonished squeak.

"Postponed?"

The man with the badge nodded solemnly. There was more whispering.

"Then it's no use waiting?" said the woman.

"None," said the man with the badge.

Others had apparently received the same information. The church was beginning to empty itself. Bill added himself to the stream and was presently outside in the square, where disappointed and perplexed *connoscenti* gaped in amazement at this strange anticlimax. They had been to many weddings in their time, but they had never yet been to one where nobody got married.

Bill sought his hospitable tobacconist, retrieved Bob and began to walk aimlessly back. He was passing under the awning when a hand touched his arm and, turning, he perceived Judson. Judson was looking intensely serious. His face was pasty and his eyes heavy, and it suddenly came to Bill that he had not seen the heir of the Cokers since they had dined together at eight o'clock on the previous night. A man in Bill's position cannot think of everything, and one of the things to which he had not given a thought was Judson. He remembered now that the other had slipped out soon after dinner for what he described as a quiet stroll. That stroll had apparently lasted all night.

"Wedding off?" said Judson.

"There seems to have been a hitch of some sort," said Bill.

Judson smiled. It was a smile that seemed to cause him some difficulty, and even pain, but there was triumph in it.

"You bet there's been a hitch," he said. "I popped round last night and kidnaped the bridegroom!"

II

JUDSON stooped and began to tickle the Sealyham, who was wiping his front feet affectionately on the leg of his trousers.

"Kidnaped him!" cried Bill. His companion's statement had been plain and straightforward, and yet he found himself puzzling dizzily over it as over some strange cryptogram. "Kidnaped him!"

Judson removed his attention from Bob.

"Well, not exactly kidnaped him," he said. "It wasn't necessary. When I got to his apartment and put the thing to him as man to man I found he wanted to kidnap himself. That made everything jolly and simple."

"I don't understand!"

"What don't you understand, Bill, o' man?" said Judson patiently. He blinked in a pained way at a passing lorry, which was rattling by in a noisy and uncouth manner, trying to a man who had had a disturbed night.

"You went to Pyke's apartment?"

"Yes." The lorry was out of earshot now, and Judson felt more composed. "After what you told me about Flick going to marry him I instantly saw that it was necessary to take a strong line. I decided to slip round and threaten him with horrible penalties if he did not at once disappear. And it shows how you can misjudge a fellow—he turned out to be a capital bird, perfectly matty and an excellent host. But I didn't discover that till later, of course. He was out when I got there, but I managed to induce his valet to let me in; so I took a seat and waited. The valet, a most able man, asked me if I would like a drink. I said I would. I was having my third when the bimbo Pyke arrived." He paused and again that look of pain passed over his face. This time it was caused by Bob, who barked suddenly and gratingly at a cat. "Pyke was considerably rattled at seeing me, but he calmed down after a while and I got to business. I put it to him squarely. I said nobody was less fond of unpleasantness than I was, but if he didn't disappear the worst would inevitably ensue. And bit by bit, Bill, o' man, it came out that he was only too anxious to disappear. Nothing he wanted less than to marry Flick. It seems there's another girl—she used to be a stenographer or something in the Pyke's Weekly office—whom he has long loved in a manner—well, he described his feelings to me, and, believe me, he had got it bad!"

"That must have been the girl I met him with in Battersea Park," said Bill.

"Very probably. If you met him with a girl in Battersea Park, this would be the girl you met him in Battersea Park with, because he told me he had been meeting her on the sly for weeks past. He would have bolted with her like a shot months ago, only he was scared stiff of his father. His father would be the bozo who pursued you in the car, I take it?"

"Yes, Sir George Pyke—Flick's uncle."

"Well, the old dad had apparently got him hypnotized. I reasoned with the man. More drinks were produced and we began to do ourselves pretty well, and with each snifter he took he seemed to come more and more round to my way of thinking. I've given up all that sort of thing now; but there's no doubt that, bad as it is for the constitution, there's nothing like a drop of drink for putting heart into a fellow. Round about one in the morning good old Pyke had begun to walk up and down the room and was talking about calling the old man up on the telephone and telling him just where he got off. No need to do that, I said; just disappear. 'I will,' he said. 'That's right,' I said. 'You really think so?' he said. 'I certainly do,' I said. 'I ought to have done it before,' he said. 'Better late than never,' I said. . . . It turned out that, as far as the money end of it was concerned, he was sitting very pretty. Some time ago, in order to do down the income-tax people, old Pyke had transferred a large mess of wealth to this bird's account, the understanding being that Roddy—I was calling him Roddy by this time—was to return it in due season.

"'Be a man,' I said. 'Collar the cash, send a few wires of farewell and leg it for foreign parts.' He burst into tears, clasped my hand and said that I was one of the master minds of the age. In which, mark you, Bill, o' man, he wasn't so darned far wrong, for if ever one fellow had given another fellow a bit of good advice, I had. He said that it was the dream of his life to go off to Italy and write poetry. How would it be, he said, to toot off to Florence or Naples or one of those wop spots? Then he could write to the girl to follow him out there and they could get married and write poetry and eat spaghetti and live happily for the rest of their lives. I said it was the peppiest scheme of the age, a lallapaloosa. And the long and the short of it is that he left on the nine o'clock train to catch the boat at Dover. So that's that, Bill, o' man."

Bill was beyond speech. He pressed Judson's hand silently. His faith in a great, coherent, purposeful plan governing this sometimes seemingly chaotic world of ours was completely restored. It was a splendid, beautifully managed world—a world in which even Judson had his uses.

"And now," proceeded Judson, "I come to the really important part. As I told you, we made a very fair night of it; and I left Roddy's apartment, after sleeping on the sofa, at about nine this morning. I had a couple of hours to fill in before I came to find you here, and I was thinking of going and sitting down in the park. Well, I was going along the Brompton Road, headed for the park, when I happened to pass a building into which a good many people were popping, and I thought I might just as well sit down in there. It was becoming pretty necessary for me to sit down somewhere right away."

A large car had rolled up to the curb. Bill moved away a step to frustrate Bob's apparent intention of casting himself beneath the wheels.

"And I'm darned, Bill, o' man," proceeded Judson earnestly, "if I didn't find myself right plumb spang in the middle of a temperance lecture. A nasty shock; but it was simply too much effort to get up and leave, so I stayed where I was. Bill, it was the luckiest thing I ever did in my life. Made me a different man. Absolutely and entirely a changed man. No more alcohol for me! I'm off the stuff for life! Give you my word I hadn't the remotest conception till that moment what it did to a fellow. Makes your inside like a crumpled oak leaf, that's what it does. I always had the idea that it was a valuable stimulant and carminative. Medicinal, if you know what I mean. But when this bird shot a colored slide on the screen showing the liver of the hard drinker ——"

Bill was looking past him with bulging eyes. A morning-suited man of middle age and amiable aspect had come out of the church, and on this middle-aged man's arm walked a girl in bridal white. They crossed the pavement and entered the car.

"And after that," said Judson, "he took some worms and slipped them a stiff bracer, and, believe me or believe me not, Bill, o' man, what it did to them was plenty! All bright and chirpy those worms had been at the start—jolly good fellows having one on the house. But the minute they had got that stuff well over the larynx ——"

He broke off. His audience had deserted him. Bill, coming out of his trance, had become a thing of action. The car had begun to move off, when he darted forward, flung open the door and without a word hurled himself in. Bob the Sealyham, trailing through the air on his leash like a kite, uttered a short, strangled yelp of disapproval.

III

"FLICK!" said Bill. And for a space no more words were spoken. This was due principally to the behavior of the Sealyham. It had taken Bob a moment or two to get the hang of things. At first sniff that wedding dress of Flick's had had a strange and misleading smell. But now recognition had come, and he was giving a spirited imitation of six Sealyhams inclosed in a single limousine. To leap up, lick Flick's face, leap back, kick Bill in the eye, leap up again, knock Mr. Hammond's hat off, and plunge, panting stertorously, toward Flick once more was with him the work of a moment. He looked like one of those old-fashioned shimmering motion pictures, and, with this emotional exhibition coming on top of the natural surprise consequent upon Bill's intrusion, conversation was for some few moments at a standstill.

Eventually Mr. Hammond, calm even in this crisis, retrieved his hat from the corner into which Bob had rolled it, and spoke, gazing mildly at Bill.

"If you are looking for a cab, sir," he said pleasantly, "you will probably find one along the street. This happens to be a private car."

"Flick," said Bill, winding the leash round his fingers and pulling strongly, "I got your letter. But I understood. I understood exactly what had happened. I knew that it must have been dictated by that infernal fat-headed aunt of yours."

"My wife," observed Mr. Hammond in pleased recognition.

Bill had not supposed that the flood of his appeal could be checked by any human power, but this bland remark brought him up with a turn. He gaped in a bewildered way at Mr. Hammond, as if aware for the first time of his presence.

"Flick," said Mr. Hammond genially, "you appear to know this gentleman with the performing dog —— Good gracious!" he broke off, surprised, as the Sealyham, after trying to climb through the roof, came down with outspread paws on the back of his neck and slithered thence to the floor. "Surely it's Bob?" He scrutinized Bill once more. "The mystery thickens," he said. "How do you come to be in possession of the Hammond family dog? And if it is not a rude question, who in the name of goodness are you?"

A small voice spoke from the corner.

"This is Bill, Uncle Sinclair."

"Ah!" Mr. Hammond stretched out a polite hand. "How do you do? Are you making a long stay?"

There was a pause.

"Flick," resumed Bill, "I was talking about that letter. I understood just why you had written it."

"Did you see me?" said Flick, round-eyed.

"See you?"

"At Mario's."

A dizzy feeling began to grip Bill.

"See you at Mario's? What do you mean?"

"But you said you understood."

"I ——"

Flick held her hands out to him with a little cry. "I don't care. I saw you with that girl, but I just don't care. Take me away, Bill. I want you to take me away."

Bill took her hands mechanically.

"You saw me —— Good heavens!" he exclaimed, enlightened. "You don't mean

(Continued on Page 52)

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Majestic Quality

(Continued from Page 50)

you saw me dining with that girl at Mario's on Sunday night!"

"Yes; but I don't care. I want you to take me away."

Bill slipped the leash into Mr. Hammond's hand.

"Would you mind holding this animal for a moment?" he said. He gripped Flick's hands and drew her closer, oblivious of the keenly interested gaze of Mr. Hammond, who had just replaced the glasses which Bob had knocked off and was scrutinizing him as though he were some rare first edition. "Flickie, my darling Flickie," he cried, "I can explain everything!"

"'All' is the more customary term," murmured Mr. Hammond.

"I had to dine with that infernal girl. I hated it, but I had to go through with it. She knew all about Slingsby, and Judson met her and arranged this dinner so that she could tell me. And she told me! My gosh, she told me everything! I saw Slingsby next day and told him that I knew he had been swindling Uncle Cooley for years, and he has cleared out; and directly I tell Uncle Cooley, everything will be all right. He's sure to fix me up so that we can get married right away."

Mr. Hammond coughed gently.

"Is it your intention to marry my niece?" he asked interestedly.

"Yes, it is!" said Bill. He turned to Flick again. "Let's go right off now, Flickie! Roderick's run off and is going to marry some girl who used to be a stenographer or something."

"In the words of a song of the people that had a certain vogue in my youth, 'What a day we're having!'" said Mr. Hammond. "Flick," he said, removing Bob's tail from his mouth in order to speak the more clearly, "when you introduced this young man to me as Bill, did you use the name in its deepest and truest sense? In other words, is this the Bill—the brave preserver—the idol of the girlish dreams?"

Flick nodded.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Hammond. "Tell me," he went on, turning to Bill, "you look extraordinarily like a young man who dropped in one night at Holly House some months ago and chased my nephew Roderick a matter of sixteen times or so round the garden. Are you by any chance the same?"

"That was me," said Bill.

"Then it was you who were responsible for my brother-in-law, the eminent Sir George Pyke, founder and proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Company, falling into the pond?"

"I was."

Mr. Hammond shook him warmly by the hand.

"Say no more!" he said cordially. "The discussion is over. I esteem young men who chase Roderick about gardens, but for those who cause my brother-in-law George to fall into ponds I have a feeling that can only be called adoration. I wish you would look in oftener when he is around. Take him, Flickie! I could wish you no better husband! Why, good heavens, you can't refuse to marry this splendid young fellow, any more than I can decline to give my blessing! It would be a crime against romance! A man who saved you from drowning, whose image you cherished in your heart through all those long, weary years—— Good gracious, no!" He took up the speaking tube. "Yates," he said to the chauffeur, "do you know a good registry office? A place, I mean, where an enterprising young couple, aided and abetted by one old enough to know better, can get married in a hurry?" He turned to Flick and Bill. "He says he does not."

"There's one at 11 Beaumont Street, Pimlico," cried Bill enthusiastically.

"Yates," said Mr. Hammond, speaking into the tube, "drive us with all speed to Number 11 Beaumont Street, Pimlico."

He hung up the tube and leaned back.

"Oh, Uncle Sinclair!" said Flick breathlessly.

"After the ceremony," said Mr. Hammond, "I think it would be judicious if you were to return home, Flick, if only for a day or so. It would be a little difficult for me to explain your absence this morning. Later on, the atmosphere may grow a trifle less tense. In any case, however, I come very well out of the affair. Your aunt sent me out today to give away the bride, and I am going to give you away. To the wrong bridegroom, true, but that is the sort of thing that might happen to anyone." He took up the speaking tube again. "Yates," he said, "stop at the next grocer's you come to. I wish to buy sixpenny worth of rice."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE sun of a fair summer afternoon shone upon St. Mary Axe. Mr. Cooley Paradene, alighting from his taxicab at the door of the building that housed the London branch of his pulp-and-paper business, climbed listlessly up the three flights of stairs. Niobe, mourning for the loss of her children, was no more pathetic figure than Mr. Paradene, grieving over the mysterious disappearance of the most prized gems of his collection of old books. The mystery of the affair weighed on him sorely. When the theater party had returned from its revels, which had included a late supper at a gay restaurant, there was no sign that any burglars had entered Holly House—no sign whatever. And yet the books were gone. Mr. Paradene had brooded over this astonishing affair ever since without ceasing; and the minor mystery of why his nephew Bill had telegraphed to him in such an urgent vein, bidding him come without fail to the office this afternoon, paled in comparison.

"Mr. West here?" he said gruffly.

Henry the office boy stepped forward, a model of smiling efficiency, courteous and prompt in the presence of the big chief. That was how young fellows got on in the business world.

"This way, sir."

Bill looked up as the door of the private office opened. He had been seated in Mr. Slingsby's chair, but he rose and came forward with a promptness and courtesy which not even Henry had exceeded.

"Hullo, Uncle Cooley."

Mr. Paradene glared about the room. He was in the mood in which a man feels that he can find a faint relief in quarreling with someone, and he had decided that he was going to quarrel with Bill. Not that "quarrel" was the right word. It suggested a conflict. He proposed to squelch Bill. On what grounds he should squelch him he did not at present know. But doubtless time would provide an excuse.

"Where's Slingsby?" he grunted, as Henry, his duty done, stepped delicately out and closed the door.

"Slingsby's gone," said Bill.

"Gone! At this hour of the afternoon? Where?"

"America."

"America!" Bill bent forward and tapped his uncle impressively on the arm.

"Don't paw me!" snapped Mr. Paradene. "What are you pawing me for?"

"Slingsby," said Bill, uncowed by his forbidding manner, "was a swindler and a crook. I was onto him from the very start, but you would insist that he was perfect."

"Slingsby a swindler? What the devil are you talking about?"

A marked change crept over Mr. Paradene's demeanor as he listened to the story crisply unfolded by his nephew. Ferocity ebbed from him like some gas with which he had been inflated. For several long minutes after Bill had concluded, he was silent. Then he drew a deep breath.

"What I want is a nurse," he said dejectedly. "That's what I want—a nurse. I'm not fit to be trusted alone."

Bill beamed upon him with jovial encouragement.

"What you want, Uncle Cooley," he said, "is a good, live fellow like me looking after your business."

Mr. Paradene eyed him with humility.

"Would you like to come into my business, Bill?" he asked pathetically.

"I'm ready to start learning now."

"Then you shall—and name your own salary."

"Anything you say, uncle. Only make it large enough for two. I've got a wife to support."

Mr. Paradene blinked.

"A wife!"

"Yes; I think you know her. Your friend Sinclair Hammond's niece."

"What? When did this happen?"

"It's a secret at present, but perhaps you could break it gently to my aunt-in-law. It happened yesterday."

"Yesterday!"

"Yes."

"But she was going to marry someone else yesterday!"

"She was. But I met her and we talked it over and she went off and married me. We young business men move fast nowadays, Uncle Cooley. Time is money with us." He reached under the desk. "Oh, by the way, uncle, I think these books belong to you."

Often as Mr. Paradene had gazed upon the contents of the bag which Bill pushed across the desk, he had never gazed so fixedly as now. And stunned though the look was which he had bestowed upon them, it was as nothing to that which he now directed at Bill. "Where—where—where did you get these?"

"Oh, I just happened to run across your adopted son Horace as he was handing them down from a window at Holly House to a pal of his in the garden. Here, there and everywhere -that's me! I hate to have to tell you, Uncle Cooley, but that boy is a member in good standing of a gang of crooks. They seem to have planted him on you with the idea of having him pass out the swag."

Mr. Paradene sighed deeply.

"A nurse!" he muttered. "A nurse!"

There was a silence.

"Bill," said Mr. Paradene brokenly, "I take back everything I may have said in the heat of the moment about my relatives. They are a ghastly crew; but, by George, you restore the average! From now on," he said as he rose, "I don't move a step without you."

"I'm afraid you'll have to if you intend leaving now. I promised my wife I'd meet her here. I'm expecting her any moment. Why don't you stay and have a chat?"

Mr. Paradene shook his head.

"Some other day, Bill," he said. "Give her my love; but I can't stop now. I'm going back to Wimbledon." He swished his stick militantly through the air. "I'm going to have a talk with that boy Horace. Bill," said Mr. Paradene, "I seem to have made a fool of myself in practically every direction, but this is one job I'm going to carry through. I started it and I'm going to finish it. I'm going to make that boy Horace a credit to society if I have to wallop him every day for the rest of my life. I'll send him to a good school, by gad, and I'll employ ten tutors with shotguns to look after him during the holidays. By the time he's grown up I'll have him making the hero of a Sunday-school story look like Jesse James. Good-by, Bill, my boy. Come and lunch with me at the Antiquarians one of these days. You're a great fellow!"

"You're forgetting your books, Uncle Cooley."

Mr. Paradene, who had reached the door, returned.

"So I am," he said humbly. "So I am. Yes, I certainly do need a nurse. If you see any good nurses, Bill, reserve one for me."

Flick, arriving a few minutes later, found her husband smiling glassily at the opposite wall. The recent interview had affected Bill rather like a strong application of ether. It needed Flick's womanly presence to restore him to a sense of belonging to the world of solid things.

"Well?" said Flick eagerly.

Bill smiled another glassy smile.

"Everything's all right, darling," he replied; "as right as it can possibly be. Uncle Cooley has gone away promising me vast fortunes and thinking me the most wonderful fellow in the world."

"So you are," said Flick.

Bill frowned thoughtfully.

"I wonder," he mused. "I'm the luckiest, I know," he said. "I've only got to look at you to realize that. But —— Look here, you know, I've been thinking things over, and from start to finish I can't see a single thing in the whole business that I've actually done myself. It was you who first got on Slingsby's track. It was Judson who introduced me to Prudence Stryker. It was Prudence Stryker who told me where Slingsby had buried the body. It was Horace who obligingly chose the moment when I was standing under the window to shove his head out and drop that bag of books. It was Judson who got Roderick out of the way in time to prevent ——"

Flick ruffled his hair lovingly.

"I shouldn't worry, precious," she said. "Don't you know it's the one sure sign that a man is really great when he has all sorts of people working for him? Look at Pierpont Morgan and Henry Ford and Selfridge and all of them—they don't do the work themselves. They just sit and let other people do it for them. That's what shows they are such great men."

"Something in that," said Bill gratefully. "Yes, there's certainly something in that."

He drew her to him. Henry the office boy, who was standing on a stool and looking in through the transom, sighed quietly. He was a lad of sentiment.

(THE END)

"TAKE IT FROM ME"

"The boys in the shop call me 'Pop'. That's how much of a veteran I am.

"And here's something I've found out about cars and drivers. When a man isn't particular about the oil he uses, it's a hundred to one I'll find a car with some loose bearings, pitted valves, worn piston rings or fouled spark plugs. If he uses Texaco, it's another story.

"Take it from me—*Texaco is good motor oil.*

"There is no surer way of keeping free of engine trouble than to keep the crank-case filled with Texaco. Texaco keeps everything running smooth and quiet because it's made right—and anyone can tell it by its clean, clear, golden color."

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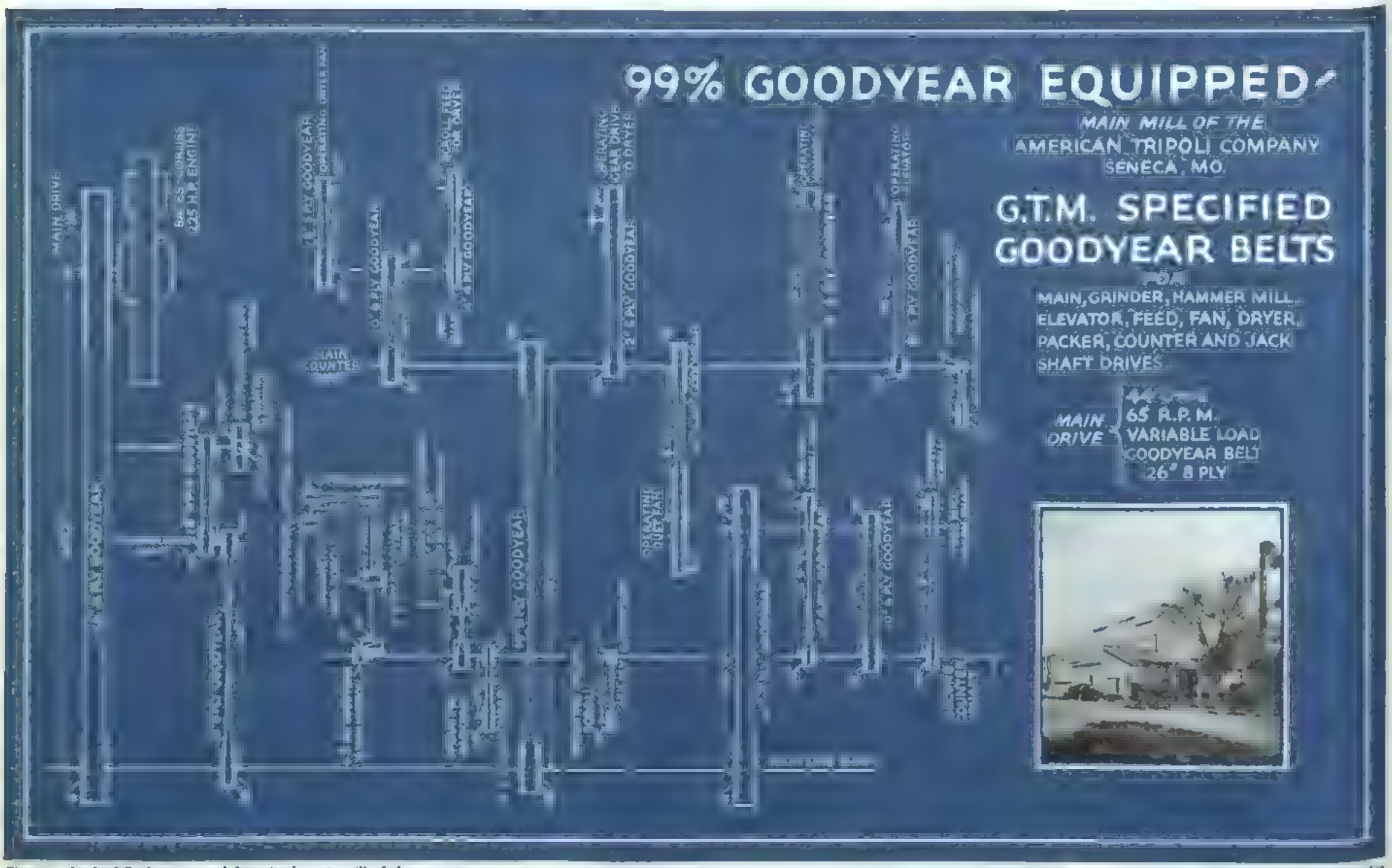

Blue print sketch of Goodyear-equipped drives in the main mill of the American Tripoli Company, Seneca, Mo., and inset photograph of plant

Copyright 1924, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

What Is Tripoli?—and the G. T. M.

If anybody asked you that question, you'd probably say, "'S a place in Africa." Correct. But not as correct as the answer the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—was able to give when they called on him to solve the belting problems at the American Tripoli plant, in the Ozarks of Missouri.

The G. T. M. knew Tripoli for what it is—an unusual form of silica, sometimes called "cotton rock" or "rotten stone," used as a scouring powder, and abrasive in buffing compositions, a very superior foundry parting, and, in the milling, a dust-raising, penetrating, gluttonous eater of belts.

His opportunity came with the superintendent, the man responsible for the operating costs in the plant—Ludwig Nordstrum. That fine mining authority, G. V. B. Levings, the Manager, said: "We want 100% operating efficiency." "Then," said Nordstrum, "let's analyze our belt requirements and specify belts to fit the job—let's get the G T. M."

Through the curtain of dust that hangs day and night among the revolving dryers, hammer mills and grinders of the Tripoli plant, went Nordstrum and the G. T. M. The G. T. M. computed every pulley dimension, load and speed. Nordstrum pointed out the actual service requirements of the plant.

The G. T. M. recommendations were accepted *in toto*. They called for a Goodyear Belt on the big main drive and on every other drive except one, where a good old-timer was doing its work very well. "No need to replace it now," said the G. T. M. Therefore—only 99% Goodyear Belts at Seneca.

The performance of these G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Belts for three years now has been so good, their life under trying conditions so long, their powerful action so steady and true in a plant doing fine and uniform grinding, that when the Company equipped its new soap mill a few months ago, they specified "100% Goodyear Belts." "I'm a G. T. M. now myself," says Nordstrum.

Is there a suggestion here for you? Your plant, or your troublesome, costly drive, may need more economical, efficient belting. Hear the G. T. M.'s story about Goodyear Plant Analysis and Goodyear Mechanical Goods—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing. We assure you that you may rely on whatever he recommends. To get in touch with the G. T. M., write Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

"OPEN THE GATES!"

Continued from Page 5

disintegrating walls of the government but also the gravest dangers.

A cabinet minister said to me during the second day of the Fascisti congress in Naples, "We have determined to use all the forces of the state to suppress any menace to the government." But all the time that the government was finally screwing up courage to talk like that it was bartering with the Fascisti leaders without offering substantial concessions, and it has been said often enough that a plan was being made to gain time, to allow the Fascisti to go home, and then to arrest Mussolini and the other leaders.

History is, at best, a rickety structure of truth. Gossip and sensations sometimes crystallize into supposed truth. And yet it is worth while to recall the fact that one of the most reliable men from whom I received reports of what was going on came to me, in that moment of Mussolini's decision, and told me in excited whispers:

"The march on Rome is now certain! It has been discovered that the socialist forces of the Left are planning a coup d'état. There is to be a celebration at the Victor Emmanuel monument on the anniversary of our great victory in the war. Today a request was made for the use of the schoolhouses as barracks for the crowds who are coming into Rome. The Fascisti have discovered that the crowds, who were to be brought to Rome, would be armed forces of the Left. They would seize power and execute the Fascisti leaders. You will see! Mussolini no longer has a choice. He must act at once."

Within a few hours after this report Mussolini had closed the congress in Naples, had rushed to the north of Italy, and the military directorate of the Fascisti had ordered mobilizations everywhere. Probably no one, not even Mussolini himself, can say how much his action was forced by the secret plans or bad faith of the opposition and how much by the conditions inherent in the Fascisti movement itself.

I had written home, long before, a report on the new organization of the Fascisti forces. There could be no denying that there was preparation for what is known as direct action in case other appeals failed. The sentiment of the people, it now was plain, was running in an overwhelming desire for Fascisti participation, if not control, in the government. No elections were in sight. The government wheedled everyone, and nothing could be expected from a multi-party parliament whose tongues were of Babel. It was intolerable. The people of Italy were too hungry for action, for strength, for leadership out of the wilderness, to make fine distinctions between constitutional legal action and direct action. Everywhere one heard the phrase "Sometimes violence to put an end to violence!" As future events proved, there was no great shock to the Italian people in the taking of Rome and the government; that shock was left to those foreigners who believe in some instance of sickly liberalism even after its failure is spread before them like watery jelly.

Safety in Drawing the Cork

No one knew better than Mussolini that he was handling a weapon not only capable of use in direct action but dangerous within itself. He must have weighed this fact when he made his decision. I wrote in August, 1922, that "the Fascisti squadrons are like teeth; they must bite on something or fall out."

Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court, once said in regard to suppression of social impulses, causes and movements that "the best way to still champagne is to draw the cork!"

Mussolini, as a patriot and lover of Italy, knew these two facts: First, the government had drawn so many corks that the sparkle of Italian spirit had almost gone stale; second, the Fascisti needed the drawing of the cork lest effervescence burst the bottle and waste the contents.

Even if there had been no menace of bad faith from Rome, even if there had been no conspiracy to wheedle the Fascisti and assassinate their leaders, Mussolini must have seen that he must shoot or give up the gun. He realized in Naples that it was a bigger gun than he thought he had; to have held it longer in an inactive hand would have meant disaster.

Mussolini, with great qualities of leadership, knew as well as I that there was danger in Fascisti zeal and its tendency to get out of control. There had been, among endless examples of heroism and restraint and contributions to public welfare and order, also examples of high-handedness. Every crop worth a harvest has weeds. Some of the blots on the Fascisti record are funny. The castor-oil story is amusing, but it has been exaggerated, and the practice was soon forbidden by the Fascisti's own regulations. Occasionally the bubbling spirit of youth or the presence of the inevitable lunatic fringe of all movements resulted in incidents.

I had seen an English bishop stopped on the street by a group of Fascisti who did not know he was a foreigner, and forced to take off his hat to a little bowknot of Italian tricolor. A demand was made by a group of Fascisti upon a servant of my embassy offices to hang out an Italian flag. "We have hung out the Italian flag," said the poor man. "But, alas, every time we hang one out it is stolen!" The young blades laughed and one of them said, "*Va'bene!* When there is a Fascisti government there will be more stealing of your flags"; which, as a matter of fact, proved true.

An amusing story came from a man who had been driving in 1921 on a country road and was stopped by a band of communists whose leader commandeered his motor car; in 1922 the same man stopped the chauffeur of the same car and commandeered it in the name of the Fascisti! I heard shots one night in the little coffeehouse in the piazza beneath the walls of the Orsini Palace; when I went to inquire they told me it was the act of a false Fascist, one of the endless impostors who pretended to be members of this organization of order.

Mussolini's Moderation

Mussolini knew as well as anyone the difficulties of holding in control an organization of power unless such an organization is made into the state itself. Already the number of adherents to Fascism was so great that it included those who were not, as the Fascisti say, pure. These newcomers often had no education in the Fascisti program, no training in the chivalrous and stern practices of a true Fascist; these newcomers were the fellows who often wanted local village or other municipal administrations seized too soon. In the places where Fascisti had taken control in orderly fashion of some policing or other administrative function—as I had seen in my motor trips, for example, in Viterbo or Ferrara—there would always be present new-recruited hotheads who wanted to go to extremes.

But above all, Mussolini could see other Fascisti leaders who perhaps secretly were ambitious to compete with him; and their method was the usual one in all movements—they called for more extreme action than he could countenance, and then went whispering about that they themselves were more stout-hearted than he. I have discussed these fellows with him, and it is plain that no field offered a better opportunity than the foreign affairs of Italy; at the time of the congress in Naples, as Mussolini knew, there were hot voices clamoring for the seizure of Fiume, for immediate claim to Italy's preëminent right in the Mediterranean, for all that was chauvinistic and foolhardy to be incorporated in Italy's foreign policy. After he came into power Mussolini could be temperate about such matters; before he had control of the government others in his party could outbid him in swashbuckling because they took no responsibility.

Finally there were the regions in the north, taken by Italy in the war and still of large German and Austrian population. A weak government in Rome had with its slogans of "Please everyone!" and "Patience!" allowed anti-Italian propaganda to run wild. I myself had been at Caporetto to visit the scene of this defeat; and I, strolling at evening with the Italian civil commissioner, had heard mass meetings of the old population singing German patriotic songs. I had been at Bozen, or Bolzano as it is now called, in the Trentino when the Italian flags had been hauled down by conspirators in the night. "Patience!" said the Italian Government, as always. But here and there there was a Fascist equally tipped over on the other side; if allowed his way he would have massacred most of the new recalcitrant citizens of German or Austrian blood.

Mussolini, perhaps, had to act in order to restrain, but it is my opinion that fear of a counter coup d'état forced his hand.

Having discussed these matters before Mussolini went to Naples, I was not unprepared for the news by telephone that he and his leaders had left Naples precipitately. I felt at once that the revolution was already touched off. Rumors came of mobilization of the Fascisti at strategic points. The government at Rome, still talking bravely of suppressing insurrection, appeared unable to believe the facts.

"I do not credit the news!" exclaimed one bleating undersecretary of the government. "Mussolini does not dare to mobilize the black shirts!"

I was unable to keep from smiling; Mussolini could not dare now to do anything else! Not to go forward now was to go to oblivion.

All day long I sought information as to the strength of the army forces upon which the government could depend, and the comparative strength of the Fascisti. Some of the army was already under Fascisti influence. Indeed, the greatest difficulty in estimating the aggressive power of the revolution arose from the fact that no one, not even the heads of the army in Rome, could say how many army stores, munitions, field pieces and machine guns had been taken by the Fascisti at the moments when, as one Italian soldier said, "the friendly army officers were winding their watches."

News began to grow thin on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of October. It was evident to one in Rome that telegraph, telephone and mail communication was being cut by the Fascisti. The mist of interrupted communication and censorship settled down over the Eternal City. It was like the thick walls of a heavy rain. The sky hung lower and lower. Before night of the twenty-seventh any dependable information of the state of affairs from beyond the walls of the city was almost impossible to obtain.

The government had ordered the cutting of railroad lines. Late that night word was brought to me that army trucks were taking barbed wire to the outer defenses of the city and that the gates were being closed and fortified; there was tension, but the government was secretive, the press was mild. Dinner parties went gayly forward. Civil war was on its way with a menace of blood on the old cobblestones, but Rome appeared as a philosophical personality awaiting almost everything with a shrug of her shoulders.

That night I heard down in the old Piazza Montenara the shuff-shuff of the feet of infantry. Dark phalanxes of fighting men were moving through the rain.

A Rain-Soaked Revolution

My diary for the next day, October twenty-eighth, recalls to me vividly that period of tensity:

"All through the night there were the usual signs of troop movements—distant bugles and the rumble of army trucks. At breakfast we learned through the newspapers and from reports over the telephone that night had brought forth many developments. Rome, so often marched upon and besieged, was again cut off and surrounded and under martial law.

"We have full confirmation that the Fascisti action has been nation-wide. Possession of power and administration of civil government have been taken in several cities, Pisa, Perugia, Monterotondo and a long list, but not long enough, I think, to tell the truth.

"Rain! Rain, wind-whipped and gray, was flying across the great almost empty Piazza Venezia as I went off to the embassy offices. A line of autobusses, evidently commandeered to move troops in emergency, stood dejected below the palace wall, and out in the middle of the square, under soldier guard, were covered army lorries with canvas flapping about, concealing, no doubt, machine guns. The streets were almost deserted; they were heavy with a depression and emptiness like those of a city whose population has been taken off by a sweeping plague. A traffic guard who stopped my car told us that the trams had been stopped and the movement of all motors had been

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DRAWN BY WILLIAM BRUNO

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This evening the water invites you to swim!

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forbidden. My chauffeur explained that I was the American ambassador. The guard motioned us to go on. A group of dripping Fascisti in black shirts and steel helmets came forward into the street, perhaps with the idea of commandeering my car. They returned, disappointed, to the doorway of one of the close-shuttered shops. Like other groups, they appeared to be waiting to give aid from within the city if their brothers, who marched upon it from without, met resistance.

"The army's cavalry stands in side streets awaiting orders. The horses' patient heads are down after a night in the rain. Auto trucks filled with infantry, cough, explode their exhausts and roar along over the cobbles. Barbed wire moves along in trucks, shiny and new. Behind the entrance to the courtyards of government buildings squads of *carabinieri* and soldiers of the regular army hang on their bayoneted guns.

"There is a perversity in human beings which asks that violence happen. The best of us have love of conflict. I could find no one in my office and none of my many visitors whose eyes were not bright with expectancy. No one was frightened, no one failed to respond to any news which indicated that a clash was inevitable.

"My military attaché had little news. 'There is almost none,' he said. 'Even the War Office cannot find out what is happening. Mail is interrupted. No trains will run. The telegraph and cable lines are closed to private business. Railroad tracks are torn up along the approaches from the north. Bicycle scouts are out on the roads; their reports indicate that at least fifty thousand Fascisti are marching on Rome.'

"Early in the morning J. P. Morgan, who last night dined with us at the meeting of the Harvard Club, came in to ask whether it was safe for him to go with Mrs. Morgan on an expedition to the ruins at Ostia, where Senator Lanciani was planning to take them. I used this inquiry as an excuse to make new ones of my own of the army corps. Then it was disclosed to us in confidence that the large squadrons of Fascisti were not only following the railway lines but also the seacoast, and were coming up the Valley of the Tiber."

Two Jumps Ahead of the Cat

"During the morning a proclamation of siege and martial law was posted on the buildings along the streets. It is said to bear the signatures of the ministry who have presented resignations to the King and been asked to remain in office. It forbids assembly, enforces a curfew, prohibits the circulation of all vehicles. It is regarded as a declaration of war.

"One of the ministers was very white of face. He said to me: 'This Fascisti organization began in order to suppress revolution; now it is conducting a revolution! We will resist!' But he bleated it.

"I passed the Quirinal during the morning. The flag which, flying at the staff of the palace, indicates that the King is in Rome, was flapping wetly. The King had hurried back a few days ago from the north. I was informed that he spent the morning consulting with all the old figures of party politics, hoping to form a ministry around some man like Orlando or Salandra, who will give the Fascisti enough offices and portfolios to keep them quiet. It is thought that by refusing to accept the resignation of the ministry the King has shown his decision to resist Mussolini, who is in Milan. A few soldiers were guarding the Quirinal. Some Fascisti hung about in the square.

"A story was brought to me during the morning that a young Fascist, twenty-two years old, impersonating a deputy of Parliament, had entered Rome through the military barriers by showing a deputy's card and has gone to the palace with some kind of message to the King from the Fascisti leaders.

"Evening. The King has evidently changed his mind. He must have acted soon after midday. He announces that he did not sign the decree declaring a state of siege and that he will not do so. All the rules issued by the military command have been relaxed and the decrees are being torn down. News from outside Rome is that the advancing Fascisti squadrons have captured various stores, machine guns and field pieces, and have many more motor cars and trucks. This country is a country of manifestoes, the walls are always covered with paper proclamations. It reminds one of Petrograd in the old war days. Some one this evening pointed out a proclamation for the mobilization of the Fascisti within Rome; it was pasted over the remains of the government's proclamation.

"The King has sent for Mussolini or is about to do so. Consulting with his best advisers, it has appeared that the onward march of the Fascisti has given every proof that the country approves of the revolution. The King may well recognize that it is all right to babble about constitutionality, but that sometimes the bare fact is that the will of the people desires, as Mussolini phrased it to me, 'to cut some Gordian knots.'

"The King has acted just in time for the good of Italy two jumps ahead of the cat."

On October twenty-ninth, Sunday, I wrote:

"Still drizzling and we had to go out for luncheon at a secretary's of one of the embassies. It has become assured that the Fascisti revolution has been accomplished. There is no longer a word about coalitions or makeshift cabinets with Fascisti participation. The King has sent for Mussolini. Already the military and city authorities are planning to receive the hordes of invaders. The tracks, torn up to cut railway communication, are being relaid, and it is reported a special train is bringing Mussolini, whose name now appears in capitals and who is called *Duce*—Leader. He will form the new ministry. I believe the King will give him carte blanche, except perhaps for the naming of the Minister of War. The old political crowd have ducked into their holes."

Guilty Consciences

"Now that news and the advance column of the Fascisti are pouring in, amusing accounts arrive. One is of the capture of a small fortified army post outside the city. After it surrendered the army officers and the Fascisti leaders had luncheon together. The army officers explained that it was most embarrassing to them to surrender the place. 'Oh, well,' said the Fascisti, 'then just keep it. We will go away and leave it in your hands to hold for us.'

"It is difficult to decide how many Fascisti have arrived from outside the city. Probably not many yet. When we were lunching in the Via Veneto revolver shots fired into the air brought us out onto the terrace overlooking the Piazza Barberini, where many had assembled. Later on we saw piles of burning material in the street near the offices of the Paese. Nitti's paper had been wrecked. We heard that Nitti had been captured and that the Fascisti intended to put to trial and punish those officials who have been guilty of corruption or disloyalty during or since the war.

"I motored about to see if there were substantial disorder, but I could find none. Motor cars loaded to the running board with black shirts come steaming out of the muddy approaches to Rome. Girls on balconies cheer them. The Italian flag is everywhere. As the rain has thinned down, the people come out and there is no sign among them of opposition or resentment; on the contrary there is an atmosphere of welcome and joy. A small crowd in front of the Quirinal cheers the King.

"I have received no reports of disorder from any of the Americans in Rome. The only protection asked of me has been from one or two Italians whose private lives are not in order. They have heard that in Venice the Fascisti took notice of the morals of certain notorious cases of scandal in society and gave medicinal treatment to these pairs and set their gondolas adrift in the Grand Canal without a gondolier. There is, therefore, some apprehension as to what the incoming Fascisti may do in Rome. I was asked by one terrified, titled wastrel, whose private life has been too public, to intercede with Mussolini for his protection.

"Mussolini is expected tomorrow."

The next day, Monday, I stood in my window in the embassy offices watching the columns of the invaders passing from the railroad station or coming from the Via Nomentana. It was a muddy, tired, healthy lot. And very happy.

They came by in an eternal marching stream, hurtling forward in the unconventional ground-getting gait of the Italian countryside. Some wore uniforms, some wore long, wet, working men's trousers with the black shirt tucked in at the belt. Some companies were equipped with full uniforms—steel helmet or tasseled fez, short trousers, putties—lean and businesslike as black hornets. Some detachments dragged machine guns. Some were fully equipped with rifles.

I could see old men who had been on the march across the open Campagna for two days, hungry, wet, sleepless. Their eyes were bright; they had entered Rome. Some men carried shotguns, some only heavy walking sticks. All day long there was the shuff-shuff of marching feet coming out of the night and the rain.

In spite of hunger, in spite of the intoxication of victory, the disorder in Rome was negligible—a few casualties, the settling of some old scores. I heard of no raids on food shops, and in two days of going about I saw no case of drunkenness. Some of my American friends were irritated by the authoritative way in which young Fascisti ordered them to walk here or drive there or shut a gate, but this testified as much to prove remarkable discipline as to prove high-handed bombast. A troop of Fascisti stopped my car and ordered me to remain still until their columns passed in a narrow street. I laughed and obeyed. Why not?

I could not believe what I saw; I saw the entry into a great city of nearly a hundred thousand men of all classes of life; some without education, some used to the roughness of mountains, of dockyards, of industrial warfare, all of them victors in the taking of a prize, and yet subjecting themselves to discipline. Many of them—indeed most of them—were alive with the fires of youth; and they restrained these fires!

The inevitable conclusion was that while through history most armed men had taken cities for hate and loot, this taking of a city was done for love and common weal. The voice of Italy had said "Open the gates!" and Rome had opened them until they yawned.

My diary on October thirty-first says:

"Mussolini has formed his ministry. He will occupy the premiership—the presidency of the Council of Ministers. He will take temporarily, it is understood, the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs. This causes some of my diplomatic colleagues great alarm, for they say he will be a firebrand in the European situation. The newspapers announce that he will also be Minister of the Interior. The term dictator was first applied to Mussolini this morning. But it is worthy of notice that this so-called dictator has appointed the strongest men in the army and navy as Minister of War and Marine."

The Spirit of the Crusaders

"Among the marvels of this revolution, none equals that of the rapidity with which plans were organized to turn the invaders out of Rome again and send them home. Mussolini must have known that it would be disastrous to allow this black-shirt army and its adherents to remain in the city long, minus housing, food and means to hold discipline. By daylight the plans for a great victory parade of the Fascisti were under way! I understand that the march is to come up the Corso to the Altar of the Country, as they call the great marble-and-gold monument to Victor Emmanuel II, then go to the Quirinal to present obeisance to the King, and thence to the stations, where transportation home has been planned."

I watched that parade with my wife, in that enjoyable advantage an ambassador can sometimes seize of being one of the jostling crowd. We went out to see it at four o'clock in the gray afternoon. It had been marching since one.

A few hours had allowed the Fascisti to brush up a little; the mud was knocked off, uniforms adjusted, or acquired, columns were straightened out, and officers who had snatched a little sleep could give commands with more snap. It was youth and the spirit of the crusaders that came swinging down the Corso toward us in the Piazza Venezia. They came with the swinging glad melody, Giovanezza, which was thrown back at them from the crowd, was echoed between buildings and filled the open piazza over the soil which once had felt the rumble of the triumphal cars of the Cæsars.

Column after column came up to the steps below the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and presented their tribute with the salute of the Roman Republic revived by the Fascisti. This is a throwing forward of one straight arm in the direction in which the salute is to go—palm of the hand down; it is a gesture suggesting equally welcome or farewell, democracy or benediction. Then as the brass bands crashed out a new march and the tricolor of Italy streamed forth into the wind, the same columns went singing away to the palace, where the King, on the

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balcony, in his army uniform, saluted and acknowledged their cheers.

There were companies of women Fascisti too, springy of step, black waists, marching with vivacity but wearing a dignity on their faces. There were younger girls, laughing. But in the main the composite face of that parade was the brown lean face of sinewy Italian youth. It was a face which has been seen before; it was the face of Garibaldi's Thousand. There was nothing soft about it. It was happy and its eyes shone, but it was a face of stern vigor.

My own imagination is not moved a great deal by bands and flags, the swirl of airplanes overhead or the voices of orators or the shouts of crowds, but I confess that the composite face of that parade—that face of lean brown Italian youth—will not go quickly from my memory. These cohorts, wearing it, had come to Rome, asking nothing, except for a restoration of Italy. This they asked, and this they got. They carried in their eyes the awakening of the human spirit to service and devotion.

Long after that day when I watched these faces I met Lloyd George again, who with his ravenous appetite to see how much that is fact will fit his conception of what fact should be, asked me a great deal about the revolution in Italy.

He concluded, I believe, that in the end "immutable economic factors must determine the destiny of Italy; that such awakenings as had come in Italy must pass."

I observed to Mr. Lloyd George that no doubt what he said was the whole picture of the progress of mankind, that it is an eternal struggle between the human spirit and the forces which oppose it; but I took pains to add that the human spirit striving for fine high ends perhaps is never awakened in vain.

And yet as I stood in the Piazza Venezia with the swing of marching youth before my eyes, I confess that my thoughts went away from that pageant and that I no longer for a moment heard the marching song flung up by band and human voices.

I began to think of Mussolini. I began to think of him as he had said farewell to me only a few days before, when, unattended, he walked out of the Orsini Palace and turned to wave his hand to me. I began to wonder if he were now standing somewhere with his head erect with pride of power or was looking at the ground thinking as I was thinking that an almost impossible task confronted him

He could contemplate, if he would, the utter chaos and the stifling rubbish of a misguided democracy, run wild. He could contemplate a people sapped of men and resources as no other of the victors of the war. He could contemplate the immutable economic facts. He could face the realities of disordered finance. He could foresee the difficulty of restraining mad impulse and of prodding dull sloth. He could foresee conspiracy, opposition and the need for an iron hand. He could foresee treachery among friends, lies among enemies. He could foresee the multitudinous details and the immovable bulks in the way of building a new state—a new Italy.

He must have thought of these things, because when he came to see me two days later as Premier of Italy he said to me, "They call me a dictator. Already the foreign press is heaping abuse on me. But I do not know where in all the world there is another man who would take the job I have before me."

THE FAT OF THE LAND

(Continued from Page 7)

"Great music," Hal commented.

It began again.

"Perfect."

Hal waited.

"Well, shan't we dance?" he questioned at last.

"I'm not going to dance any more. I brought the wrong slippers. You go on. I'm all right."

A landing is a terribly exposed place in which to experience a convulsion of the soul.

Everyone was having a glorious time; there was no excuse for anyone who couldn't. Even when they weren't dancing there were jokes among the girls, and the stag line would explode from time to time in callow mirth. Hal seemed to be loving it. He danced a good deal with a cobra in green and gold *lamé* whose hair was done in tight whorls over her ears.

Tru wanted her baby, and she wanted to be young again, and she wanted to slap little Mrs. Baker, who occasionally called out "How's it going?" as she drifted past.

Also because she loved Hal tremendously, Tru thought how she hated him, and how selfish he was, and how, if Bummy Sturtevant had been there, he wouldn't have let her sit alone and humiliated.

At about eleven the head of the house, like a child at dancing school, presented himself for a dance.

Tru knew he hoped she'd refuse and she hadn't the least desire to dance with him, but she did—a full, painful dance during which she got unaccountably out of step and he apologized, and she could feel the apoplectic red of her own face.

The head of the house was made of heroic stuff. He applauded on the cessation of the music. One couldn't hold it against him that his face lit up like a patent burner at the entrance of two belated guests.

He rushed toward them. They were a comfortable gray-haired pair.

"This is Mrs. Latham," he introduced the lady to Tru; "and this is Professor Latham. He's our faculty brother."

Then he led all three back to the landing, radiant at being able to supply Tru with companions with whom she had at least the bonds of a common senility.

"Find Mr. Carter," Tru directed him, and when she had a chance at Hal's ear she whispered firmly, "Dance with Mrs. Latham."

Hal always got sleepy early.

"I think we ought to make them stop at twelve, don't you?" he asked shortly. "It's Saturday night."

"Of course not. Let them put back the clocks. We always did."

She hoped he'd be in tortures of somnolence before it broke up.

The trouble with that was that Hal never let himself be tortured.

At one, without consulting her, he went to the head of the house.

Most of the girls were upstairs by half after two except a few who had gone somewhere with their suitors to find something to eat, under the ægis of Mrs. Baker, and one freshman's guest who had to leave early in the morning and cried so that Tru said she might have an extra ten minutes for leave-taking in the living room.

Tru sat on the stairs. Vague, youthful sounds came from the unfortunate pair, sounds with which Tru felt no sympathy.

After a time the voice of the freshman, who wasn't yet initiated and had been terribly impressed by upper-class injunctions to be gentlemanly at house-party time, drifted out cracking with adolescent panic.

"You'd better cut that out, Ann. Say, honestly, you'd better cut that out."

Tru didn't have any desire to smile as she went to the door.

"Time to go to bed," she said brusquely.

She might have been a New England sixty.

In her room Tru packed each thing she took off neatly in her suitcase. She'd announced to Hal that they were starting in the morning just as early as he could make it. She wasn't asleep when Mrs. Baker came in, but she pretended to be until Mrs. Baker squeaked around the room so many times that sheer curiosity forced Tru's eyelids.

"Sorry," Mrs. Baker breathed, standing naked, bent from her hips so that her fingers swept the floor; "just finishing my dozen. You've got the right idea. Early to bed."

"It must be four o'clock," Tru said.

Mrs. Baker put her hands on her hips and squatted up and down.

"You do these things?" she asked.

"I do not." Tru's tone would have been appropriate for defending her reputation.

"Well, I should think you would."

"When you get to my age," Tru began, "and have had a baby ——"

"Boy or girl?"

Mrs. Baker made flying gestures with her arms

"A girl."

"I bet I won't let myself go to pieces. What school do you send your daughter to?"

Tru raised herself.

"My daughter," she enunciated with the awful dignity of anguish, "is two years old. Put out the light as soon as you can."

She didn't want Mrs. Baker to see her cry.

Hal Carter had never seen his wife look so grim as she did next morning in the deserted dining room over the watery coffee brought by a steward who hadn't expected anyone to be up for hours.

"Sleep?" he asked.

"Not much."

"Feel rotten?"

"I never felt better."

"What's the matter then?"

"I've decided to lose twenty-five pounds if it kills me."

Hal saw a storm cloud swinging up over the horizon of his comfortable marriage.

"Aw, Tru," he groaned. "What do you want to do that for?"

"Because last night I had a taste of being forty-five, and I'm going to keep from being forty-five just as long as I can. Certainly till I'm fifty."

"What's that got to do with losing twenty-five pounds?"

"You may not know it," Tru answered, "but a woman is exactly as old as she weighs."

"Aw, Tru!" Hal began again, and he protested over every foot of the journey home.

When you began monkeying with Nature you were playing a dangerous game; naturally Tru had taken on a little weight after the baby's arrival, but she'd lose it in time; he didn't like slats anyway.

"You may not like them," Tru remarked, with a new note of bitterness, "but I notice that you're very generous about giving up your time to them."

The bathroom scales she'd bought said one hundred and fifty stripped. Tru couldn't get to Grace Merriman's fast enough.

"I've got the most wonderful way," Grace said, "and it's really no trouble at all. You don't have to stop eating things. You lie in a tub of hot water and Epsom salts just as long a time as you can spare every day. I've lost three pounds in two weeks doing it. It tightens your skin."

Tru ordered fifty pounds of Epsom salts of an incredulous drug clerk, but all morning she kept thinking what a really tremendous woman Grace Merriman was, and computing how many weeks at a pound and a half a week it would take to lose twenty-five pounds. Seventeen!

Despite Grace's assurances, she thought she'd be careful about luncheon, too, so she stopped at the fruit shop and got a frosted chocolate and a chicken mayonnaise sandwich instead of tempting herself by sitting down at table.

In the fruit shop she saw an advertisement for Thynning Bread, and sent home a loaf.

That afternoon she soaked, and when she weighed, the needle of the scales was a hair under the mark it had struck relentlessly that morning.

"I've begun reducing," she told Hal as they sat down at table.

Hal particularly liked cream-of-peanut soup, so he only grunted at her over his spoonful.

"Wait till you see me in a few weeks," Tru boasted.

Hal lifted the bread to his lips, then suddenly cried "Ugh!" and made a disgusted face.

"What's the matter?"

"If reducing means you're going to feed me this kind of old horse blanket you ——"

"It doesn't."

"I've been to places where they served you one mashed bean and called it mock venison ——"

"That's not what I'm going to do at all. I just got the bread for an experiment. They said it was delicious. I'm not reducing that way."

"If you do," Hal returned, "you'll reduce for another husband."

Tru stopped to take Grace Merriman to Harriet Dexter's bridge. She wanted to tell Grace that despite two prolonged soakings her scales had gone up almost half a pound.

"My dear, you mustn't expect it to work immediately," Grace told her. "Wait two

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GENERAL OFFICES [illegible]

(Continued from Page 58)

or three days, and don't think of giving it up. I know it's good."

Grace's certainty was comforting, but not until Tru announced her new purpose to the assemblage at Harriet Dexter's did she realize what a really beautiful thing woman's friendship for woman could be. Everyone there wanted to help so much that it was positively inspirational. Harriet herself went straight to a bookcase and got the volume about calories.

"Take it, darling," she said. "It's made over my life. I'm perfectly sure that if my mathematics were better I could give Fanny Bell Bayne a run for her measurements."

"It's all about food, isn't it?" Tru asked, wrinkling her forehead.

"That's what I say," Kate Hubbard jumped in. "Don't interfere with my food. I'll take lumps of discomfort any time sooner than gentle misery three times every day. Nobody likes Turkish baths and Swedish massage less than I do, but once a month I go to New York and spend my good money on nothing else."

"Did you ever hear about the man I went to?" Jane Day asked. "He was wonderful! He threw sand bags at you."

"Wasn't that awfully violent?" Tru queried.

"Well, it got on your nerves after a while. You tried to dodge. That was part of the idea, but you knew that every time you paid him he had to hit a certain number of times. I couldn't stand it. I've come to the conclusion that rolling is the best thing. I do it twenty or thirty times every morning all around my room."

"You can't reduce without paying some attention to food," Leila Richards declared in her positive manner, which was like measuring off so many yards of good durable cloth. "I know you can't. As I won't be a slave to diet this is what I do: One day every week I have for luncheon a baked potato, a glass of milk, and a cake of yeast. It forms some kind of reaction in your stomach. If you do that, the rest of the time you can eat what you please."

"What are these tablets you see advertised," Tru asked, "that reduce you in eight days?"

If Tru's sleeve had caught in a candle that roomful couldn't have shrieked at her more vituperatively.

"My dear, never take one of those!"

"They do the most awful things to your heart."

Tru settled to her game with the comfortable feeling that she was becoming oriented in her project. It was disconcerting, however, at teatime to have the *petits fours* snatched from under her reaching fingers by Grace Merriman herself.

"But I thought you said if I soaked —" Tru began.

"Great heavens, child!" Grace admonished. "You have to get your figure under control first."

"I should say so!" everybody else echoed.

It discouraged Tru, and in the mood which came on her all her advisers seemed very large women despite their stupendous knowledge. She wished Fanny Bell Bayne were present to give her some standard of comparison; but Fanny Bell never wasted herself on parties where there were no men.

Tru rolled next morning. She couldn't at night because Hal had grown so touchy.

She breakfasted with him in a peignoir, and when he'd left she locked her door and got down on the floor. There was a good deal of furniture in the bedroom and she barked her shin on the bed and cracked her head on Hal's chiffonier, but she managed a lot of rolling. Then she got in the tub and stayed until the baby fell downstairs. She was so agitated by that performance that she pampered herself by not weighing. It had become torture to her to step on those scales. She didn't believe they were right anyway.

Tired and hungry, she had for luncheon Leila Richards' nasty menu, though she could hardly choke down the beery yeast cake. After luncheon she lay languidly on her chaise longue, and when the baby came in she hoped that if she died the baby would always remember her like that, her little mummy in her best negligee lying in a darkened room, fighting a brave fight for daddy's love.

She didn't feel like going out at all, so she asked the baby's nurse to pass by the woman's exchange and bring back one of those maple marshmallow cakes they always had on Wednesday. She'd been so good that she could certainly indulge herself with a sliver of it at teatime.

The scales were unquestionably wrong. They insisted on one hundred and fifty-two, and even if Tru wasn't losing, which she was pretty sure she was doing, for her powder-blue chiffon simply hung around her, she certainly wasn't gaining.

Tru was more hurt than convinced when the people at the hardware shop couldn't find any error on testing them with weight-labeled commodities. Nevertheless, she stopped next door and bought Eat and Grow Thin, and read it and the calories book as she soaked that afternoon. Afterwards she tucked them away in the bottom of a drawer where Hal wouldn't see them, but Hal went through everything looking for his favorite dress tie—Jane and Wallie Day were giving a dance that night—and turned them up.

Then he made a scene, standing in his shirt sleeves in front of the mirror she wanted to use. "Now, Tru, I wasn't joking about this damned reducing."

"Do you want me to be as fat as I am?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then why do you admire Fanny Bell Bayne's figure so much?"

"She's naturally thin. I like people to be as Nature meant them. All you'll do is ruin your health ——"

The men Tru could count on to dance with her did so because she was good fun, and when, that evening, they found her about as merry as the hundred neediest cases, they simply didn't come back. Tru's mood had no appreciable effect on the general gayety, however.

Without any intention on Jane Day's part, the party centered about Fanny Bell Bayne, who was going abroad next week and who was wearing a tube dress of faint green which looked as though Diana might have ordered it for her hunting.

Hal, who was always saying that of course there wasn't anything to Fanny Bell, danced with her as often as any one person could. That was Fanny Bell's life—roses, roses all the way. At least it had been since she moved to town two years ago.

Once, when he was cut in on, Hal came to Tru, who was feeling ungainly and unwanted, and one would have thought from his expression that she'd intentionally contrived some peculiar method of exasperating him.

"Have you got on those shoes that hurt you again?" he asked belligerently.

"No."

"What are you sitting down for?"

"I'm just tired."

"You see these things you're doing to yourself are beginning to show on you."

"Let's not go into it here, Hal." Tru spoke simply and with dignity.

"Do you want to go home?"

"To discuss my shortcomings? No, thank you."

It was a real quarrel. Tru was glad she could terminate it by saying, "You might pick up that wallet somebody's dropped. I'll keep it till I see the owner looking. Perhaps it won't irritate you so much to have me here if you feel I'm being useful."

When he'd left her, however, she made straight for the ladies' dressing room, where she could cry near the cold water.

As she did so she played with the idea of simply calling a taxi and going home alone, which would have been, for Tru, a very sensational gesture. Then she remembered that she'd heard Fanny Bell planning to leave early in order to get off at an ungodly hour the next morning for the few days Fanny Bell was spending with her sister before sailing. Tru had screwed up her courage to the point of speaking to Fanny Bell, and the dressing room was the best place for the interview.

To pass the time Tru examined the portemonnaie for identificatory papers. It contained nothing but money and the faded photograph of a bride of the 1910 period with flaring hips and bosom and a faintly familiar plump face which might have been any one of a dozen women's.

Tru didn't even try to identify it, but closed the wallet in distaste.

"How I hate fat!" she said to herself. "How I hate fat!"

Just then Fanny Bell Bayne willowed in to get her wraps.

"What are you doing up here?" she asked Tru.

"Moping," Tru answered; and when Fanny Bell had on her cloak: "Also I've been waiting for you. I want to ask you a question. Every fat woman in town has told me what to do to get thin. What do you do?"

Fanny Bell laughed as a brook might at a goblin.

"My dear, isn't it too silly? I'm doing my best to gain a few pounds. I think I've got to go on a milk diet. You're not fat. What makes you think you are?"

"Have you always been as thin as you are?" Tru groaned.

"Isn't it awful? Well, good-by. Hal's looking for you, by the way. He's sleepy as usual."

"Thank the Lord."

Tru put on her things and started down.

Fanny Bell Bayne was talking to Hal, but Archie Bayne, her husband, stood at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, say, Mrs. Carter," he greeted Tru, "Hal says you have my pocketbook. Will you throw it to me?"

Hal Carter had had few pleasanter surprises in life than his wife's mood on their ride home.

There was a problem before Tru, but that was better than a blank wall.

How would someone in a book get at Fanny Bell's carefully guarded secret, she wondered. The usual methods of reading blotters before mirrors or piecing together torn scraps of paper weren't practical, as Tru hadn't access to the Bayne blotters or scrap baskets. Just before she drifted to sleep, Tru remembered Clyde Fitch's Woman in the Case. She roused herself long enough to say to Hal, "Poor Archie Bayne is going to be alone a long time. You'd better bring him to dinner some night soon."

There were large cocktails and cheese rolls in the drawing-room. One could hardly tell which Archie Bayne enjoyed the more.

In the dining room they got down to serious eating with artichoke bottoms and caviar, and continued it, with appropriate liquid accompaniment, to crème Romanoff. Then, in the drawing-room again, there was anisette, and coffee, and Viennese caramels.

The calories Archie Bayne consumed, if placed end to end, would have jiggled the sun.

It wasn't a very exciting meal conversationally, but at its close there was in the usually expressionless eyes of the guest a swimmy look of entire fulfillment.

Unpracticed as Tru was in the Tosca sort of thing, she knew there was no obstacle in her path, and without misgivings she sent Hal upstairs to find some snapshots of the baby.

"Hal's furious at me," she began, going straight for what she wanted, "because I threaten to reduce."

"Should think he would be when you can serve a dinner like that."

"That from you!" Tru exclaimed. "You can't tell me you didn't coöperate with Fanny Bell."

"Well, I paid the bills," Archie grunted.

It was his nearest approach to a joke. Also it was an admission.

"Fanny Bell was telling me about it the other day," Tru lied. "What was the name now?" She'd written down Archie's answer before Hal got back.

Doctor Duval was evidently too busy a physician to supply magazines for his waiting room. Not that Tru could have kept her mind on the lightest fiction, but she did think it would relieve her tension to look over some jokes.

When the secretary spoke her name she rose with a dry throat and an impulse to retreat.

"I came," she began, hardly daring to look at the iron-gray militarist who stood behind his desk. "Mrs. Bayne sent me. That is ——"

"Mrs. Bayne," said Doctor Duval, "is one of my prize patients."

"She —— I heard she'd come to you."

"And what can I do for you, Mrs. Carter?"

"Reduce me," Tru answered. "Can you?"

"I doubt it. It depends on you. Do you know what it means?"

The fact that she didn't was what made Tru's heart tremble so.

"Is it—some kind of an operation?" she asked bravely.

Doctor Duval laughed.

(Continued on Page 63)

NATIONAL

MAZDA

AUTO LAMPS

Carry a kit of extra lamps
and be safe

Rickenbacker

A CAR WORTHY OF ITS NAME

An Appreciation

of Your Confidence — a Tribute to Foes that are Fair

Into the most truly competitive industry in the world, three years ago, ventured a new concern.

Rickenbacker Motor Company was the concern; and the field motor car manufacturing.

We have said this is the most truly competitive industry.

That is so because, while there exist giant groups, still the greatest of all, and several of the other outstanding successes, are "independents;"—if indeed this term be applicable to a condition where none controls, and so all are independent.

Price fixing—"gentlemen's agreements"—among makers has never even been attempted in the automotive industry.

Because of the above conditions, and because automobile values so nearly approximate the par value of dollars, survival in this industry can only be through equal or better values.

It was said by many at the time, that no new concern could hope to break through the lines.

For they were supposed to be impregnable.

Some did predict success for the newcomer on grounds of past experience and success of the men who comprise the executive staff of Rickenbacker Motor Company.

Perhaps it was because these men had been on the inside for so long, that they knew the vulnerable places in that supposedly invulnerable wall.

Anyway, they hesitated not to essay to penetrate the barrier.

They were confident they knew the secret of success;—a better product;—a car for the cognoscenti and the cultured—and yet at a price based on intrinsic value—not on excessive costs due to inefficient factory methods:—

Sincerity as well as skill built into its very fibre. A car designed in the light of the most advanced knowledge—fabricated by most modern methods of production;—and withal backed by experience so ripe as to enable the directors to determine accurately as to the value of each invention or discovery.

These factors, plus personal application on the part of each director—who is also an executive, at his desk every day and all day—were the main equipment of this new concern.

Capital sufficient for all needs—more in fact than was necessary; (for, a surplus of capital is liable to run into extravagant habits in youth)—was easily forthcoming.

But capital is only one of the necessary adjuncts -ability, manufacturing experience, and Good Intent are the real requisites.

Rickenbacker drew 87th place when its product was first exhibited in the New York Automobile Show, in January, 1922. In 1923, 48th place was drawn—on the basis of number of cars produced. By 1924, Rickenbacker had forged ahead to 29th place—and was now contesting every inch of the way with the most powerful and most famous makers.

Some of these had been making automobiles for 20 to 25 years.

In February this young concern ranked 19th—in March, 18th—in April, 17th.

In order to advance another notch this ambitious aspirant must now pass one of the oldest, greatest and best.

We do not hope to do that in the immediate future.

In fact we have already reached the goal we had set for ourselves, two years hence

Is not this a wonderful record?

Is it not splendid to think that this can still happen in America?

We wonder if it could happen in any other land than ours!

We desire at this time, to express our gratitude to the American people who so generously accepted this young concern on trust, and so liberally extended its patronage;

And we would pay a tribute also to our rivals for their uniform fairness.

Keener competition is not known in any industry—but the rules are fair. Every inch of ground is contested to the last ditch—but this industry of ours observes an high code of ethics.

Merit alone wins in this great field of endeavor—that is what makes the success of Rickenbacker so gratifying.

Success won on merit—on quality of the product -on superiority of the service rendered—is permanent success.

We thank you.

Rickenbacker Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

4-Wheel Brakes

(Continued from Page 60

"It takes more courage than that," he said. "Step on the scales."

There were some awful moments while he slid the indicator across the bar. Tru thought it would never swing down. It didn't until the one hundred-and-sixty-three mark had been passed.

"These clothes are awfully heavy," Tru breathed.

"Possibly ten pounds," Doctor Duval answered, and added, "You're lighter than I thought you were."

It showed that there wasn't a drop of real humanity in his nature.

"Now sit down and listen, Mrs. Carter," he directed. "There's no use wasting your time and mine. Do you seriously want to reduce?"

"More than anything," Tru gulped.

"I ask because I don't know any greater test of will power for a woman who's let herself get into your condition. Are you willing to sacrifice everything, exclusive of health, to that end? If you are we can go on. If not I'll say good morning."

It was exactly as though he'd divined the whole situation and was asking her to vow away Hal's happiness.

"I am," Tru said.

What she wanted was Hal's love, whether he was happy or not, or she either. She wondered what awful thing Doctor Duval would say next. It should give the clew to his secret. Tru felt the chill of the neophyte before the swinging gate.

Doctor Duval fixed her with hard gray eyes.

"What do you eat for breakfast?" he queried.

Tru beamed. It was only diet. She was delighted to be able to begin with a good impression.

"Not much," she answered. "Fresh fruit, a cup of coffee, sometimes two ——"

"Sugar and cream?"

"Both, two lumps; I suppose I'll have to cut them out. An egg dish, omelets, you know; with asparagus or chicken livers, a roll or a slice of toast ——"

"White flour?"

"Yes, and just a little conserve or jam. On Sunday mornings for a treat we have chicken hash and coffee cake."

"You've been eating on an average," Doctor Duval remarked, "a breakfast which possibly a day laborer might be able to assimilate properly. How much exercise do you take?"

The only interview Tru had ever had comparable in horror was when she'd been going to join the church and had had indecently to discuss her emotions about religion.

When it came to describing what she and Hal ate for their main meal Tru positively didn't dare to be explicit.

"Well, we have a pretty elaborate dinner," she began. "If you could give me a diet list ——"

"For the first three days," Doctor Duval answered, "it's very simple. When you feel the need of anything just drink a little orange juice."

"Orange juice!"

"I don't approve of a complete fast," Doctor Duval apologized.

Tru shut the eyes of her imagination.

"I'll begin tomorrow," she said, and she rose. "Unless—my husband—unless I ——"

Doctor Duval's expression was one of cold contempt.

"In that case," he replied, "simply drop me a line."

He would tolerate no half measures. Tru went out afraid. A merciless face.

Would Hal's affection—that was all it was now—stand the strain? They'd been actually quarreling already about the timid little attempts she'd made. He might go to his club, and everyone would talk unendingly. There was no use thinking of such things. Tru had to go on. If she didn't she'd lose Hal anyway sooner or later. Thank heaven, Fanny Bell Bayne would be away.

One last dinner! Tru bought the wonderful marshmallow stuff Hal so loved with brandied peaches. She was holding it to her bosom when Hal opened the door.

"What are you doing home at this time?" she cried.

"I wanted to get here as soon as I could to tell you the big news. Someone from the office has got to go abroad tomorrow or the next day, and I seem to be the logical one. It's a job that'll take about two months and I didn't think you'd have any objection to going with me."

"Objection!" Tru echoed.

"We can park the baby with mother. I've telephoned her already and she's tickled to death. London and Paris, Tru, but lots of trips on the side. Is it great? Is it immense?"

"It's heaven!"

"I've had them hold a double reservation and I'll telephone right away. Have we got trunks enough?"

"Plenty."

He started for the phone and if it hadn't been for the long mirror in the hall Tru would never have remembered. Delight is an expansive emotion. Tru happened to catch a glimpse of herself, a beaming bursting glimpse which looked like one of W. B. Hill's commuters.

"Wait, Hal," she said.

She'd been hesitating about renouncing Hal's comfort; now it was only necessary to renounce a trip.

"You didn't really think I could go and leave the baby?" she hurried on. "Why, I wouldn't have a happy minute!"

"Oh, Tru!"

Hal was voluble in his protests, but when he was all through Tru only shook her head and said, "No, Hal. You need a vacation from me terribly anyway."

"Nonsense! This stateroom they're holding is on the Paris. That's Fanny Bell Bayne's boat. We'd have a great time. She's sure to know lots of people."

The name was like a knell. The blooming lady in the mirror stopped blooming.

"Oh, don't make me so sorry!" Tru begged, to hide her emotion. Then she couldn't hide it any more. "I love you so, Hal. I couldn't let you go if I didn't love you so."

Fanny Bell and Hal had stood side by side on the deck waving farewell.

Tru went to Doctor Duval's with Ophelia eyes.

"I postponed my fast till today," she explained. "You don't mind, do you?"

Doctor Duval was very gracious, and Tru had a surprise when he weighed her; she'd lost half a pound.

"Been worrying about anything?" Doctor Duval asked, and Tru admitted that she had.

"Well, it's not a thing I can prescribe," he told her, "but nothing takes off flesh faster."

So it may have been Hal's letters which contributed most to the success of Tru's course; certainly they provided her with a great deal of that delicate specific.

"Black night with lots of phosphorus!" came the first. "Fanny Bell and I leaned over the rail and watched it till after midnight."

Later there was one: "You ought to have seen how Fanny Bell looked climbing up old London Tower."

And still later: "Fanny Bell got a whole armful of mistletoe."

After that, most alarming of all, Fanny Bell entirely dropped out of the letters; and no questions from Tru, however subtle, could bring any information concerning her.

Tru knew that now it wasn't a fight to keep Hal's love, but to win it back. That would have given her strength if the process of starving and exercising herself had been ten times as difficult. As a matter of topsy-turvy fact her regimen became her solace. She loved it. She lived for it. She became so sensitive about it that any comment to her on the subject was as dangerous as the truth about her child to a young mother.

Since Tru Carter's method had become the town's main item of gossip, that attitude gave rise to some unpleasant situations.

On two occasions—first when Grace Merriman called, looking purposeful and related, and said she felt it her duty to protest because Tru was killing herself, and again when Harriet Dexter cornered her at the market with the question: "It isn't true that you have something malignant, is it?"—Tru burst into tears.

Moreover it was trying that two seamstresses, gotten in by the day, couldn't keep her on really intimate fitting terms with her clothes.

Tru persevered relentlessly.

Doctor Duval's scales registered one hundred and thirty.

"Well, you've done it," he said. "That's far enough."

Instead of elation, Tru had the feeling that she'd lost her job.

"Hadn't I better go on?" she asked. "So that if I start regaining ——"

"You won't," Doctor Duval told her, "if you're careful."

"I can't be so careful after my husband gets home."

"Mrs. Carter," said Doctor Duval, "that's woman stuff. If you don't mind toying with your fork and can avoid the messianic delusion no husband on earth will know what you eat."

"Really?" Tru asked, then she brought up another thing which was troubling her. "I'm worried about my face. Don't you think it looks haggard? I just can't have it that way when my husband comes home. He's in a party with the most beautiful woman!"

"I don't believe her figure is as distinguished as yours."

"And faces aren't in your line?"

"They are," Doctor Duval replied, "and I like yours particularly well." There was really something rather exciting about his tone. "It's a very nice face," he went on. "What's really bothering you is the expression. It's the expression of a woman whose clothes aren't fitting her as she's accustomed to have them fit. Do you want to take your husband by storm?"

"That's just what I want."

"Then spend the last ten days before he comes, getting exactly the right new wardrobe. That's the period of actual blossoming."

"I suppose there's no need for my coming here any more at present."

"There's a great deal of need," Doctor Duval replied, "only it's not yours."

Tru made a quite hasty exit, tingling.

When Hal arrived she was on the pier in an enveloping summer ermine cape with the baby in biscuit-colored broadcloth beside her.

Hal hugged and kissed them indiscriminately, and Tru would have been perfectly happy if she hadn't remembered a friend of hers whose husband filled the house with pink roses the day he asked for a divorce.

"We're going to motor straight home," she announced, because she didn't want to be robbed of the *coup de théâtre* she'd planned

They tacitly postponed any mention of Fanny Bell.

Hal held the baby and said he hadn't seen any little girl one-[illegible]nth as sweet, and that Tru's hat was gre[illegible] couldn't see where these Frenchwomen got their reputation for style. He'd seen Americans there make them look like thirty cents.

At home Tru left him unpacking toys from his bag and rushed to her room without taking off the cape.

She had a tea gown of rose and carmine *lisse*. One wore it over a flesh-colored slip, and, as the saleswoman had said, it told everything. In fact it was a thoroughly bad dress.

Tru had to get the baby's nurse to fasten the snaps, her hands trembled so.

She had never looked so well. The combination of Hal's arrival and the long ride had brightened her cheeks and her eyes. Her glass held a girl who might have posed for an advertisement of Lad-line corsets, and Tru realized with ecstasy that she was wearing no corset at all.

She went downstairs slowly.

Hal, who had one arm around the baby and was winding a mechanical doll, dropped his mouth open at sight of her, and his lips worked like a goldfish's.

"Good Lord, Tru, you look slick!"

"I'm so glad you think so," Tru said with a funny, shy, nice nod which didn't go at all with the lady she looked, and as she sank into her chair behind the tea table she hurried out the thing which she thought had better come just then. "You haven't told me about Fanny Bell, Hal."

Hal made a face.

"Don't talk to me about her," he commanded. "The very name makes me sick. Do you know, she got to the point where she used to order me around. That darned woman can think of more errands to send you on in five minutes than anyone I ever saw. She made me think I looked like a line of bellhops. And nasty! Lord, you ought to see her at breakfast! If that's what reducing does to you ——"

He came and sat in his chair, as usual, only he took Tru's hand.

"By the way," he asked, "you've gotten over that fool idea you ought to reduce, haven't you?"

Tru smiled into his eyes and squeezed his hand back. She only released it to put whipped cream in the bottom of his chocolate cup.

Office Easy Chairs

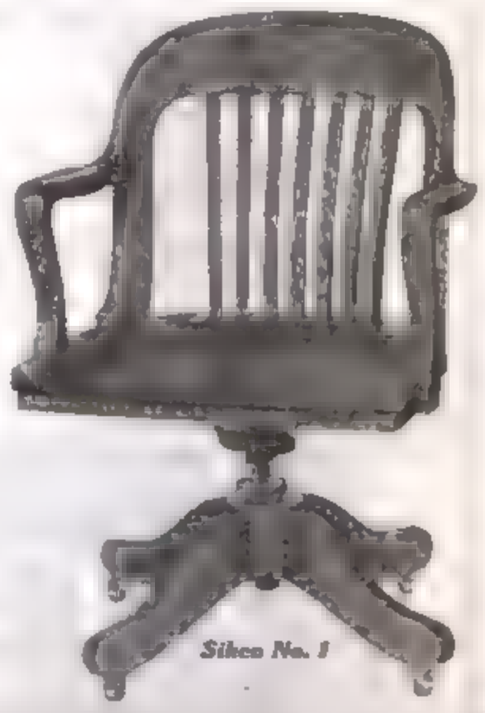
You Wouldn't Have a Crippled Desk?

If your desk was a decrepit old affair that wobbled every time you signed your mail, your day would be ruined—so would your nerves.

But I wonder if you aren't handicapping yourself by sitting in an unsuitable chair? Ever feel cramped and fidgety so that you can't keep your mind on your work? Then it's time you looked over the **Sikes** line of Office *Easy* Chairs.

The nearest **Sikes** dealer (name on request) can show these big, roomy comfortable chairs in every sort of model, wood and finish at every sort of price. Notice how their seats and arms and backs conform to your body. Note the gently rounded edges and corners. **Sikes** Office *Easy* Chairs will add immensely to the appearance of your office, the comfort of your staff, to your efficiency and theirs.

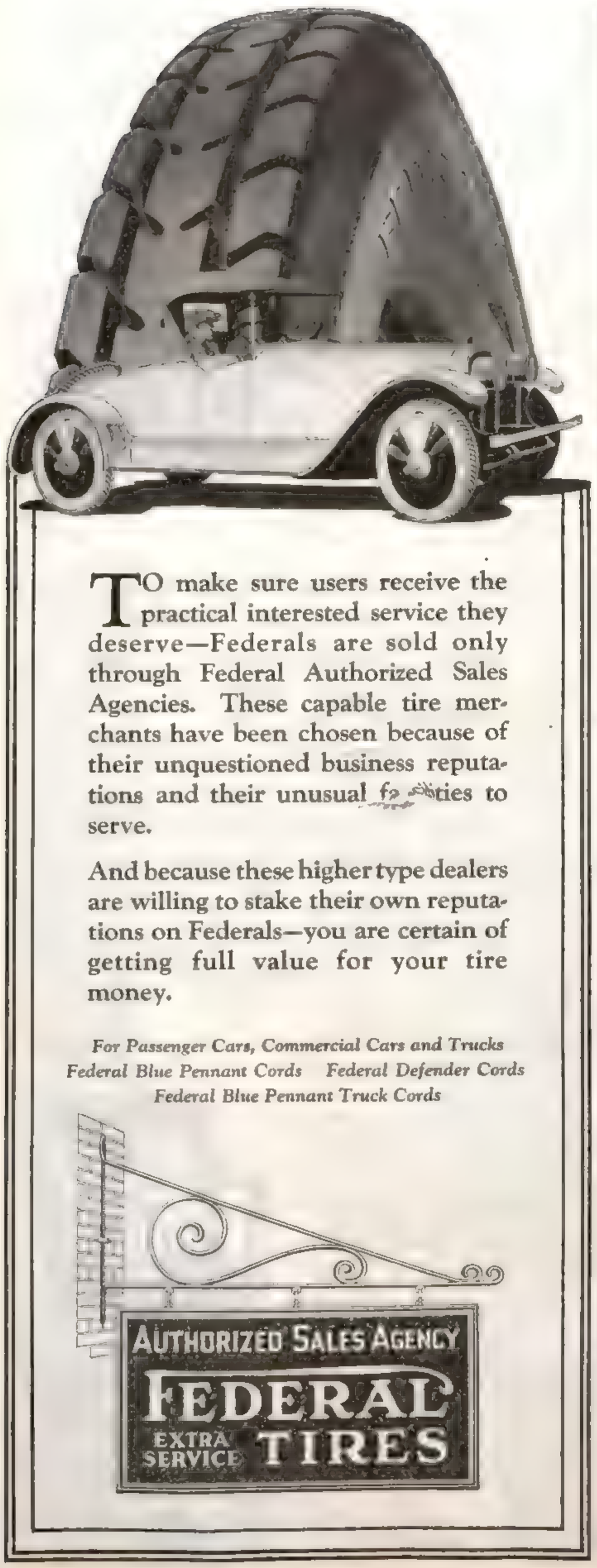
Sikes



Sikes No. 1

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.



TO make sure users receive the practical interested service they deserve—Federals are sold only through Federal Authorized Sales Agencies. These capable tire merchants have been chosen because of their unquestioned business reputations and their unusual facilities to serve.

And because these higher type dealers are willing to stake their own reputations on Federals—you are certain of getting full value for your tire money.

For Passenger Cars, Commercial Cars and Trucks
Federal Blue Pennant Cords Federal Defender Cords
Federal Blue Pennant Truck Cords

AUTHORIZED SALES AGENCY
FEDERAL
EXTRA SERVICE TIRES

THE PEOPLE OF VAUDEVILLE

Continued from Page 15

conceit, he says, that makes every song-and-dance man, no matter how obscure, feel sure within himself that he is the best song-and-dance man in the whole world. It's just his song-and-dance-man's heart. If he didn't feel that way he couldn't be a song-and-dance man.

And another quality that marks the essential vaudevillian is that he is never happy away from vaudeville. He may occasionally take a flyer into musical comedy for a season or two, just for the added prestige of being on Broadway, or he may decide to quit the business altogether, like Julius Tannen, the monologist, and try his hand at selling furniture. He may even be successful at it, like Julius Tannen, but he can't stay away from show business any more than Julius could. He has to come back, back to the discomfort, the long sleeper jumps, the fights about salary and route, the uncertainty of the whole business. But if he's an essential vaudevillian he's a born trouper, and he can't get it out of his system.

The essential vaudevillian has two ambitions in life. One is to own his own home and the other is to play the Palace. Here is a little fragmentary incident that will probably throw a clearer illumination on that ambition than any words of mine.

One bitter morning last December I was sitting in the Palace, near the stage, watching a rehearsal for the afternoon show. It is part of the regular procedure to run through the bill on Monday morning. Near by were two men, both on the bill, waiting their turn to rehearse. One was a famous singing comedian, the week's headliner, and the other was a hoofer, but recently graduated from the small time. He was amazingly like Mr. Cohan's song-and-dance man. He wore a cheap brown suit, with slanting pockets and turned-back cuffs and a belt up under the armpits, and his shirt was slightly frayed and soiled. But his eyes were shining and his whole face was abeam, and he just couldn't resist talking to the headliner.

Ink Slinging Warriors

"Gee," he said, "it's a small world, after all. I been in show business seventeen years, and this is the first time I ever played the Palace. I remember las' time I was home—Peoria, I come from—my brother-in-law, he owns the bigges' sportin'-goods store in town, he sez to me, 'Well, Joe,' he sez, 'it'll be a cold day when you play the Palace.' An' now I'm playing the Palace, and I'll tell the world it's a cold day. Couldn't be much colder! Funny coincidence him sayin' that, ain't it? An' the very las' time I was home too."

The will to come back was tragically illustrated only a few weeks ago, when a sixty-year-old contortionist met his death in an attempt to resume his stage career after a retirement of ten years. Growing restless, he sold everything he owned in order to buy equipment for his act, and somehow he managed to get a showing date. Just before he went on he decided he'd better rehearse his tricks once more, and while he was doing that he fell from a platform fifteen feet above the stage and died instantly.

The essential vaudevillian is always very much exercised over the protection of his material, and practically any time you pick up a copy of the official newspaper of the theatrical world you are bound to discover on the editorial page some part of a correspondence between two vaudevillians whose turns are similar, each claiming to have been the originator of some catch line or some bit of business, which to the layman seems singularly absurd and entirely unoriginal with either one of them, but which to the performer is of vital importance. I remember a correspondence that lasted for weeks, between two men, each claiming to have originated the line "beautiful but dumb," and accusing the other of having lifted it. Compared with these letters the famous correspondence between H. G. Wells and Henry Arthur Jones would read like a series of billets-doux.

When the quarrel becomes too acute it is usually the procedure to buy advertising space, and tell each other with simple and childlike directness what they think. Not infrequently the act will take space to announce to any possible imitators that the material is protected, even before any attempt at lifting has been made.

This quality of childlike obviousness of thought and action is perhaps the most definite characteristic of the essential vaudevillian. A dancing team which once got so far as to close the show on the same bill with the Mosconi Brothers, who are among the greatest exponents of modern stage dancing, with generations of dancing ancestors behind them, confided to me one day that Louis Mosconi had learned his celebrated skating dance from them. There was no conscious attempt to brag or criticize. Louis Mosconi, they thought, was a nice fellow, and they were glad to see him getting along, but the fact remained that he had learned his tricky step from watching them once when they were on the bill together at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

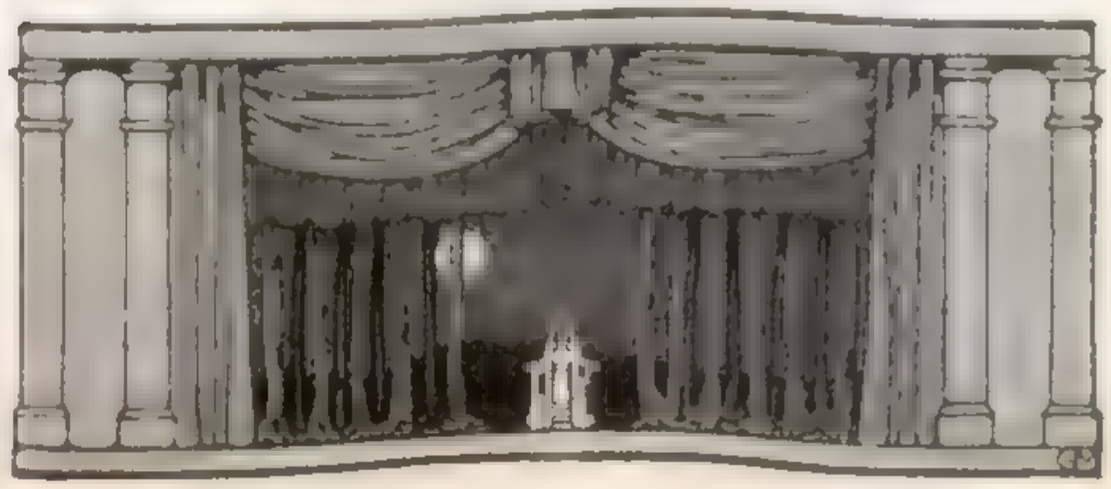
Vaudeville Children

It is one of the traditions of Broadway that Louis Mosconi learned the skating dance from his father, who had learned it from his father, who had in turn learned it from his. But that meant nothing to the closing act. It was sincerely convinced that it had supplied Louis with the means of his livelihood. And there are scores of similar cases. You are always being told about how some fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-week headliner lifted an idea from some poor but honest trouper, and got away with it. That is a part of the vaudeville mind.

The other ambition, of owning his own home, is a consuming thing to the vaudevillian, and despite the popular conception of the trouper—which, like most ideas about stage folk, is a misconception—most vaudevillians have deep-rooted domestic inclinations. That sounds like a paradox, having said a little while ago that they were born troupers, but behind all the wandering is usually the picture of the little house in the country or the little farm in the hills, where they spend the summer lazily, getting ready for the winter's travels. The proportion of married vaudevillians is very high, and these nearly all have children. In some cases the youngsters are reared in the theater, with the idea of putting them to work just as soon as the law allows, but for the most part they are kept away from the theatrical world altogether, sent to military academy or boarding school or convent, and given the educational advantages their parents have missed.

The modern tendency to let children work out their own futures has made itself felt even in the vaudeville world. Take the case of Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. They are the aristocrats of vaudeville. The Rooney family has been in the theater for generations, and their dearest wish is that Pat, junior, who is now about fifteen years old, should follow the Rooney traditions.

(Continued on Page 66)



Why these acknowledged leaders in "short-haul" service *standardize* on Pierce-Arrow Trucks

IN the traffic-choked streets of New York City—along the city's busy piers—at the loading platforms of warehouse and factory—you see the trucks of the Motor Haulage Company, Inc.

Here, amid conditions which all but paralyze short-haul transport, the Motor Haulage Company, Inc., of New York City, has solved the "local-haul" problem—has made it *pay*—by the use of modern business science and Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks.

Ten years ago R. H. Matthiessen, business man and trained engineer, founded this service based upon scientific business methods. He chose, after critical comparison, Pierce-Arrow Trucks.

Today the Motor Haulage Pierce-Arrow fleet numbers 100 trucks—each and every one a *known money earner* in the sternest field of motor truck service. It is one of the greatest "short-haul" fleets in America—the largest standardized fleet in New York City.

"We have decided," wrote Mr. Matthiessen recently, when he ordered his latest ten Dual-Valve, Dual-Ignition trucks, "to again purchase Pierce-Arrow Trucks in order to continue our policy of standardization and to insure ourselves of the continued *low cost* of operation and high efficiency which our Pierce-Arrow Trucks have shown during our past ten years of operating experience."

* * *

Do you know what the silent, powerful Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Truck is doing in your line of business? Facts and figures are at your command. Why not ask our nearest distributor to call?

PIERCE-ARROW Trucks, tractors and motor busses may be purchased, if desired, under liberal financing arrangements. Write us, or ask your nearest distributor for details.

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But not one word of suggestion has been offered the boy by either of his parents. At present he is a student at a military academy, and his future is in his own hands. It develops, however, that young Pat has inherited the family ability and is waiting for the day when he may join his mother and father and make it The Three Rooneys.

There are many other famous vaudeville stars who have boys and girls at home with grandma or away at school while mother or dad or both are out trouping. Take Irene Franklin, for instance, who has two lovely little girls; and Fannie Brice, who is the mother of two—or is it three?—young Arnsteins; and Belle Baker, who is so proud of her two-year-old son that she even does a song about him in her act. Sophie Tucker, the jazz singer, has a sixteen-year-old son who attends a military school. Joe Cook, who has lately been taken up with a vengeance by the highbrows, says he learned how to tell stories like the one in which he refuses to imitate four Hi-wayans, from making up fairy tales for a houseful of little Cooks somewhere in New Jersey. One of Eddie Cantor's favorite stories is about his four small daughters. He has been on tour so much lately, he says, that once when he managed to get home for a week-end, the little quartet looked at him shyly and ran away. "Mamma," he heard one of them say, "that strange man is here again." Yvette Rugel, the diminutive soprano, sometimes allows Johnny and Mary, who are five and three respectively, to listen to her sing at the theater. And then there is Ray Dooley, famous sister of several famous brothers, whose eight-year-old son has already made up his mind to be a comedian when he grows up.

"Are you learning trick falls from your Uncle Johnny?" I asked him one day when he was standing in the wings of a vaudeville theater.

He regarded me with scorn.

"Naw," he said emphatically, "I'm learning my own falls. I practice jumpin' off my mother's trunk."

Revues Glorifying Vaudeville

All the above names, by the way, are of real, dyed-in-the wool vaudevillians. Like most vaudeville stars, they alternate between the two-a-day and revues, but they consider themselves fundamentally vaudevillians. They all began in vaudeville, and it was their success in that field that brought them lucrative and enviable engagements in the big revues. As a matter of fact there are very few big names in the theater today which have not at some time been printed on a vaudeville program. Either they began in vaudeville and worked their way up, or they passed through vaudeville on their way from burlesque, or having been established in the theatrical firmament, they have taken flyers in vaudeville for purely financial reasons, as has already been observed.

A glance at the programs of the biggest revues of the past season is enough to convince anyone that the Broadway wiseacre who said that the revue producers' slogan should be Glorifying American Vaudeville knew what he was talking about. In The Follies, for instance, are Fannie Brice, Ann Pennington, Brooke Johns, Edna Leedom, Bert and Betty Wheeler, James J. Corbett and Jack Norton, all vaudevillians. Not to say Paul Whiteman, who, although not strictly a vaudeville product, has played many weeks in the two-a-day around New York.

In The Music Box Revue the chief comedians, Frank Tinney and Solly Ward, are both vaudevillians, and John Steel, the tenor, went directly from the Palace to the Music Box. In The Greenwich Village Follies there are the Briants, William and Joe Mandel, Joe Brown, the Cansinos—to name a few who are straight from the two-a-day. And so it goes. There is scarcely a musical comedy in New York or Chicago that has not at least one or two vaudeville products prominent in its cast. And that is not counting such people as Cantor and Jolson. Even some nonmusical shows have vaudeville people in them.

The past season alone there have been six distinct triumphs of vaudeville performers who have stepped suddenly into important rôles in regular productions. Two of them are in revues, one in a musical comedy, one in a straight comedy and two in dramas. The first is Joe Cook, known as "the one-man vaudeville show." Mr. Cook was popular with the public long before the literati discovered him, but such a clamor was raised in the columns about his genius that he was starred early in the season in The Vanities of 1923.

The second is Bert Wheeler, who has been mentioned before. Bert, with his wife Betty, has been a vaudevillian for many years. They always had work, but somehow never attracted any particular attention, until suddenly a scout from the Ziegfeld office saw the act and came to the tardy conclusion that here was a funny man. The Wheelers opened in October with The Follies, scoring the well-known wow, as the saying goes. Ironically, during the first week of the run Bert fell from the scaffolding during a rehearsal and broke his arm. It was several weeks before he could go back into the show, but his return found the audiences just as enthusiastic as they had been the opening night.

The third one is W. C. Fields, the comedian of Poppy, who in this musical comedy is essaying his first speaking part in twenty-six years on the stage. Mr. Fields has always been popular as a vaudevillian who combined juggling with pantomime. Early last summer he was persuaded to try the part of the medicine man, and after considerable hesitation took a chance. Like Joe Cook, Mr. Fields has been taken up by the intelligentzia.

Then there is Louis John Bartels, who is playing the title rôle of The Show-Off, which, by the way, was expanded from a vaudeville sketch into a full-length play, by George Kelly, who was known as a vaudeville author long before he wrote The Torch Bearers, his first success. In this case the producers, too, were known mainly in vaudeville. Mr. Bartels had been acting for some time in one-act plays and brief revues in vaudeville, put on by the same producers, Stewart and French, and when they were casting The Show-Off he was given a chance at the part. The result was an overnight leap to fame as one of the finest character delineators on our stage.

A similar case is that of Walter Huston, who, after playing the vaudeville theaters for years and years in sketches of his own authorship, suddenly got the opportunity to create the title rôle of Zona Gale's Mister Pitt. The critics and the public both waxed so enthusiastic over Mr. Huston's fine performance that he was made a star.

Lastly there is the case of Betty Pierce, a song-and-dance girl, who at a few days' notice stepped into the only feminine rôle of White Cargo, a tragedy of the South Seas, and who made a sensational success. Miss Pierce has played vaudeville always, with a short pause during which she appeared in a musical comedy, returning to the two-a-day the next season.

There have been many like this before, and there will certainly be others as time goes on. Vaudeville is a sort of training school, like stock. There are certain things people learn in vaudeville that they cannot get anywhere else. They learn an economy of method. Having only twelve or fifteen minutes to register with their audience, they must begin at once. It is fatal in vaudeville to waste a moment's time. In that moment the attention of the audience can stray irrevocably. So in vaudeville they learn not to stall.

An Uncrowded Field for Writers

There's another thing. Most legitimate audiences are pretty much alike. Things that get a laugh are likely to get a laugh tomorrow night as well. But vaudeville audiences are different all the time. It's almost impossible to set a performance and then play it that way forever. Each town seems to be different; every neighborhood in the same city needs different handling. So a vaudevillian has to be forever on the alert, to feel out his audience and work accordingly. Something of that training reveals itself in the performances of all the above. They bring a fresh point of view to the theater, and a vigor that it badly needs.

While on the subject, something should be said about writing for vaudeville, which, like acting for vaudeville, presents a very different problem from the one of writing for the regular theater. The reasons are the same. The author has not time for exposition; he must establish his premise, if it is a one-act play he is writing, in the first line. Every word, from the beginning, must advance the story. He can't be too subtle, either. Everything must be quite clear and concise, and it must have a good strong punch at the finish. There is a great deal of money to be made in writing for vaudeville, and the fact that this profession is practically controlled by five or six men is pretty good evidence that it is not easy work.

It is rather significant to note that though several very good full-length plays have come from the pens of vaudeville writers there is almost no example of successful vaudeville writing from a regular playwright.

The one-act play is by no means the only job of the vaudeville writer. With very few exceptions the monologues that roll so glibly from the lips of comedians are written by what are known as gag men, and all patter acts are prepared by specialists in this type of work. There are two vaudeville authors today whose annual incomes are reputed to be anywhere between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars.

Returning to the vaudevillians themselves, here is a list, by no means complete, of people nationally or internationally famous in the theater who were either discovered in vaudeville or got their first real opportunity there: Frank Tinney, Jesse Lasky, the Dolly Sisters, Al Jolson, Rae Samuels, Bernard Granville, Gus Edwards, the Dooleys, George White, Carl Randall, the Duncan Sisters. These, among a hundred others, within the past ten or fifteen years. Then before that, looking back as far as the 1890's and even earlier: George M. Cohan, as one of the famous Four Cohans, made his stage debut in vaudeville; Lew Dockstader, the minstrel, in 1894 was presenting a burlesque version of Trilby in burnt cork, which from all accounts tickled the popular fancy. It may surprise you to know that the dignified David Warfield, who only recently realized the dream of his life when he was acclaimed a great Shylock, was a vaudevillian of the same period, appearing under the naïve billing, "High-Class Mimic and Quaint Story Teller."

Bernhardt's Gold Contract

Since those days scores of legitimate stars have trod the boards of the two-a-day. Of the illustrious Barrymore family, for example, only one member, John, has not yet appeared in vaudeville, and they are still hoping for him. The precedent was set by Maurice Barrymore, father of the famous modern trio. In 1897 "Barry" presented in vaudeville a one-act version of A Man of the World, by Augustus Thomas, in which he had just been starring at the Madison Square Theater. Many years later his daughter Ethel toured the Keith Circuit in Sir J. M. Barrie's Twelve Pound Look. Lionel Barrymore, too, has done a one-act play in the two-a-day.

Most people remember the famous Sarah Bernhardt vaudeville engagement, which was brought about by the daring and enterprise of Martin Beck. Mme. Bernhardt consented to make a vaudeville tour if she would be paid one thousand dollars in gold every night before she went on the stage. And although this was naturally an utterly unheard-of condition, it was done without a demur. Also, her railroad expenses, as well as those of her entire entourage, were paid by the booking office.

A casual glance over the list of famous stage people, past and present, who have been or are in vaudeville, reveals the following: Lillian Russell, Grace George, John Mason, Henry Miller, Fay Templeton, May Irwin, Raymond Hitchcock, James K. Hackett, Willard Mack, Douglas Fairbanks, Anna Held, Marie Tempest, Leo Ditrichstein, Henry Dixey, Fred Stone, McIntyre and Heath, Lily Langtry, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Ina Claire, Leon Errol, Margaret Illington, Elsie Janis, Marilyn Miller, Louis Mann, Ernest Truex, Cissie Loftus, Robert Hilliard, Nora Bayes, Emma Trentini, Marjorie Rambeau, Rose Coghlan, Arnold Daly, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Lionel Atwill, Minnie Dupree, Julia Arthur. There are scores of others, of course, but these are the ones who come to mind immediately. And they represent as great a variety of theatrical fare as a group of names conceivably could, from the old-time minstrel drolleries of McIntyre and Heath, who have been in partnership now for about fifty years, to the scene from Hamlet, given by Julia Arthur, who was coaxed out of retirement last year so that vaudeville audiences might share in the general Shaksperean revival of the season.

Among the legitimate stars who will be seen in vaudeville within the next few

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66)

months are Laurette Taylor, Tessa Kosta, Janet Beecher, Olive Wyndham and Margaret Lawrence. Many film stars, including Mildred Harris Chaplin, Theodore Roberts, Alla Nazimova, Bert Lytell, and even Rodolph Valentino, before he attained his present fame, and was simply the dancing partner of Joan Sawyer, have also been seen in the two-a-day.

The musical world, too, has made its contribution to vaudeville, in the persons of David Bispham, Ciccolini, Marguerita Sylva, Emma Calvé, Dorothy Jardon from opera, as well as such instrumentalists as Frederick Fradkin, Eric Zardo, Hans Kronold and Franz Drdla, with orchestral aggregations ranging from the Boston Symphony Orchestra through Hugo Riesenfeld's Classical Jazz symphonists, to the jazz band of Paul Whiteman.

And vaudeville has made a wonderful return to music, by giving Rosa Ponselle, the now famous soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Nearly everybody knows how Miss Ponselle was discovered, singing in the two-a-day with her sister Carmela, and was transported to the operatic world in an incredibly short time. Another story about the Ponselle family is less known. It concerns Antonio, the handsome brother of Rosa, who owns a fine coal-and-ice business in a Connecticut city, and who has the same beautiful natural voice that his sister possesses. Last spring Antonio was persuaded to come to New York, where he embarked upon a vaudeville career, the plan being to groom him, too, for an operatic career. He decided, however, that he preferred the coal-and-ice business to a more artistic life, and retired shortly to his Connecticut stronghold.

From the field of dancing have come such people as Gertrude Hoffman, Adeline Genée, Theodore Kosloff, Lydia Lopokowa, the Marion Morgan Dancers, Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis, to name only a few.

Through these people vaudeville audiences have heard the music of some of the world's greatest composers, music that otherwise they might never have heard. And they have been spared the irritation of being consciously uplifted in the process. Reference to these serious artists is not made in order to give the impression that vaudeville is trying to make of itself a highbrow institution or that it considers itself a consciously educational force. Vaudeville is first, last and always an institution for the entertainment of the public, and although it is trying to present as widely a varying class of entertainment as possible, its main object is to make people laugh.

The Public's Favorites

Consequently it is the comedy act that is most in demand, and for some reason the comedy act is hardest to find. Really funny acts are at a premium, and they are so much in demand that several comedy turns have been known to double—that is, to play two houses in the same city at the same time. This is a practice that was indulged in quite frequently last season, especially in New York, where often an act would be appearing at the Palace during the first half of the bill and in one of the neighborhood houses during the second half, or vice versa. Whether they received double salary for doing double work is doubtful, but they did get a considerable bonus at any rate.

Aside from comedy acts, jazz bands seem at the present time to be in the greatest demand. You will find one on practically every bill, and the popularity of these musical aggregations seems to grow daily.

There is, by the way, a rather natural resentment on the part of the regular vaudeville people against the big names from the legitimate theater and the movies, who come in and trespass on their ground. After all, there is only so much work, and only so much money to be spent, and if a dramatic star comes in for a three months' tour at a salary of twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars a week—which are not by any means infrequent prices—it makes it that much harder for a regular vaudevillian to get a good engagement.

And the legitimate actor or actress usually gets the star dressing room, and demands all sorts of extra attention, and gets temperamental if any of the other acts on the bill stand around the corridors or in the wings, which they are in the habit of doing. And the legitimate star usually gets the best spot on the bill, too, so it is only to be expected that the regular vaudevillians, who, after all, are the backbone of the institution, should be somewhat annoyed.

Vaudevillians on the whole seem to be much more genuine and free from pose than their brothers and sisters of the legitimate stage. The headliner, in most cases, no matter how high priced—they run anywhere from a thousand to three thousand a week—is usually on the most friendly terms with the other people on the bill, and you are likely to find the star dressing room a meeting place throughout the week. There are certain caste distinctions, of course, but they are professional rather than social. Acrobats and all the allied performers are more or less looked down upon by the rest of the profession. But then, on the other hand, the gymnasts are inclined to be clannish too. For the most part they are circus folk and supreme in their own sphere. They are only in vaudeville for the money; the opinions of the other vaudevillians concern them very little.

Setting these observations down on paper, it suddenly occurs to me how like a French grammar it is, or a railroad time-table. There are so many exceptions to every rule that it is almost absurd to make any generalizations at all. As a matter of fact there are some acts which come under the general head of acrobatics, which are stellar attractions in vaudeville. Bird Millman, the wire walker, Rastelli, the juggler, Lillian Leitzel, the aerialist, and the Rath Brothers, acrobats, are stars on any bill they may play.

International Headliners

Also, this condition is one that holds only in America. In England and on the European continent, dumb acts are the favorites, and many an American turn which never played any spot but opening or closing at home, has made a European tour and found itself in the very best position. Then again, foreign gymnasts, accustomed to headlining all over Europe, have been astonished to find themselves opening or closing shows over here.

Aside from this manifestation, there is a constantly growing interchange of talent between foreign music halls and the American vaudeville theaters. This is so all over Europe, but the Anglo-American idea seems to be the most flourishing. Every season we send over new emissaries, and every season new English music-hall stars come to us. Writing in a London paper, one reviewer said that if the United States continued to send over such delightful entertainers, the ambassador to the court of St. James would soon become an unnecessary adjunct to diplomatic life. Within the past couple of seasons we have sent to England, Sophie Tucker, the Duncan Sisters, Harry Green, the Morgan Dancers, the Wilton Sisters, Ruby Norton, the Lee kids and Nora Bayes, all well known to vaudeville. From England to us have come Wilkie Bard, Odette Myrtil—who although she is French by birth comes from the English halls—wee Georgie Wood, Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, Clyde Cook, and others who have scored successfully here.

These are big names in the theater, both here and abroad, and there are scores of others. They represent the cream of the entertainment that is to be found on two continents. But after all, they are the high spots. Their salaries are tremendous and their life is crowded and gay, if not exactly easy. But they represent only a small percentage of the vaudeville industry. Out of a total number of twenty thousand vaudevillians in America, probably all the big names together would not reach five hundred. And it is the rest—the rank and file, the privates in the trenches, the inglorious if not mute Al Jolsons and Fannie Brices—that make vaudeville the thing it is.

The general atmosphere and feeling of any community, whether it be a nation or a city, are established not by its aristocracy but by its common people. Just so the flavor of vaudeville is given by its masses. It is the bulk of those twenty thousand, those prototypes of Mr. Cohan's song-and-dance man, male or female, with their strange language, their absurd quarrels, their childlike faith in themselves, their warm hearts and their wistful dreams, that constitutes the essence of vaudeville, that makes of the variety stage a vigorous, picturesque and altogether individual section of American theatrical life.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Miss Spitzer.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

[The queen's face lights up with apparent pleasure. Evidently SIR WALTER *is a favorite of hers. As he enters the room she descends from the throne and shakes his hand cordially.*

ELIZABETH: Well, if it ain't Wally. Kid, you're a sight for sore eyes. I ain't seen you in a month o' Sundays.

RALEIGH *(looking at her admiringly):* You don't hurt to look at either. What is it? Doin' your hair different, or somethin'?

ELIZABETH *(delightedly):* It's a permanent wave. Class, eh, kid?

RALEIGH *(enthusiastically):* You said it! *[The queen sits down on the steps of the throne.* RALEIGH *takes a comfortable chair beside her.*

ELIZABETH: Well, tell me somethin'. *(She notices the ladies and courtiers standing about.)* Say, you bunch, beat it. Say, Frank *(to* BACON*)*, take this gang out an' buy 'em ice-cream cones or somethin'. 'Raus! *(They all exeunt hurriedly.)* Now, Wally, slip me an earful. Where have you been hiding yourself?

RALEIGH: I just got back from America this mornin'.

ELIZABETH: No. You don't say so! *(Rings for attendant.)* Bring us a coupla drinks. *(The attendant returns a few minutes later with highballs.)* I'll bet you packed the houses, Wally.

RALEIGH: Whaddyemean—packed the houses? I wasn't on no lecture tour.

[Her majesty for a moment cannot grasp the idea of an Englishman going to America for any other purpose.

ELIZABETH: Well, then, what kinda tour was you on?

RALEIGH: I was explorin'; explorin' Virginia. An' it's some place, queen. Why, they got a place there in Jamestown it's two blocks up from the station turn to your left—the Commercial House, they call it. Queen, you never et such fried chicken in your life. An' guess what I brung you back?

ELIZABETH *(excitedly):* Oh, goody, goody! You brung me a present. Come on, Wally, let me see it.

*[*SIR WALTER *takes a small pouch out of his pocket and empties some tobacco, the first ever seen in England, onto the palm of his hand. The queen looks at it, puzzled.*

RALEIGH *(proudly):* Tobacco. And this *(taking out a small Indian pipe)* is a pipe.

ELIZABETH *(a bit disappointed):* Well, I'll bite.

RALEIGH *(impressively):* Now watch what I do.

[He fills the pipe, carefully packing down the tobacco. He takes out his tinder box and strikes a spark. A wisp of blue smoke curls up from his lips. He hands the pipe to the queen, who reverently places it in her mouth. It is one of the greatest moments in all English history. ELIZABETH *draws on the pipe and blows out a cloud of smoke. Then another. And another. Her face assumes a seraphic expression.*

ELIZABETH *(in a solemn whisper):* Wally!

RALEIGH: Yes, queen?

ELIZABETH: Say, Wally—it's the cat's whiskers.

—Newman Levy.

MENTAL HAZARDS

(Continued from Page 19)

He grunted and announced he was going over and call on Alma Bean, who was complaining. His romantic affair with the mayor's daughter seemed to be moving along, and between golf matches he called to sell lots and discuss matrimony. Every Sunday, Miss Bean took him to church with her, and there was no Sabbath golf for the little man.

In the middle of May the Polo Country Club announced a tournament for the weaker brethren, and various bits of junk were placed upon the tables as prizes. Only players were eligible who had not scored under one hundred within six months. Harmony and Omar paid their entrance fees and grew ecstatic contemplating the wonder of actually taking part in a tournament, so early in their career. I listened to ninety dollars' worth of it.

"We'll grab that first prize too," Omar said in a moment of enthusiasm.

"You will if the club leaves its windows open at night," I answered.

From then on they spent their entire time practicing hard shots, reading experts such as Ray and Vardon, and taking lessons at six dollars an hour. The tournament was to start on Monday morning and run through the week, final play to take place on Saturday. During the early days of the week the weather was excellent, but on Thursday it rained hard, thus moving the finals one day ahead.

Playing as a team, Omar and Harmony, much to everyone's astonishment, succeeded in blundering through the ranks of their opponents, defeating weak contenders, all worse than themselves. The scores were high, but Omar was happy. Tragedy came on Saturday afternoon, after our team had won from Jim Westervelt and Bill Smoot, two players who regard a hundred and twenty as a triumphant afternoon. Omar's round face shone with satisfaction, which disappeared in ten minutes. George Duffy and Ike Rankin finished one up on their Saturday game.

"Does that mean you have to play those two for first prize?" I asked.

"It does," said Harmony gloomily. "And we thereby don't get any trophy."

"Why?" demanded Omar. "We're better than they are, and here's a chance to prove it."

Harmony shook his head. We rode home, denouncing the luck that had brought Rankin and Duffy, of all people, into the finals, and discussing the problem, which presented several sides.

"It would be a marvelous thing," Omar said, "to step out and win a golf tournament, and us only playing three months."

"How?" snapped Harmony. "I have missed a thousand putts because Ike Rankin snickered either before I shot or after. He plays unfair golf, though there is nothing in the rules about snickering your opponent out of a match."

"It seems to me," I remarked, "a perfectly simple problem."

"What does?"

"If Mr. Rankin's yodelings throw you out of stride and cause you to miss, why not stop him?"

"You mean ask him as a personal favor to please quit doing it?"

"Not at all. Merely arrange to have him cease from chuckling. Make him a serious-minded golfer for at least one game."

Harmony leaped to his feet with a glad cry.

"George," he said, "you're a man of genius! We'll do that very thing! We will arrange matters so that Ike Rankin will not feel like laughing once during tomorrow's critical contest, thereby giving me and Omar a fair chance at the prize."

"How can it be done?" inquired our doubting partner.

"Brains," said the boss.

Within the next thirty minutes, and by going into Ike's private affairs, was hatched out the great golf conspiracy, or how to unchortle a chortling golfer. Harmony Childs, who has a real gift for such things, bowed his head in thought, and came through with two fair ideas. Omar, naturally envious, added a third, which was dismissed as nonsensical.

As everyone in Polo knew, Mr. Rankin, in addition to being a confirmed snickerer, suffered from chronic indigestion, and cured himself at frequent intervals with a fine, rare old brand of Penazof sherry, a Spanish importation, of which there was a suitable stock in his cellar. Polo Country Club members spoke irreverently of his disorder, and humorously of his remedy.

Another important item in Ike's life was his green roadster, a so-called automobile, fourteen years old, and the apple of his eye. No one was allowed to ride in the automobile, and nobody was ever given a drink of the sherry.

"Here's how we can keep this chattering idiot still," Harmony said, lighting a pipe. "He has these two possessions, which he values above his own skin. The silly-looking roadster ought to be in a museum. The sherry fills his cellar, and when it is gone no more is to be had in these United States. Can you see the notion?"

"What's all this got to do with tomorrow's golf match?" Omar asked.

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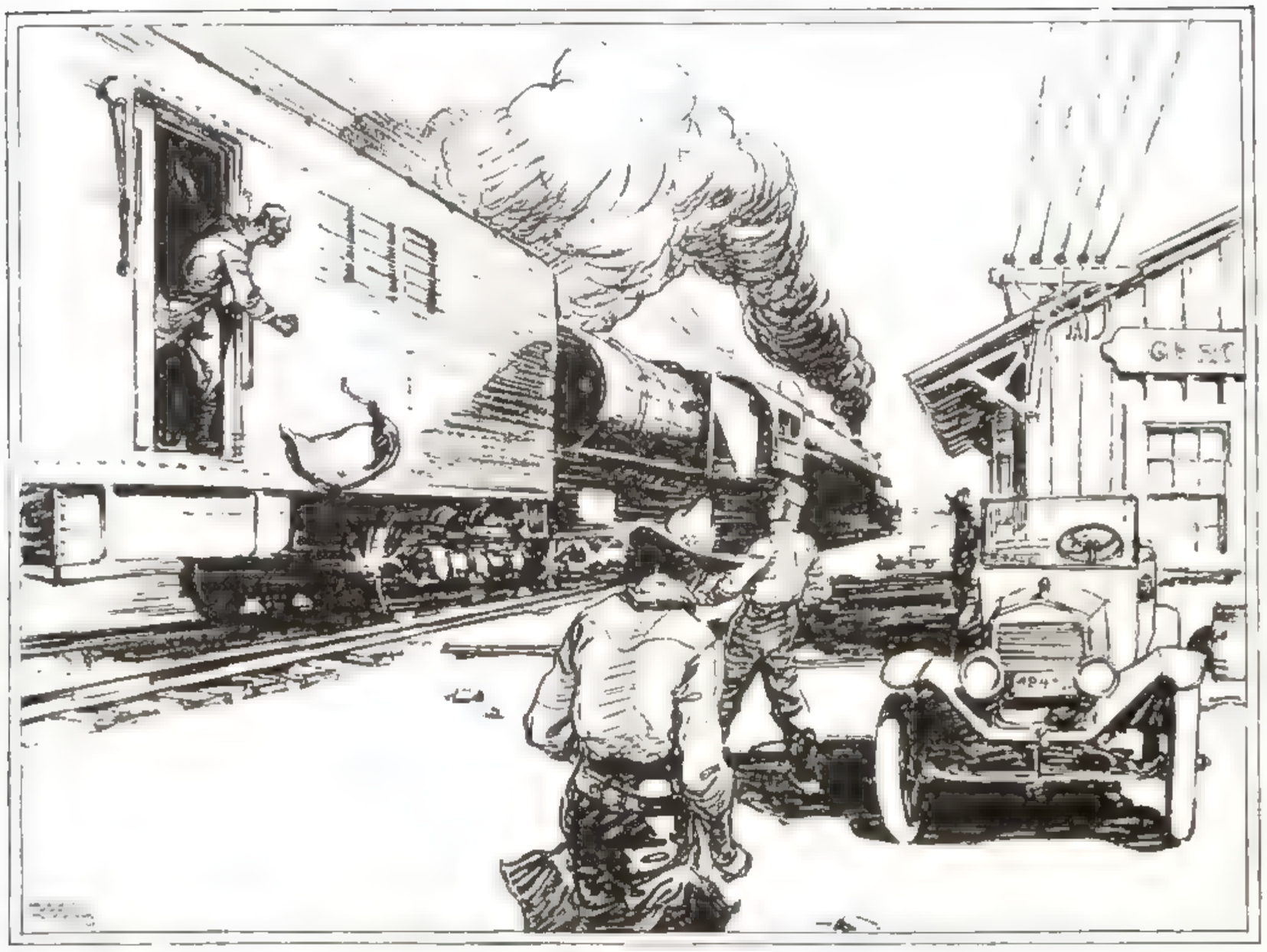

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(Continued from Page 70

"Suppose," our leader continued, "that we start playing this twosome, and a messenger boy dashes out, about the second hole, with word for Ike that the city police have raided his home, confiscated his sherry, and are pouring it into a sewer in the interest of law and order. Would that have a sobering effect upon the laughing hyena?"

"It would," I said warmly. "How many bottles of this sherry?"

"Enough to last him till he's eighty, with indigestion every week. Each drop is the same as a drop of his blood. The news ought to keep him quiet and let us play our game in peace until the eighth hole, where we will hit Ike again with a fresh messenger lad. This one brings more tidings."

"The roadster?" I hazarded.

"Certainly. On the eighth hole the boy comes with a telephone message, stating that Ike's son-in-law, whom he hates anyhow, has illegally and with malicious intent, removed Ike's roadster from the garage, and has just climbed it up the prow of a street car, busting off fenders, wheels, hoods, roofs, and generally destroying it."

"Great!" I said. "And that ought to keep him mighty serious for five or six more holes, by which time, if you are any good, you should have the match tucked away and the tournament won."

"Well enough," put in Omar, seeking to gild the lily as usual, "as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. What about the last nine holes?"

"You don't need anything for the last nine," Harmony argued.

"You do. Bad news about the sherry is fine on the second hole, and more woe concerning the roadster is pretty slick on the eighth, but along about the fourteenth we ought to soak him once again, so's to be sure."

"For instance?" asked Harmony.

"Well," said Omar, "I suggest that a boy come out about the fourteenth and tell Ike that his movie theater in Monroe has just burned to the ground with a terrible loss of wooden seats, films, and so on."

"No good," we told him. "You always overdo everything. We might expect just such a crummy suggestion as that from you."

"There you go," Omar said. "You and Harmony are always perfect, and I'm a bum. Your ideas are winners, and mine are cheese. Never changes. Two intellectual giants, and one little mutt."

"Shut up," said Harmony, but for half an hour Omar argued, turning more sulky every instant. I threw my weight with the boss, and the little fellow, being outvoted, went grumpily to bed, with the final statement that we were a couple of inflated windbags.

On Sunday morning Mr. Gill rose early, threw a sick note into his voice, and telephoned Miss Alma Bean that he was seriously ill in bed with the old ailment, and that he would have to remain perfectly quiet all day and not be disturbed. Harmony bolted a hasty breakfast and departed to rehearse a couple of caddies in message work. Play began in the finals at one in the afternoon, and I drove Omar to the scene of conflict, taking the back streets of Polo, and intending to place a small bet upon my partners. This was an easy matter. I merely mentioned in a low voice that I would like to bet about three hundred dollars and I was mobbed.

"It's all fixed," Harmony said, coming up and grinning. "One at the second and one at the eighth."

Omar was a bit aloof during the preliminaries. His grumpiness of the preceding night clung to him and he avoided us. When the contest began, a few spectators dropped in behind the players and I joined them, determined to watch my three hundred and root for my pals.

Rankin and Duffy were cheerful, confident and noisy about it. They won the first hole with ease, both taking five strokes. Omar took six. Harmony had a feeble seven and spent most of his time in a sand pit. During play on this first hole I had ample opportunity to see what they meant when they referred to Ike's mirthful methods. He talked heatedly and continuously, except when shooting. When he stopped talking he broke into shrill cackles. Omar knocked a ball into the trees and Ike guffawed heartily and called Duffy's attention to the blunder. On the green he was momentarily silent while Harmony putted, but his giggle began the instant Harmony missed his putt.

"You certainly looked funny missing that putt," he said to Harmony.

"No wonder," I said to the boss. "This fellow is terrible."

"He'll quit in a minute," Harmony said grimly.

He did.

A small swart Mexican lad bounded off a bicycle as the four players walked to the second tee, which faces a battery of deep bunkers. Ike was still chuckling when the boy handed him a slip of paper bearing the simple information that the police had raided his home within the hour, and confiscated his stomach cure. As Ike read, the jolly laughter fled from him.

"This is a dirty outrage," he said, choking. "It's a dastardly attack upon the rights of an American citizen. I've got to go into town."

"What's up?" Duffy asked.

Ike told him, and us, using the kind of language that has brought complaints from home owners living near the course.

"Of course, it's tough luck," Duffy said sympathetically, "seeing you can't get any more, but you can't go in till we finish the match, and anyhow, what good would it do now?"

"Match," Ike snapped. "What do I care about a match? That sherry can never be replaced. Anyhow, it's the principle of the thing."

Harmony and Omar said a few kind words, Ike ceased vilifying the authorities, placed his ball upon the tee with fingers that trembled, and knocked it weakly into a bunker thirty feet deep. Our real-estate twosome won Hole Number Two without effort. Harmony glanced at me, lowering his right eyelid.

Mr. Rankin abruptly ceased from snickering or from making noise of any kind, except complaints about the police and declarations that this country was getting too much like Russia. He became serious and even sad. Gone was his merry mirth, and he scowled, walking from hole to hole and playing execrable golf.

My comrades, being assured of peace, did their best, which was none too good, but which at least kept them even with their disturbed opponents. On the seventh tee they were one up and very cheerful. For three holes Ike had not opened his mouth.

Tee Number Eight brought the second Mercury, with the news that Ike's son-in-law had removed the roadster, after breaking the garage lock, and had driven it full speed into a forty-ton suburban car. Ike read this note, sat down upon the grass and moaned incoherently. When he got up the ground was smoking

"A million times," he said in a stony voice, "I told him never to touch my car, and now look what he went and done!"

He delayed the game for five minutes, while he told us the truth about his son-in-law, and how he had vainly tried to stop the marriage. Again he threatened to quit the contest, and again George Duffy dissuaded him. For half a dozen holes the match progressed perfectly, my business associates being still one up when they came to the fourteenth tee. They should have been four up, but Omar had considerable difficulty keeping his ball off people's front yards.

"You can't lose," I whispered to Harmony. "He's bound to keep still under all that grief."

"He ought to. He just told me he's going to get out a warrant for his relation."

Omar drove a long straight ball from the fourteenth tee, and as the shot drifted to earth he turned in triumph, and as he turned, a messenger boy appeared, riding furiously down the fairway. Harmony heard him coming and looked at him in surprise.

To us he was a strange boy. He jumped briskly from his wheel, approached Mr. Rankin, who was muttering to himself, and said, "They just got a telephone message that your movie theater in Monroe is burned up."

Ike looked at the lad, stunned.

"What?" he asked finally. "Say that again"

"Your movie house is burned up completely. Nothing left of it"

"Are you sure, boy?" he asked, his voice shaking.

"Yes, sir. Jimmy just give me the message and said to get out here quick and tell you."

I looked over at Harmony Childs, wondering what all this meant, but Harmony was glaring at Omar Gill, whose cherubic countenance was suffused with blank astonishment.

The pained expression, which had fastened upon Ike since the news about the sherry, slowly disappeared from his granite face and his mouth opened in a wide grin.

"Boys," he said, "gather round me and listen. I knew it couldn't last. I had too much bad luck for it to last. Did you hear what this boy just said?"

We all said we had heard.

"My movie theater has burned up, and thank heaven for that! I don't know the details, but that's enough, because the blinkety-blink thing is insured for twenty thousand dollars, and for the last two years I've been trying to sell it."

I heard Harmony grunt.

"That's luck," said Duffy.

"Luck! My heavens, it's wonderful! That place has cost me good money every day for a year, and nobody would buy it. Couldn't give it away. Boy, I thank you."

He handed the astonished lad a dollar, slapped him upon the back and sent him to the clubhouse, and then he broke into the famous Rankin laugh. Apparently, the sherry and the roadster were wiped completely from his mind.

"Now," he snorted, "I can play golf!"

Harmony strolled over to where Omar was rooted.

"You wooden-headed little mud turtle," he said in low bitter tones, "we agreed not to do this. Now see what you did."

"I didn't," Omar replied. "Don't be silly. I never told the boy to bring that message."

"You did, you little pig-headed weasel. You couldn't let well enough alone, and you've gummed it up lovely."

"I didn't," Omar repeated.

The game proceeded.

"To be sure, we are one down," Ike said in a gay voice, addressing his partner, "but watch us go. From here on, we stamp on these real-estate dealers."

Stamp on them is exactly what they did, and my three hundred dollars vanished before my eyes. Ike's devastating snicker returned, and he was himself again, only more so. With his spirits cheerful and his loud cackle in the afternoon air, Harmony's game went utterly to smash, and he hit the ball into traps, side roads, back yards, river beds and rough spots. Omar grew desperate and dug holes in the solid earth.

On the fourteenth green, both my running mates missed short putts that I myself could have made with both eyes closed and a codfish in each hand. Ike and Mr. Duffy dragged my helpless friends around the rest of the course at the wheels of their chariot, tied the match on the fourteenth, moved to one up on the fifteenth, two up on the sixteenth and three up on the seventeenth, which ended the agony.

Mr. Childs and Mr. Gill quit the game in disgrace, refusing to play the final hole with their happy opponents. They were disgusted and enraged, and I departed with them from the scene of carnage, leaving Ike in the midst of a final hilarious outburst.

We reassembled at our motor car, under the trees, and Harmony turned upon his team mate.

"Once again," he said harshly, "your stupidity comes forward and licks us. You ought to find a lake and drown yourself."

"I tell you," Omar roared, "I didn't send that message about the movie theater."

"Why lie to me about it?" our leader said. "It was bad enough to do it, without lying"

"I'm not lying"

They quarreled steadily, with growing bitterness. I took my place at the wheel and we started for home, with the two of them on the back seat, glaring at each other and using bad language.

"Let up, will you?" I begged, turning in my seat, after we had gone a mile and the argument gave no sign of ceasing. "This is Sunday, and after all, it was only a golf match and I only lost three hundred dollars"

"He called me a liar!" Omar shouted.

"You are a liar!" Harmony answered, and they went at it again.

As the car proceeded, passers-by turned to stare. Earlier in the day I had been instructed to drive home by way of the back streets to avoid possible meeting with Alma Bean, but the rear-seat fracas unsettled me and I blundered into Polo, passing down the main street, while the trouble behind me continued.

"You stop this car!" Omar yelled, at the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Forsythe Road. "I won't stand for this another second. I'm going to get out. Nobody can tell me I sent that kid out."

"You stay where you are!" Harmony commanded.

"I'm going to get out. I won't ride another foot with either of you."

"You will not get out," I said firmly.

"Oh! I won't, eh? You just watch me!"

He stood up and started to climb over the back of the seat, and fearing he would tumble I slowed up. Harmony grabbed for our enraged comrade and clung to such parts as he could reach, and they struggled, cussing freely. The door banged open, they slid through the opening and finally fell off the running board into a puddle composed mainly of mud, water, lubricating oil and dead leaves.

As would have to happen, the doorway of a pretentious home opened and a small party descended the steps, intending evidently to enter a limousine standing at the curb.

Noticing the muddy fracas, the group paused in astonishment, and I saw that Mr. Joseph Bean, the mayor of Polo, was going somewhere with his only daughter, Alma. One of the men looked like a preacher, but I shall never be certain. Miss Bean stared at Mr. Gill fixedly and for some time, refusing to believe the evidence of her eyes. Omar, at the instant, happened to be crawling to his feet, covered with splatter, the golf bag weaving between his legs. As he stood up he noticed his future wife. He bowed just as she turned away with a slight gesture of loathing.

"Come, father," she said. "A pity these drunken hoodlums are permitted to run loose in Polo on Sunday."

The little party disappeared into the limousine, and not another word was spoken, nor a glance turned our miserable way.

"I told you to go the back streets," Omar said.

Polo's police department surged upon the scene a moment later, in the form of a lone officer.

"What's all this?" he asked, looking at the malcontents.

Harmony climbed hastily into the machine

"Nothing," Omar answered. "This drunken hoodlum in the car tried to keep me from getting out."

"Merely a joke, officer," Harmony said, brushing himself and smiling.

"Move on," said the law, and I moved immediately.

Omar slung his spattered golf bag over his shoulder and with the officer at his side he started walking, the bag hitting him on the leg.

"Which cooks his goose," Harmony remarked. "Did you see the mayor and Alma?"

"I did," I said, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Sunday evening, though we postponed dinner, Omar Gill failed to appear, and the truth is he has not been seen since the unfortunate incident.

On Monday morning Harmony pushed his coffee aside and emitted a sudden whistling sound.

"Sweet lilies!" he said. "Look!"

He handed me the newspaper, indicating, and I read:

Fire yesterday afternoon totally destroyed the Gateway Theater in Monroe. The building, which was devoted to moving pictures, was fully insured and was owned by our genial fellow townsman, Ike Rankin.

I put the paper down and glared at our leader.

"No wonder he was mad," I said. "How do you feel now?"

"You don't suppose he's left town?" Harmony asked anxiously.

"Certainly not," I said, but I was wrong.

Since then the spring has drifted into summer, and the sound of Omar's step is unheard in the house. The little larks are caroling in the syringa bushes and the thrushes chatter to their mates, whilst the azaleas flame along the south slopes, but Omar Gill is gone. Harmony is a changed and saddened man, and I am none too cheerful. The real-estate business has dropped into a serious slump, and Mayor Bean has taken his trade to another firm. His daughter looks through us when we meet.

The sun seems to be shining, but Harmony and I are in the shadows, and we walk slowly and guiltily about the rooms of our elegant Polo home, the two of us, waiting for the word that cometh not.

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THE EASIEST MARKS

Continued from Page 25

other agencies strive to prevent the robbery of credulous investors through the sale of worthless stocks and bonds. But there is overwhelming evidence that the robbery goes on to the extent of many hundreds of millions of dollars every year—a full $1,000,000,000 in the last twelve months, it is calculated.

Perhaps this proof of the ease and celerity with which investors may be plucked has not been altogether lost upon statesmanship. I would not accuse statesmanship of going about it with cold-blooded deliberation - not of saying to itself in so many words, "Here is a vast flock of geese; I will now pluck them." But perhaps statesmanship has murmured, in absent-minded speculation, "After all, somebody has got to stand the shot, and these investors are the easiest marks in sight." The example of Germany would tend to confirm such an opinion.

That able document, the Dawes report, recommends that the German Government collect each year a certain amount of taxes on account of reparations; also that German railways and industries issue first-mortgage bonds for reparations. It points out that this involves no extraordinary burden upon the German nation because its previous burdens in the way of government, railway and industrial bonds were wiped off the slate by depreciation of the mark. A bond for 1,000,000 marks could be paid off at an actual cost of only a few cents. The interest on such a bond would come to so little in real money that a man couldn't afford to step around the corner in order to collect it. It would be so little, in fact, that there is nothing he could buy with it

This wiping out of the old debts by depreciation of the currency did put the German Government and German industry in a position to assume fresh obligations; but reflect for a moment upon what it did to holders of the old bonds. You can get a line on that by applying the situation to the United States. Our Federal Government has outstanding in round numbers $21,000,000,000 of bonds, involving a yearly interest charge of about $900,000,000. The funded debt of our railroads is about $13,000,000,000, with a yearly interest charge of $450,000,000.

How European Savings Shrank

If the interest on all those bonds could be paid in dollars worth only a cent each, the real burden of the debts would be reduced by more than $1,300,000,000 a year. The Government and the railroads could then issue thirty-odd billion dollars of new bonds, for reparations or for any other purpose. To meet the interest on the new bonds would require no greater revenues than they had under the old arrangement before depreciation occurred. The important difference would be that some millions of investors who had trustfully put their money in the old bonds would find themselves out in the cold, with only worthless pieces of paper.

That is what happened to investors not only in Germany but in Austria, Hungary, Russia and some other parts of Europe. I do not know of any plausible calculation showing how many millions of them there were or how many billions of money they lost. But everybody knows that the slaughter was terrific. Even in the more fortunate countries, France, Belgium, Italy and others, currency depreciation has involved an enormous loss to prewar investors. For example, French currency is now worth about twenty-eight cents on the dollar; so the man who bought a 4 per cent bond before the war, and still holds it, receives a trifle more than 1 per cent a year in real money on his investment.

Now orthodox political economy from Adam Smith down to recent times represents these savers and investors as occupying a tremendously important position. Industry cannot expand without a constant accumulation of fresh capital with which to build railroads, mills, hydroelectric plants, and so on. So the citizens who accumulated capital, consuming less than their income and saving up the remainder for investment, were regarded as absolutely essential to a healthy economic condition.

For a long while it was agreed that people who were in a position to save, by spending less than their incomes, must be encouraged to do it by rewards in the shape of security for their principal and interest on their savings. There was a voluminous and learned debate as to what rate of reward, or interest, was necessary in order to call forth the best efforts of the potential savers. The argument ran that unless there was a very tangible incentive the potential savers would spend their incomes on present enjoyment and stop saving. Then the accumulation of capital and the expansion of industry would come to a dead halt, which would be a great calamity.

But the new economy, based on postwar experience, seems powerfully inclined to toss all that out of the window. Its theory appears to be that people will save anyhow, whether they have any intelligible incentive for it or not, so that for all purposes of practical statesmanship savers are pretty nearly a negligible factor; they will go on functioning instinctively just as the bee continues to accumulate honey no matter how often the hive is robbed. No doubt the new economy would admit that the theory may be overworked for the time being. For example, there was a time in Germany, accompanying and following the collapse of the mark, when nobody saved, but everybody immediately spent whatever money came into his or her possession.

Bondholders Wiped Out

That may be accounted for, however, as a panic, a temporary disorder. If you kick the hive around the yard the bewildered bees will, for the moment, stop making honey; but after it has been at rest a little while, instinct reasserts itself and they go back to the job. So the violent fall of German currency stopped saving for a time; but after currency has been stabilized for a while at a new level, presumably saving will be resumed. The new economy argues, therefore, that though the theory may be too drastically applied, it is still a good, safe working hypothesis when used in a fairly intelligent and orderly manner. By and large, savers will go on saving anyhow; statesmanship needn't bother itself about them.

The German example is worth a little further attention. The first benefits of currency depreciation accrued to the common-stock holders. To take another American illustration: The United States Steel Corporation has outstanding $500,000,000 of common stock on which it pays $25,000,000 yearly in regular dividends; also, something like $900,000,000 of bonds and preferred stock involving fixed charges of about $55,000,000 a year. If the fixed charge in respect of bonds and preferred stock could be paid off with dollars worth a cent each, there would obviously be fifty-odd millions more left for the common stock.

Now suppose a few of the largest and most ruthless holders of Steel Common, having command of almost unlimited credit at the banks, foresaw that dollars were going to fall practically to zero. They would buy on credit the common stocks of a great many other companies—all they could lay their hands on. When dollars had fallen practically to zero, the debts and fixed charges of those other companies would be practically wiped out. Say, a farm worth $10,000 is mortgaged for $6000. You pay the owner $4000 for his equity. Then you pay off the mortgage in dollars worth a cent each. You borrowed the first $4000 of the bank, and you pay that off in dollars worth a cent each. You own the farm, free of debt, and it actually cost you $100. But the bank doesn't care much. While you were paying it your debt in dollars worth a cent each, it was paying its creditors—that is, its depositors—in dollars worth a cent each.

This farm transaction may represent an extreme case, yet something substantially like it happened in Germany. At the end of the debacle, Stinnes, Thyssen and a score other big industrialists lobbed up owning pretty much everything in sight. The debt-holding investors had been wiped off the slate for the benefit of the common-stock holders.

Every newspaper reader knows that Stinnes, Thyssen and the score of other big industrialists were mighty factors in the subsequent situation. Every German Government had to reckon with them. In fact, every German Government had to defer to them more or less. France, in effect, negotiated with them for a reparations settlement. What they would or wouldn't do in any given case made a lot of difference. For quite a time they didn't fall far short of bossing the country. And every government, decidedly, had to reckon with labor. It took a big hand in bossing the country. Governments and the nation stood in wholesome awe of those two factors—the big industrialists and labor. Stinnes' profits were very satisfactory. At least until the Ruhr situation dislocated national industry, labor was able to protect its wages, to a very large extent, against the effect of currency depreciation. The big common-stock holders made a huge gain. Labor suffered little or no loss.

Meanwhile the saving and investing middle-class multitude was unable to protect anything. Nobody paid any attention to them. In all the turmoil, you heard scarcely a peep from those 100 per cent victims of the disaster. Your headlines told of no embattled bondholders marching down Unter den Linden and threatening what they were going to do unless they got some consideration. The only result of running over them was a faint moan. In these respects the German situation was repeated, to some degree, over a large part of Europe. No doubt this demonstration of investors' helplessness contributed to inspire the statesmanly contempt in which that class is now pretty widely held. In any general shindy, a fat elderly citizen of mild aspect, with his arms full of bundles, is a fairly safe object to kick.

In England at present a rather respectable school of economists is gravely debating the national benefits of renewed inflation of the currency. For the time being there would be certain benefits. The British national debt is more than £7,000,000,000, with a yearly interest charge of £300,000,000. This charge is paid in pounds worth nearly as much as those which the government received when it issued the bonds. But if it could be met in pounds worth only half that much the burden would be decidedly lightened—and that is only one slice of the pie.

In England, as in this country, the annual charge on industry and commerce because of obligations bearing a fixed return amounts to much more than the interest on government debt. That charge, consisting of interest on bonds and debentures, dividends on preferred stock, annuities, maturing life-insurance policies, and so forth, would be lightened in proportion to the depreciation of the currency. That it would be pretty rough on the debt holders seems not particularly to worry the gentlemen who advocate a scientifically managed inflation. Apparently they would say to the victims, in a kind or even jovial manner, "The joke's on you this time, old top; but be a sport; go ahead and save some more."

The Managed-Currency Fallacy

This subject of a managed currency, definitely detached from a gold standard, opens up endless possibilities to politicians. Farmers are heavily in debt and have a great many votes. Managing the currency so as to enable them to pay their debts in cheap dollars would be an attractive campaign program in many rural constituencies. If you doubt it, look back at our deflation of 1920. That was not managed by anybody. But an immense number of farmers have been persuaded by politicians that it resulted from a diabolical conspiracy against them by the Federal Reserve Board. The same politicians—many of whom, to give them due credit, know no better themselves—would persuade the same audience that a cure for their troubles lay in managing the currency in their interest.

No doubt advocates of a managed currency honestly disclaim an intention to injure any particular persons, groups or interests in the community. But politics inevitably seeks the line of least resistance. It runs over those persons, groups and interests which can make the least effectual protest. That is exactly the situation of bondholders, debenture holders, preferred-stock holders; in short, of the savers and investors. Central Europe has shown that they may be wiped out of economic existence with hardly a whimper. Perhaps British friends of managed currency recall the time when unorganized, mute and helpless English labor was invariably given the short end of the stick, with a hearty wallop over the head if it made a face about it. A voluminous and indubitable record shows that rather less than 100 years ago you could do anything you liked to English labor, of whatever sex or age, and get away with it. In a complex, striving, competitive society it is very convenient to have a goat of that sort so if the shoe pinches anywhere you can hand the pinch on to him, with a slap in the face to teach him how he ought to receive the dispensations of an all-wise Providence. There seems now to be a disposition to nominate the investor for that sacrificial office.

For the time being it looks like clear gain. He has already put all he had into the game. A, B and C coöperate in building a house. When it is finished A and B throw C out: but that subtracts nothing whatever from the house itself. It is exactly as good a house as it was before, and there is that much more room for A and B. If C, instead of contributing his labor, lends his money to buy materials, and A and B throw him out by a crude Bolshevist edict of repudiation, or by some more polite but no less effective means, that subtracts nothing from the house itself. It is exactly as good a house as it was before, and A and B are relieved of the burden of debt to C. For the time being it looks like clear gain to them.

Formerly they were taught that they would lose heavily by the operation in the long run, because C's coöperation was necessary in future undertakings, and if he was thrown out once he wouldn't cooperate again. But some modern political economy—viewing the extent to which C was thrown out in Central and Eastern Europe, and the extent to which he has been relegated to a corner of the cellar elsewhere—is now much inclined to say, "We're not so sure about that; probably he'll go on cooperating anyhow, out of some inner necessity of his being; we'll take a chance on it." An enormous stake is involved.

The Hall-Bedroom Boys

In the United States there are, in round numbers, $21,000,000,000 of Federal Government bonds, $11,000,000,000 of state and municipal bonds, $13,000,000,000 of railroad bonds. An inquiry by the Census Bureau covering more than 1,000,000 farms would indicate about $8,000,000,000 of farm mortgages in 1920. The value of farm real estate is not much more than one-third the value of all privately owned real estate. That this other privately owned real estate, excluding that covered by railroad and other big corporation bonds, is mortgaged for another $8,000,000,000 would seem to be a conservative guess. Corporations reporting to the Bureau of Internal Revenue have outstanding some $13,000,000,000 of preferred stock. I do not know of any late or trustworthy estimate of the amount of bonds they have issued. But certainly $75,000,000,000 is a modest estimate of the amount of obligations—investments—bearing a fixed rate of return now outstanding in this country.

This, you will observe, expressly excludes common stocks. Many people whom no flight of demagogic imagination could class with the obnoxiously rich do buy common stock as an investment for their savings. For example, a large part of the common stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad is still held in small lots by such investors. All the same, they belong in a somewhat different category. They are buying an owner's share, a partnership in the enterprise, and consciously taking the risks which attend upon ownership. A far greater number of investors lend their savings to the enterprise for a comparatively small fixed return on the theory that they are avoiding the risks of ownership. Usually, to avoid risk is their first consideration. They coöperate in building the house on the understanding that they are to have the use only of the hall bedroom; but they are to be made secure of that no matter what happens on the rest of the premises.

In passing, we may note how simple time and chance—in other words, an unmanaged, world-wide condition—have operated on such investors in the United States in the past twenty years. The following table shows the decline in a few typical

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a gentleman's game

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(Continued from Page 76)

long-time bonds of the highest character, where security of the principal has never been in question:

	MARKET PRICE MAY 1904	MARKET PRICE MAY 1924
Chicago & Northwestern 3½s, due 1987	96	71
New York Central 3½s, due 1997 . .	99	76
Central of N. J. 5s, due 1987	129	105
Chesapeake & Ohio 4½s, due 1992 . .	102	87

Of course the actual depreciation is considerably greater than these figures show, for the bonds are now twenty years nearer to maturity. Turning over the leaf to a case where political interference has powerfully assisted the simple operations of time and chance, we have the following comparison of a few investment stocks of railroads:

	MARKET PRICE MAY 1904	MARKET PRICE MAY 1924
Baltimore & Ohio preferred	92	57
Chicago & Eastern Illinois preferred	125	39
St. Paul preferred	176	24
Chicago & Northwestern preferred .	215	100

Here mere depreciation of money has played only the smallest part. Depreciation of confidence in all railroad investments has been the bigger factor. Remember that while the preferred stock of the conservatively managed and unwatered Chicago and Northwestern Railroad has declined from 215 to 100, the preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation, which has not been subject to political highbinding, has risen from 53 to 120. Incidentally Steel common, which sold at $10 a share in May, 1904, was worth $99 a share in May, 1924. Seven per cent preferred stock of the National Biscuit Company sold at 107 twenty years ago, and is worth 124 now. Seven per cent preferred stocks of some Standard Oil concerns sell from 115 up to 120. In fine, the decline in these railroad investments is in good part the result of political interference.

Yet many a sympathetic senator and representative whose heart bleeds all over Capitol Hill for the misfortunes of farmers, brakemen, bricklayers, World War veterans—of anybody, in fine, representing a large block of votes—has for the unfortunate railroad investors only a loud snort of indignation and contempt. Politically the investor does not count. Taking him just as an investor, his political weight exactly equals that of a Chinaman. Demagogy can always dispose of him, neatly and instantly, by calling him a plutocrat.

The Cow in the Picture

But it is perfectly certain that the great bulk of investment in railroads, for example, is held by a large number of persons who belong in the middle brackets of the income tax. Every now and then some notably rich man dies and his estate is inventoried for inheritance-tax purposes. Twenty-five years ago railroads were the source of some of our biggest fortunes, and railroad securities were one of the rich man's chief resources for investment. Having that in mind, the most striking general fact about these plutocratic inventories is the small proportion of railroad paper in them.

William K. Vanderbilt, whose grandfather and father developed the New York Central system and who was intimately associated with the management of that system during his active life, left an estate which inventoried last year at $54,000,000, of which $31,000,000 was in railroad investments. That is nearly 60 per cent of the total, but no other big estate in recent years shows anything like so high a proportion of railroad stocks and bonds. William Rockefeller left property valued at $102,000,000, of which less than $5,000,000 was railroad paper—and $44,000,000 was tax-free bonds.

Plutocracy nowadays is not making its money in railroads and is not investing very much in them. New York savings banks hold $400,000,000 of railroad paper, and that, I believe, is more than the present railroad investments of all our notable plutocrats taken together. But if you are going to attack railroads, there is a great emotional advantage in talking about them as though the Rockefellers and their like owned them. In order to secure the desired dramatic reactions you must blot the real investor out of the picture.

Last summer I witnessed some of the filming of a motion picture that dealt with certain stirring episodes in American history. A pleasant New England hillside was selected as the scene of deadly conflict between Liberty, as represented by American Continentals, and Tyranny, as incarnated in British redcoats. Setting the scene took considerable time; and for humdrum, inartistic, utilitarian purposes this hillside was a pasture. When the director was ready to signal for the carnage to begin it was discovered that a plump bay cow, of incurably placid and pacific mien, was browsing far out in the range of the camera.

Of course it was necessary to get that cow out of sight before the smoke and fire and bloodshed started. So the political artist, in setting his oratorical scene for the bloody charge of Wall Street's railroads upon a thin, ragged line of heroic farmers, must take great care to keep the actual railroad investor out of sight. If his audience saw that cow in the picture they would simply laugh.

One reason for the investors' low and negligible political state arises from the circumstance that in this country almost nobody is just an investor and nothing else. The year 1921 is the latest period for which detailed returns of the income tax are available at this writing. In that year personal income to the amount of $23,000,000,000 was reported to the Government, and $18,000,000,000, or about 77 per cent of this total income, was derived from what the Treasury Department calls personal services—that is, from salaries, wages, commissions, fees, individual and partnership business profits, and the like. Either the income was earned by the man's personal exertions, with little or no capital, or the man and his capital worked together, as in the case of a farmer working his own farm or a merchant managing his own store. Only $5,000,000,000, or 23 per cent of the total income, was derived from the ownership of property aside from personal exertions—that is, from rent, interest and dividends.

Sources of Our Incomes

If 23 per cent, as the share derived exclusively from ownership of property—that is, from investments—strikes you as surprisingly low, you must remember that nearly 80 per cent of the net total consists of incomes of not more than $10,000 a year. But it should be remembered also that the Treasury's classification of dividends as income derived from ownership of property, detached from personal service, is an arbitrary one. In a great many cases the dividend receiver is a working manager in the concern. In fine, the investor pure and simple—the man who sits back at his ease and lives out of his safe-deposit box—draws but a very small portion of the yearly income of the country. The great bulk of that income goes to people who are, in one way or another, at work.

Taking incomes between $10,000 and $20,000 a year, 31 per cent of the total is derived from investments and 69 per cent from personal service. Of incomes from $250,000 to $300,000 a year, 62 per cent of the total comes from rent, interest and dividends, and 38 per cent from personal service. But in that bracket 51 per cent of the total comes from dividends where there is very often a large element of personal services, and only 11 per cent from rent and interest. The larger the income, the greater the proportion that comes from ownership or investment—principally from dividends—but all the way through the element of personal exertion is mixed in.

There really is no class of investors pure and simple. Those who come under that description are too few to form a class. Broadly, every investor is also something else—lawyer, doctor, engineer, business executive, and so forth. The investment interest is so dispersed and mixed up that politics takes no account of it.

But another reason for its ineffectual state lies in the unfortunate fact that the great bulk of investors belong in the middle of the row, and how often do you ever hear politics opening its head about people in the middle of the row? Offhand, I do not recall any such phenomenon of late. You will hear endless political discussion about people along the bottom of the row and about people along the top—especially about people along the top. At any time except in the rush of a closing session you can get two days' debate out of Congress by mentioning that a lawyer whom the President has nominated for a public office was once retained by a bank in which the Rockefellers are stockholders. Probably

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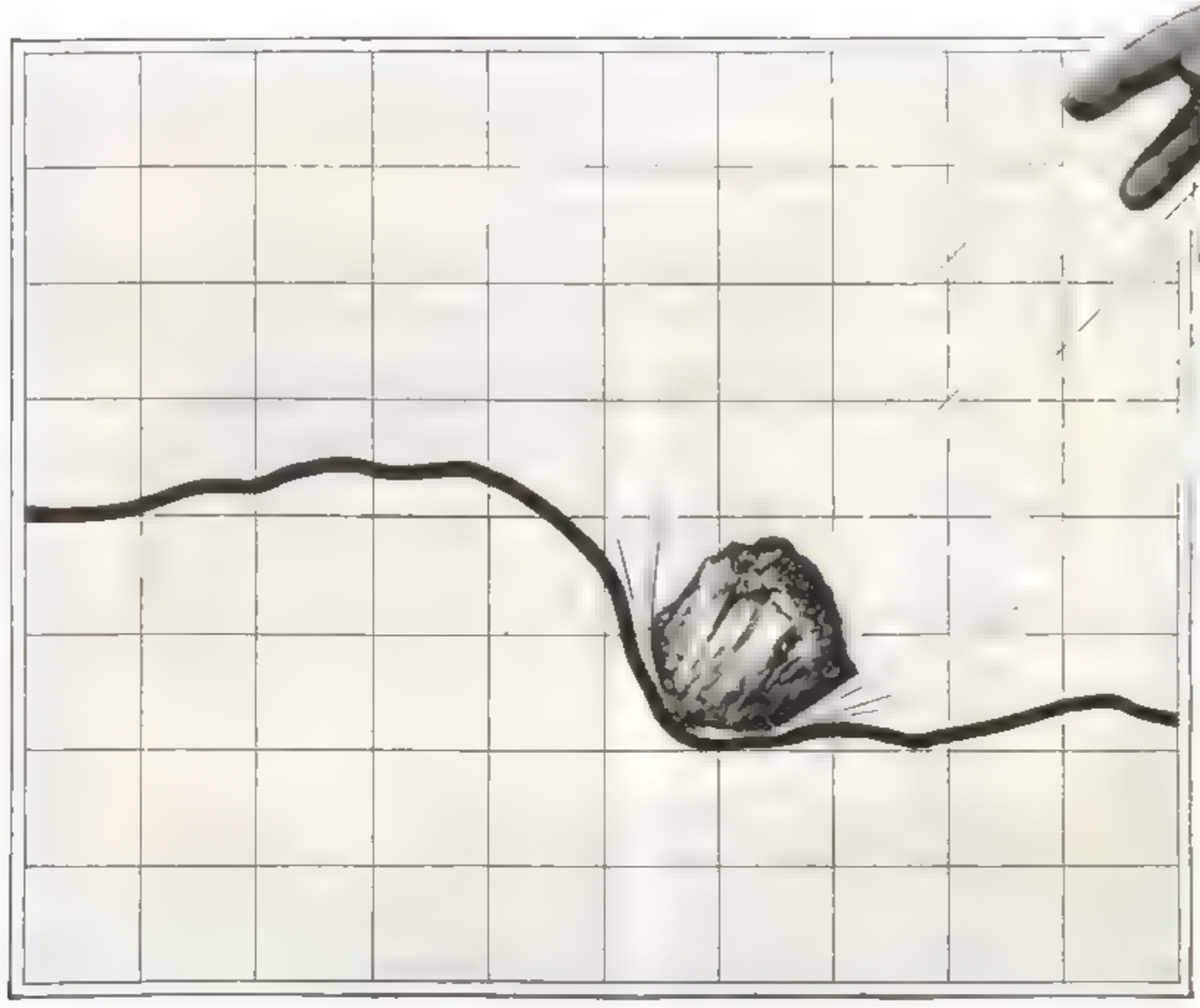
TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



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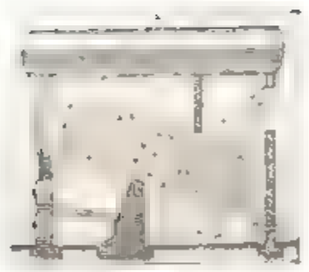

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you could get a month's investigation by asserting that Morgan played golf with members of the Federal Reserve Board on the very day before the discount rate was raised.

People along the top of the row will never suffer from lack of attention. But make it known that about a million J. Smiths, having yearly incomes that range from $4000 to $25,000 a year yearn for some reduction of wartime taxation, and what attention will be paid to that? If you read the newspapers you know the answer. All the same, the case is worth a brief review because it so well illustrates my theme:

In 1921 aggregate income reported by persons whose incomes were $100,000 a year and up came to $463,000,000. In that year total ordinary revenues of the Federal Government came to $5,500,000,000. It follows then that if the Government had confiscated total incomes of $100,000 and more—levied a flat 100 per cent tax on all brackets of $100,000 and up; not only levied it but collected it, which is a quite different proposition—the yield would have amounted to less than 9 per cent of its budget, and it would still have had to find 91 per cent of its revenues in other quarters, which means that the nonplutocratic population would have had to dig up that 91 per cent in some shape or other.

The Heavy Payers of Surtaxes

But without having actually counted the lines in the Congressional Record, I should guess that about 91 per cent of the tax discussion in Congress focused upon those upper brackets. The people at the top of the row—who, if the Government took their entire incomes, would meet only 9 per cent of the bill got most of the attention. People in the middle of the row got little honest attention. But nobody proposed taking 100 per cent of the upper incomes. The whole long wrangle concerned itself with less than 20 per cent—that is, with whether the highest surtax should be 25 per cent or 45 or some figure in between.

The Treasury Department found that wartime taxation, maintained five years after the end of the war, was bringing the Government a surplus of about $310,000,000 a year above its expenditures. Secretary Mellon thereupon proposed to reduce taxes to about the extent of this surplus. The Treasury Department has all the figures and a competent corps of experts, who worked out a carefully adjusted and balanced scheme of tax reduction to achieve this end. This scheme was open to objection at only three points: First, it was proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury, who happens to be a very rich man; second, it was necessarily a Republican scheme, and in the eyes of professional Democrats that was enough to damn it; third, it proposed that the highest surtax should be 25 per cent instead of 50 per cent, as under the old law.

Political strategy immediately seized upon the last point, merging the two others into it. The highest surtaxes, of course, apply to the biggest incomes; hence a plutocratic Secretary of the Treasury was trying to lighten the taxes of his plutocratic friends and a corrupt Republican Party was abetting him in that nefarious undertaking. Now we have detailed income-tax statistics for six years. These statistics show conclusively that the Secretary's plutocratic friends didn't need anybody to lighten their taxes for them; already, without any aid from the Treasury Department, they were progressively lightening their own income taxes to the vanishing point.

In 1916 more than 66 per cent of all surtaxes were paid by persons reporting income of $300,000 a year or more. In 1917 such persons paid 46 per cent of the total surtaxes; in 1918, 33 per cent; in 1919, 30 per cent; in 1920, 22 per cent; in 1921, only 20 per cent.

In 1916 there were 1296 reported incomes of $300,000 and more, the aggregate of such incomes being $992,000,000. In the boom year 1919 the number of incomes of $300,000 and up, and the aggregate of such incomes, showed a very slight increase over the earlier year. With that exception, the number of incomes in this class and their total amount progressively decreased year after year, until in 1921, only 246 such incomes were reported and their total amount was $163,000,000, or only about one-sixth what it had been five years before.

Net personal income of all classes reported to the Government for taxation was almost exactly the same in 1921 as in 1919; but net income in the $300,000 and up class was but little more than one-third as much in 1921 as in 1919. In other words, this progressive decrease of big incomes reported for taxation goes on irrespective of fluctuating business conditions from year to year. As I mentioned above, the rule is that the bigger the income the greater will be that portion of it which is derived from dividends and interest. In 1916 all classes of income-tax payers reported the receipt of dividends and interest to the amount of $3,217,000,000. In 1921 all classes of income-tax payers reported dividends and interest to the amount of $4,167,000,000—a healthy growth. But in 1916 income-tax payers in the $300,000 and up class reported receipt of dividends and interest to the amount of $700,000,000, while in 1921 the same class of income-tax payers reported receipt of dividends and interest to the amount of only $150,000,000.

Everybody with two eyes knows there has been no such Saint Bartholomew Massacre of plutocrats in this country as the above figures would indicate. Undoubtedly there are as many very rich men in the country now as there were in 1916, and the aggregate of their wealth is as great. But they have been steadily and gracefully fading out of the income-tax returns. The existence of $12,000,000,000 of wholly tax-free bonds assists them to do that. For example, William Rockefeller made his money in Standard Oil. Those stocks still pay handsome dividends. But his estate showed only $7,000,000 invested in Standard Oil stocks, and $44,000,000 invested in wholly tax-free bonds.

But there are a lot of other perfectly legal ways of fading out—as by dividing up a big fortune into trusts, investing in real estate and letting profits accumulate, passing an income through several corporations and the like. With an income tax that ran up to 58 per cent, including normal rate and surtax, it is safe to say that no man with a big income made any sort of business deal without calculating how it would effect his income-tax return.

A Matter of Arithmetic

The Secretary of the Treasury studied this problem from the point of view of government revenue and applied plain business horse sense to it. No intelligent business man, handling an article of common use, seeks the highest price which he can possibly get in certain cases. He seeks the price which will yield him the greatest profit. A relatively low price and many sales will be more profitable than a relatively high price with few sales. So Secretary Mellon proposed, by reducing the premium on tax evasion, to bring more big incomes back into the tax returns. It was plain business sense, as a very simple illustration will show:

If Mr. Rockefeller had invested his $100,000,000 fortune in Standard Oil Preferred, he would have received yearly dividends of 7 per cent; but after the first $1,000,000 of income that would have been subject to a total income tax of 58 per cent, which would take four dollars in taxes out of every seven dollars of income. In other words, the net return on his oil stock would have been 3 per cent, and a tax-free 4 per cent bond was a better investment. But if the total income tax was reduced to 31 per cent, as Mellon proposed, the net return on Standard Oil Preferred would be about 5 per cent and a 4 per cent tax-free bond would not be the better investment.

For people in the middle of the row the important point is that under the Mellon plan Rockefeller would be paying some income tax. Judging by the returns for 1916, when there was a low surtax, he would be paying a good deal. Somebody has got to pay. If Congress devises a scheme under which Rockefeller doesn't, then you and I will. But a majority in Congress waved that aside.

Finally, after tax revision had been kicked all around the political arena, the conferees agreed upon a compromise by which the highest surtax was fixed at 40 per cent. But the Mellon plan had been carefully worked out by experts so as to reduce the Treasury surplus. In the kicking around through both Houses of Congress and conference it was considerably knocked out of shape. According to expert calculation, when the bill was passed it would result in a Treasury deficit.

I believe that every experienced observer of events in the United States will agree that a most extraordinary phenomenon appeared in the political field in the late fall of 1923. As far back as I can remember somebody has always been talking earnestly about the waste of public money at Washington, and at the state capitals. Senator Aldrich long ago created a temporary flutter by expressing an opinion that about one-third of the money spent by the Federal Government was sheer waste. Then President Taft attracted some passing public attention and interest by appointing a commission to investigate and recommend economies. Somebody has always been talking about it. Without doubt there has always been a general, but vague, impression that economy in government was a most proper subject to talk about.

But last fall an extraordinary revolution occurred. A report issued not long ago by the Department of Commerce shows that in the preceding year the people of the United States paid $7,428,749,000 in Federal and local taxes, which would come to a trifle more than $300 a year for the average family. Undoubtedly the shoe was pinching. And when Secretary Mellon came out with a proposal for tax reduction it met with a popular response which flabbergasted many an experienced politician. For once, without doubt, the public was actually aroused by this threadbare subject. The demand for tax reduction was so general and insistent that Congress—deeply as a considerable portion of that body regretted the necessity—was obliged to take up the subject and to promise relief.

The Indignation of Congress

You may remember that some people in Congress were so indignant over this inconvenient reversal of form, and so at loss to account for the indubitable fact that people were really concerned over the amount of money taken out of their pockets, that they proposed an official investigation to see whether there wasn't some kind of witchcraft behind it.

The public was actually demanding reduction of taxation! Congress at length admitted the stern fact, and promised to yield to it.

Finally, as noted above, it enacted a tax-revision bill. At the same time it passed over the President's veto a soldier's bonus bill entailing an expenditure of more than $2,000,000,000, and it was saved by only one vote in the Senate from passing over the President's veto an increase in Civil War pensions that would have cost some $400,000,000 more.

Such, in the net, is Congress' response to this public clamor for lower taxes. It must be assumed that members of Congress, taking them by and large, are very well acquainted with their constituents and with the manner in which public opinion operates in their respective regions. Assuming that, one is fairly forced to the melancholy conclusion that in the opinion of Congress, which ought to know, the American public is composed mainly of idiots who can be made to believe that a $2,000,000,000 and more increase in liabilities is genuine economy.

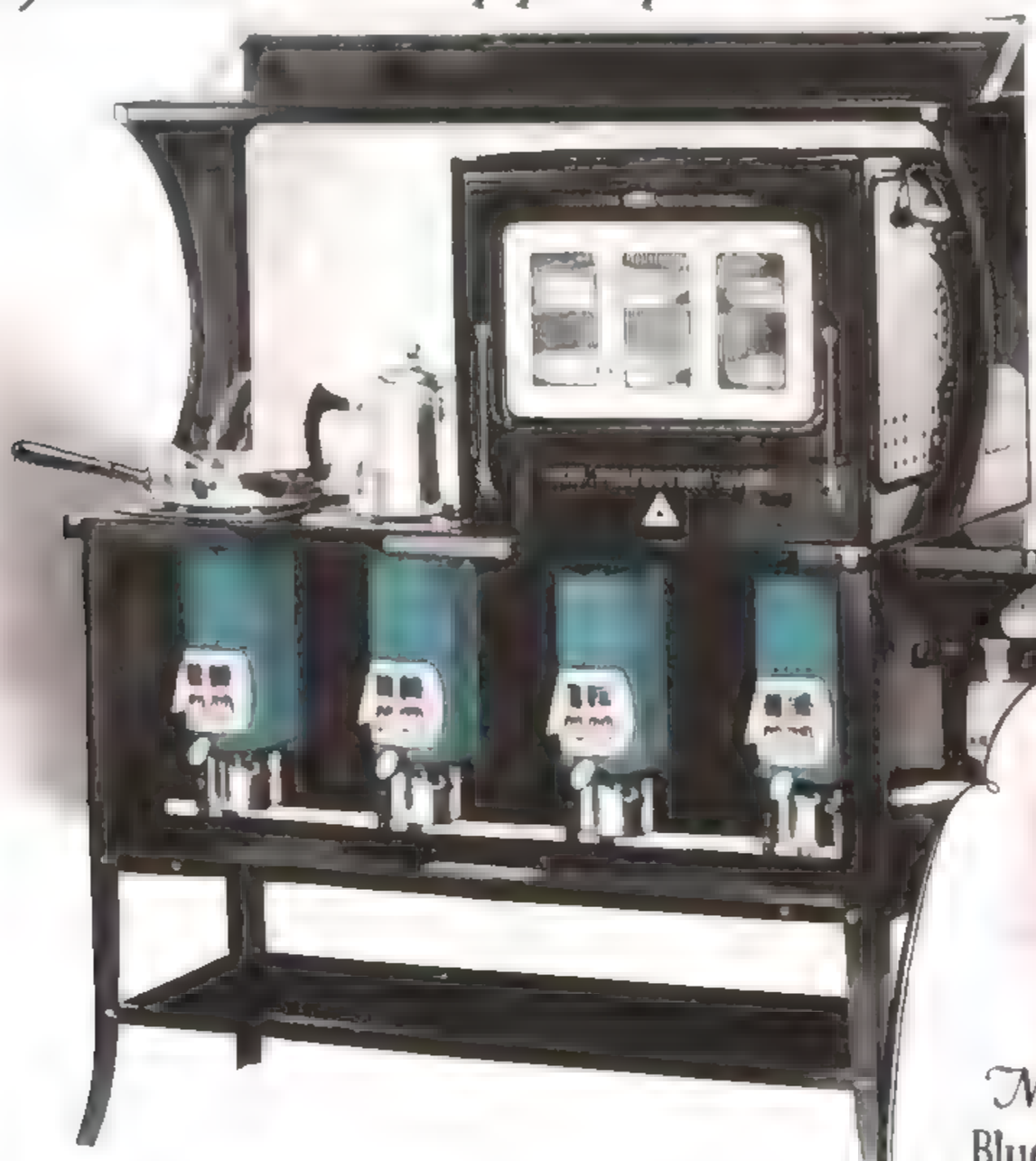
But Congress may not think so poorly as that of the public in general. It may have made up its astute mind that this loud cry for tax reduction comes very largely from, or is very largely inspired by, the people along in the middle of the row—the kind who save their money and invest it in pieces of paper; the goats, in short. Very likely Congress says to itself privately, "This tax-reduction noise is only a bleat. There is no punch behind it."

Congress, remember, is elected by about 25 per cent of the voters of the country. An interesting compilation recently made by the National Security League shows that, by and large, not much more than half the population entitled to vote really goes to the polls. In 1922, for example, there were warm senatorial contests in Massachusetts, Iowa and Minnesota. Lodge, winning in Massachusetts, got 22 per cent of the total possible vote. Brookhart, winning in Iowa, got 29 per cent of the possible vote. Shipstead, winning in Minnesota, got 26 per cent of the possible vote.

Many careful politicians therefore subtract 50 per cent from the investor on account of general apathy, or 40 per cent on account of his lack of organization, or 30 per cent on account of his rooted party affiliations, and arrive at the conclusion that he may safely be given the air.

Progress! in oil stove Cooking

New 1924 Improved Blue Chimney New Perfection introduces an era of Faster Cooking and still greater economy and convenience in popular priced oil stoves



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Blue Chimney Burner
Faster-More Economical

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The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.

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New Cook Book
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THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

Continued from Page 23

"I did not know that," he said slowly. "But there is no hurry. I shall not be ready for a day or two, and he may be back soon."

Then Marjorie May came onto the veranda. She saw her mother's face and stopped, wide-eyed.

"Mother ——"

Mrs. Merlehurst, moving into the house, slipped her arm about the girl as she went, whispering to her.

Prosper was left alone, staring thoughtfully across the garden. After a little his lips moved as he spoke softly, like one speaking to himself. But it was only a quotation from the pyramid that he was repeating:

"They that make a graven image are all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit."

From inside the house, somewhere overhead, he could hear the murmur of women's voices, and once, faintly, a low sobbing. Mrs. Merlehurst was telling Marjorie May the news which Prosper, forestalling the officials, had broken to her. He stiffened a little at that last sound, for few men were more susceptible or more easily moved by women's sorrows than Mr. Fair. But his face had hardened, his lips tightened, and his eyes were brightened and ominous—like bright steel.

Presently Marjorie May came to him there, very quiet and thoughtful. She would not let him get up, but settled on the arm of his chair.

"Mother has told me the news that you brought, Prosper. Please don't think that I am hard and unkind if I do not seem to suffer so much as mother; only, you see, I was little when my father went away, and it is a long time ago, and mother has been everything for me all my life. But it has been a terrible blow for her—the worst she has ever had. She always hoped in her heart that my father would come back here in the end, glad to be forgiven and grateful and content to live quietly here at last."

She paused a moment.

"It is so sad. Mother has been most sweet and good and so pretty all her life, and yet somehow she has had so much sorrow. It doesn't seem quite fair. Dozens of men have been in love with mother, and yet out of all that love she was not fortunate enough to find a little happiness. After all, my father did ruin her life—and he is only a dim memory to me. I cannot pretend to be crushed. But I can look after and take care of mother, and I have persuaded her just to rest quietly today in her own room. So I have two patients for today, you see. And it was so kind of you to tell her the news before somebody with no tact came in to tell her and question her. But you are always tactful and wise, Prosper."

"And you are a brave and sensible and level-headed Marjorie May," said Prosper, rather earnestly for him. She flushed a little, looking across the garden in the direction of Kern Castle.

"Do you think it grasping and avaricious of me to feel rather sorry because now Lord Kern is coming back I shall never have Kern Castle after all?"

Prosper shook his head—carefully, for he ached everywhere.

"Why, of course not! They have let you believe for years that it would be yours, and you were meant for a castle. Who knows? Perhaps some day you may yet have one of your own."

Marjorie May laughed rather ruefully.

"Oh, I have several of those already—some in Spain and some in the air."

She slipped off the chair arm.

"I am going to see about lunch for my patients now," she said, and did so.

xx

PROSPER, lunching with Marjorie May in the dark-paneled, old-fashioned dining room of Mavisholme, discovered only one cause for regret about that simple function. He found himself a trifle irked because it was not like the meal which a grazing donkey gets—one only per diem, but one which lasts from sunrise to sunset. Not that he was hungry, but because it was so good to sit facing a girl who looked as fresh and sweet as one of the roses with which she had jeweled the room.

They talked a good deal—softly, almost murmuring, for fear of disturbing Mrs. Merlehurst, who, at silent war with a real disturbance, upstairs, would hardly have heard them if they had shouted. And as they talked, ever the conviction subtly grew in the heart of Prosper Fair that here in this minute village of Kern he had found a pearl of price. It seemed to him that she was as lovely in her spirit as in her face and form. She was quick-witted and of kindly disposition, generous, honest and compassionate. One who, like Prosper, is oneself not wholly devoid of these ancient virtues is apt to be quick to recognize them in others. He knew that she was of a high courage, for she had proved that. Her favorite retreat had been in a place which few of the more material minded cared even to pass swiftly through—the sunken garden of Kern. She was courageous because she was innocent—not, perhaps, the most difficult form of courage, but the sweetest, and certainly the most fitting for Marjorie May.

He believed she could be angry—indeed, he had no doubt at all that some such spectacle as that of a beer-inflamed carter earnestly endeavoring to help his horse climb a hard hill by semiflaying it with a large whip would arouse a white fury in Marjorie May that would leave her unsettled for days—and certainly would cause the carter to wonder at life in general and pretty girls in particular for months.

He listened to her views on things and he perceived that she believed in much which a progressive world has tacitly agreed to regard as obsolete lumber. She believed in knight-errantry, manners, chivalry, courtesy, mercy, giving what one would have liked to keep, or self-denial, self-control, and charity—above all, charity—queer old-fashioned things like that.

Prosper saw that it was hardly possible for her to avoid unhappiness. Like her mother before her, she possessed the best of everything that Nature could bestow on her except the chance of being happy. He was a very sentimental man, was Mr. Prosper Fair, even if he did thoroughly understand those jolly little aids to civilization, the gas mask, the half-arm jab, the six-shot automatic, and so forth—and that was curious, for he belonged to a class which is not prone to sentimentality.

Therefore, his solution to the problem of Marjorie May had to do with sentiment, even though not excessively sentimental. He decided that she must be well and truly married off as soon as possible, to a good fellow who would take care of her—cherish her in fact. Himself, for example.

"You are smiling," said Marjorie May, a little doubtfully.

"Yes," admitted Prosper.

"Please, why?"

"Because I am happy, Marjorie May."

She nodded, her eyes bright.

"Yes, that is a splendid reason for smiling. I do that sometimes."

"Do you, though? Are you happy now, Marjorie May?"

She confessed she was—almost under her breath, a little guiltily. So they smiled at each other, until a sudden spasm reminded Mr. Fair that he was not wholly himself; and, a second later, a maid announced that a man named Cass had desired her to inform Mr. Fair that he, Cass, was reporting at the back door.

Prosper desired very much to see the worthy Cass, for he had a little training to bestow upon the mate of the late Major Merlehurst. So he arose and, reluctantly excusing himself to Marjorie May, issued forth to hold converse with his new retainer.

It was in a quiet corner of the garden, well out of earshot of the house, that Prosper, giving his little lesson, gleaned almost the last bit of information—for so he preferred, not unreasonably, to describe those overworked things usually called clews—he required concerning the problem of Kern.

"I want you to tell me in as few and concise—though less incarnadined—words as if you were conversing officially on a barrack square, all you know concerning the reasons why Major Merlehurst separated himself from his wife years ago, Cass," announced Prosper quietly, and settled himself to listen.

Mr. Cass looked a little uneasy, reflected a moment, then cleared his throat.

"I'll tell you the truth, for it can't hurt the major now, and if it does anybody any good, all the better."

He talked crisply for ten minutes, at the end of which time Prosper knew that, in Cass' opinion, Merlehurst could have lived happily with no wife on earth for long. He was a man who should never have married. He could neither be unselfish, considerate, sanely sober, nor faithful. He had a vile temper, he was a crazy spendthrift and he was not straight. He had been handsome and plausible and as picturesquely dashing as any other cavalry officer—more so, indeed. But his home life had almost ceased to exist long before he made the mistake of being found out in more than one crooked little affair, mainly to do with racing and steeplechasing, though he had not disdained some queer work hand in hand with a money lender who had mauled the resources of one or two subalterns of the regiment rather too clawfully. At the period he had been invited by his colonel to send in his papers, just about as quickly as he could lay hands on them, his wife was to him rather less like a wife than a landlady.

"I'll say this—he was a fool to himself—mad, for his wife was a lady like—like a princess, sir," said Mr. Cass. "I've never set eyes on a lovelier woman than the major's wife in any place, in any country, and in my capacity of a troop sergeant major of the Dragoon Guards I've set eyes on a few," he added pensively. "But nothing—nobody—to touch Mrs. Merlehurst. There were dozens of 'em worshiped her; but the major was blind and—mad. No, just naturally wild. There's plenty like it, bad luck to it.

"After the row with the colonel there was another row at home—about the very Lord Kern that's missing from here, sir. I don't know the truth—except the regimental gossip then, and bits that the major let out now and then since—but it seems that the major found out that Mrs. Merlehurst had accepted a present from this Lord Kern—some wonderful emeralds, it was, the Kern emeralds, so-called. She denied it from first to last. That annoyed the major, not so much—being, as I said, wild—because she had the emeralds as because she wouldn't sell 'em and give him something to make a fresh start. He was flat broke, sir, and owed thousands. Well, he never got either money or emeralds out of her, and there was a bad quarrel—a wicked quarrel, you may say. The major cleared out, left her and the little girl—that would be Miss Marjorie—her mother over again, sir—to look after themselves. He lived on his wits for a few years—race courses. They called him the Toff Bookie, until he was barred by the police. Soon after I was broke for drink—and something else which was a black lie that only an educated accountant could have fought against—I met the major, and we kind of drifted along together, living anyhow; mostly, towards the end, on that blasted guitar I stole from outside a pawnshop in Burslem—the pottery town in the Midlands."

"A guitar in Burslem!" said Prosper absently. "But that's impossible!"

Mr. Cass glanced at him, hurt.

"I got it there, sir," he insisted; but Prosper had forgotten his small joke about the potter's paradise.

"I see—I see," he said. "And that's all you know?" He thought for a moment. "If Major Merlehurst had chanced to find money in Kern, would he have gone back to his wife, do you think?"

Cass shook his head.

"Quite so," said Prosper. "He really had gone to the bad."

"Absolutely! I—I'm no saint; but he could leave me standing still—at some things."

"Yes? Well, you've got another chance, Cass. He hasn't. That may be why you were left standing still."

He looked steadily at the man.

"A Turkish lady—a sultana, I believe—once asked a Spanish don named Juan this question: 'Christian, canst thou love?'—if the late Lord Byron wrote the truth, that is. I have always regarded that as an unnecessary and superfluous question, even as I regard the question I intend to ask you—namely, sergeant major, canst thou lie?"

"I can, sir," stated Cass equably.

"Then listen to me. Mrs. Merlehurst presently will ask you exhaustively about her husband. I want you to convey to her that he had long repented of his treatment of her, that he loved her still, that he earnestly believed she still would love him, and that he was coming to end his days

(Continued on Page 85)

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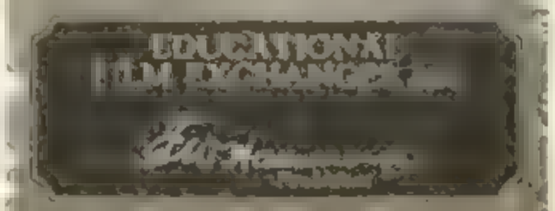

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THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER

Continued from Page 83

with her, perfectly, serenely, and blindly confident that she would welcome him. That is in order to help her towards some of the happiness which has been denied her. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir."

"Can you do it?"

"I can, sir."

"Excellent, Cass! At the right time, do it, and it may be that you will have done a better thing for yourself than you know."

"Very good, sir."

"You don't mind being a thoroughpaced, out-and-out liar in order to assure a little happiness to a lady who has deserved—but lost—a great deal of it, Cass?"

"Mind, sir? No, I'm proud of it!"

Prosper's eyes twinkled.

"I believe that you and I are going to get on together, Cass," he stated.

Politely, Cass hoped so; and then, greatly assisted by Plutus, they went into matters of ordinary routine concerning the camp, and so forth. This done, Prosper crawled back to the veranda and Marjorie May, leaving the liar to tack, as it were, in the offing until called upon. Which was speedily, for wise Marjorie promptly announcing to her mother that "the man who was father's friend" was now available, Mrs. Merlehurst appeared with rather pitiful suddenness, dry-eyed, but pale and a little tremulous. She was introduced to Cass and with him disappeared for a long talk in the quieter part of the garden. She reappeared presently, her wonderful eyes bright with tears, though behind the tears was a sort of happiness. But it was a happiness she was not yet ready to share. She passed into the house and a moment later Cass reported again to Prosper as Marjorie May followed her mother to assure herself that all was well.

"The lady was satisfied, sir," said Cass. "And she gave me this."

He passed a crumpled five-pound note to Prosper.

"And you brought it to me, eh, Cass?" he said, considering.

He felt in his pocket, found a roll of notes, peeled off a fiancée to the fiver and passed the engaged couple back.

"Marry them, Cass, and pray for the best," he advised.

The ex-guitar torturer flushed—a strange, bluish, unused sort of flush.

"I—I guess I didn't want paying for that, sir. I remembered her as a bride, cantering to their quarters on a polo pony of the major's—years ago."

"Quite so," said Prosper gently. "But a little real money isn't going to tarnish that recollection, is it?"

Cass realized, with a species of shock, that he had almost become that strange and fearful wild fowl, a sentimental sergeant major, gulped, took the money, saluted his semisalute and headed for the Kern Arms—as cavalry folk will, particularly when they have sworn off it.

Sitting alone for a little, Prosper considered that matter of the Kern emeralds. This was the second time that emeralds had flashed their green rays out of the fog of the Kern mystery. The nameless lady found under the pyramid was notable because of the emeralds she wore set in rings and a bracelet, and it was the Kern emeralds which had finally parted the Merlehursts. Both lots of emeralds were very good.

It occurred to Prosper to wonder whether the emeralds found on the dead lady were, by any twist of chance, the same emeralds as those which Mrs. Merlehurst had denied receiving from Lord Kern.

"But even if they were, what does that prove?" he asked himself—and was answered almost instantly.

Mrs. Merlehurst had stepped out to the veranda. She came to him, her eyes intent.

"I could not rest without thanking you for telling that poor fellow, Cass, to be quite frank," she said. "He—his story has made a very great difference to me," she said.

But Prosper declared that he deserved no thanks. He had done nothing, he said; nothing at all, except to try to help Cass pull himself together a little and to tell the truth.

"Ah, you would say that, of course; but I know how much we owe you—Marjorie and I," she said.

Prosper's face grew serious.

"If you feel that—there is no need to feel it at all, but if you do, and desire to pay or overpay your debt, will you answer me one question—no, two questions?"

"Why, of course!"

"They are to do with some emeralds——"

Prosper paused. She nodded, speaking softly.

"Yes, I understand. I will answer."

"The Kern emeralds. Lord Kern offered them to you—years ago—when he was in love with you?"

Her face was white.

"Yes; to help tempt me to divorce my husband. I declined them, naturally. Though, as Cass has told you, my husband believed I had accepted them, and was keeping it secret from him."

"Oh, yes, I understand. That was a tragic mistake for Major Merlehurst to make," said Prosper swiftly. "But it is past now—forgiven—soon to be forgotten."

"There was another question, Mr. Fair?"

"Yes, if you will give me leave. Do you know what became of the emeralds after you declined them?"

She nodded slowly.

"Yes. But I did not learn it until some years after my husband's mistake and Lord Kern's disappearance, and then quite by chance——"

She paused, thinking. Prosper waited.

"Let me explain," she said. "Lord Kern originally launched out into his year of extravagance—mainly for my sake, to meet me, and so on. He was in love with me. They used to say that I was pretty—in those days. I can say that now, so long ago it was. Lord Kern believed he could persuade me to divorce my husband. But at last I convinced him it was impossible. It was then he offered me the emeralds—oh, not only the emeralds but anything I cared to have. He told me of his great wealth, of what it would buy. He tempted me most desperately to divorce Geoffrey and marry him. He hardly spoke of himself; he seemed to pin all his hopes on the power, the allurement, of his great fortune. He seemed stunned when at last I convinced him that it was hopeless. So he went away. I never saw him again. But a long time after I heard that he had given the emeralds to another woman—a woman who had a great vogue as a music-hall singer at that time. You may have heard of her. She was called Niobe Swayne."

Niobe Swayne. Prosper's lips set, for the first victim in the sunken garden, Larry Calhoun, had married Niobe Swayne, though Mrs. Merlehurst did not know that. She was watching him.

"You know, I would like to tell—to admit to you that I have sometimes wondered whether the emeralds of that poor soul found at the pyramid were the Kern emeralds," she said, almost inaudibly; "and whether, by some strange twist of fortune, she was Niobe Swayne. But I was half afraid. I hated those emeralds. They were unlucky—to me. And, as you know, I was wicked enough, untrue and mad enough, to fear that my husband had killed Lord Kern because he believed I had accepted those very emeralds. I was afraid to tell anyone because of that—for Geoff's sake."

Prosper nodded.

"Yes, I see that. It was most natural. But there is no need to be afraid any more. And I believe your doubt—your guess—was right. The woman with the emeralds was Niobe Swayne. She was Calhoun's wife, and the man who killed Calhoun and Major Merlehurst killed her also. And soon—very soon now—that man will be caught and everything will be over. So that there is nothing now for you to worry over any more—only just to rest; rest and recover."

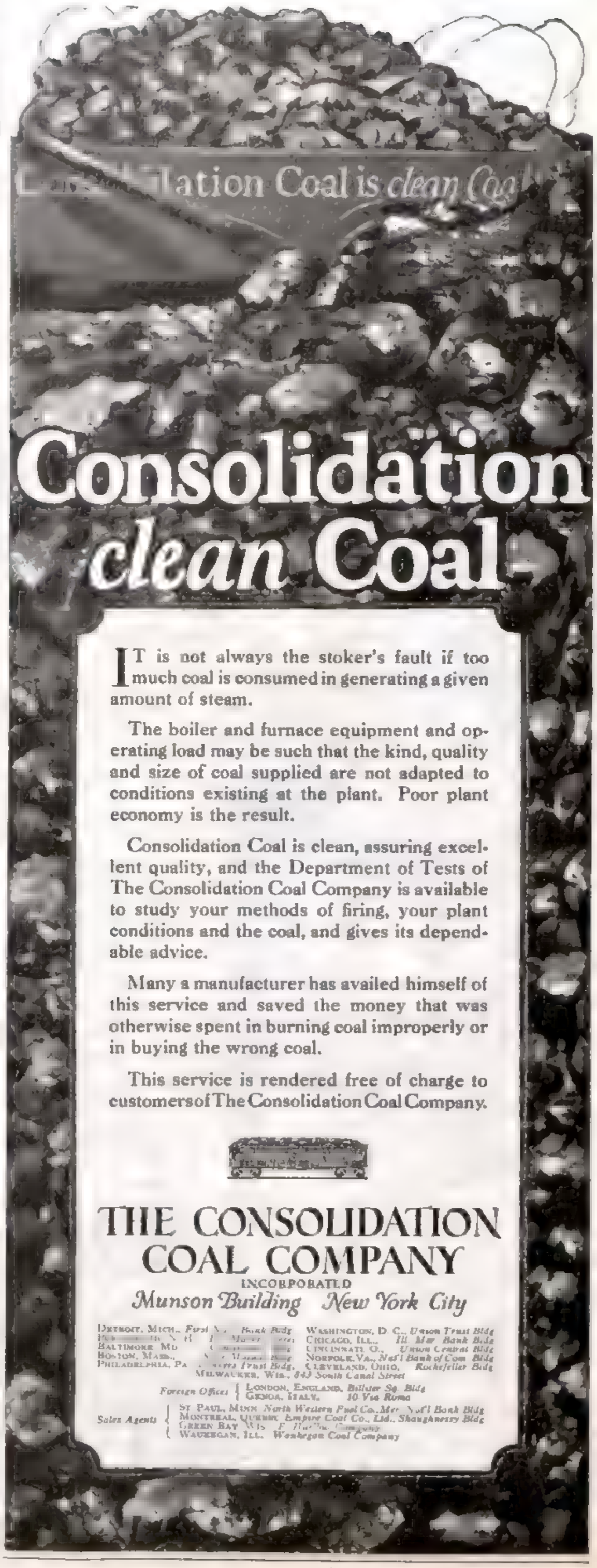
She heard and accepted the absolute conviction in his voice and she was content. Obediently she went in to rest and recover, as he had said.

XXI

AND now it was borne in on Prosper, as he sat, busy-brained, that the time had come when the thing grew most urgent and grim. He knew the story of Calhoun, of Niobe Swayne, of the Merlehursts, and enough of the story of Lord Kern to complete all but a corner of what he had lightly called the jigsaw.

He leaned back with half-closed eyes. He was very fond of Marjorie May, but he hoped that she would not come out for a few moments. He wanted to think, and the Marjorie Mays of this world are not, in their first bloom, good aids to collected thought. It is later in life that they sometimes become sharp spurs to furious thinking.

It seemed to Prosper now that everything was drawing into a perfect focus, clear-cut, sharply defined, wholly free from fog. He knew that Lord Kern, at his zenith as a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miser, had fallen in love with Rose Merlehurst, the neglected wife of a rake—so cruelly in love that he had abandoned his hoarding and begun to spend his great accumulation in the hope of attracting her to himself and of doing that which most women in her situation very reasonably and with perfect justification would have done—that is, divorcing her worthless husband. He had, as it were, taken her up to a high place and spread out before her a vision of all that a million pounds would buy.

"All this will I give thee, the power and the glory; if thou wilt worship me all shall be thine," murmured Prosper to the bees busy among the flowers. "It was not wholly original—it has been said before. Nevertheless, it is, in effect, what Lord Kern said to Mrs. Merlehurst. But incomprehensively enough, she loved the man who had treated her as a village idiot may treat a beautiful flower he has found, and she refused to free herself. She even contrived at last to make him see that she meant it—that his great, his glittering possessions were useless to win him the only thing he desired—this beautiful and sweet-natured woman to be his wife. He realized it at last; and so, being eccentric—and Lord knows that is a common complaint among the aristocracy, dry-rotten with it, as they are—he abandoned everything. But he was not quite eccentric enough to take his fortune out to sea and throw it overboard."

He rolled and lit a hasty cigarette.

"The Pyramid of Lead they call it, Plutus mine," he said. "But they would be more accurate if they called it the Pyramid of Gold!" He nodded, his eyes dancing.

"The Pyramid of Gold! For, at a safe guess, Lord Kern had buried his hoard and erected upon it with his own hands a tombstone—a monument. And having deeply inscribed on that monument those age-old truths that had been inscribed not less deeply on his heart, he turned his back on it all, giving it, after a lapse of time, to the child of the woman he loved, so that the woman's husband would be the less likely to benefit, and wandered out into the world.

"Yes, that would be it—that must be it. What did he seek—which would take him ten years to find, if ever he found it at all?"

Prosper sat up.

"Whatever it was he sought—forgetfulness, balance, sanity, philosophy—he seems to have found it. For he is coming on the Colossic—coming home, doubtless to reclaim his own if he can get here in time.

"But he has failed to keep his secret. A few, by chance or by guile, discovered it—Calhoun—Niobe Swayne—the iron-gray Merlehurst—and the killer, who guards it so bitterly that one is tempted to believe he may endeavor to guard it even from its owner—from Kern himself! We must look into that aspect of it, Plutus." He grinned at the dog. "Remind me of that, will you, flesh eater?" he said.

A movement by the gate caught his eye. He half turned, to see Detective-Inspector Garrishe beckoning him. Prosper went down to find him greatly perturbed about the discovery of a body in the lake.

"He was found by this man Cass whom you seem to have engaged to look after your camp, Mr. Fair," said the detective in a low voice. "And Cass has reported it to the police and the body is now at the Kern Arms awaiting the inquest. It's a plain case of suicide. I'm uncomfortable about it, somehow. It looks bad—another death here, right under my nose. Headquarters'll want to know something. But what puzzles me is this: Cass says that the man found in the lake is a Major Merlehurst, husband of the lady who lives here—your hostess, Mr. Fair—and, moreover, mother of the young lady who is—was—going to inherit Kern. I'll say to you, though to nobody else, that I'm not at all easy in my mind about this suicide. It looks queer. If the man was somebody else, I could let it go as a plain suicide, but it's got a queer look."

Prosper broke in quietly.

"Cass is right. The man is—was—Merlehurst. He went to the dogs and his wife hasn't seen him for years. He was a mate of Cass'; they were on the road together. They had sunk low. Cass used to be in his regiment. . . . Your instinct of uneasiness is right, Inspector. Soon—in a few hours—I will tell you something about that suicide; but not yet."

Garrishe was surprised. His face darkened a little.

"You knew of this suicide this morning when I was talking to you at the camp?"

"I knew of it yesterday," explained Prosper. "It was one of the things which helped me solve the whole mystery of Kern."

"Solve—you say you've solved the whole mystery?"

"Oh, yes; didn't I mention it this morning?"

"You conveyed that you were well on the way to solving it, but you weren't quite so definite." Garrishe's eyes bored into Prosper's. "I'll tell you something, Mr. Fair," he jarred. "If the chief constable hadn't guaranteed to me you were above suspicion—and if I hadn't satisfied myself that he was right—I believe I should put you where I could keep an eye on you."

"And I think you would be right, Garrishe," agreed Prosper readily. "But, my dear man, don't take it to heart and don't get blue about it. I will put the murderer neatly into your open hands within the next few days, and a perfect explanation of the whole thing. You will emerge in a blaze of glory and promotion will be hurled unerringly at your head. Just be patient and not sullen. Trust little Prosper and all will be well."

The detective reflected, staring hard into the gay, jaunty eyes of "little Prosper."

Presently he shrugged, a faint touch of envy in his own somber eyes.

"All right, all right," he agreed reluctantly. "But don't give him too much law. You're a greyhound all right, Mr. Fair; but don't forget the old lurcher ain't such a bad dog. He cuts the corner where the greyhound follows the hare. And your sport is my livelihood, don't forget that."

Prosper softened to that instantly.

"My dear chap, decidedly I won't forget it. I understand perfectly. It's only a question of a day or so."

"Very well."

Rather reluctantly the detective withdrew.

Then Marjorie May appeared, explaining that she had been making a special cream coffee cake which they would have for tea if the cook—who was by no means wonderful—did not spoil it; and the rest of that afternoon was all for Marjorie May.

Mrs. Merlehurst appeared—in black—at dinner that night, very quiet and kind and gentle. Nobody came to bother her with demands that she should identify the man lying at the Kern Arms. Prosper had made that right with the detective and Cass had provided all the identification needed.

But—as happens to many a wanderer—Prosper, sitting tranquilly in the long, dim dining room, softly lit by shaded candles, talking at leisure with these two clear-souled women, felt once more that the desert was fast losing its charm and that the oasis was good indeed.

"It is good to wander, and there are fine adventures and glorious company to be found upon the road," he heard himself saying once, his eyes on Marjorie May; "yet in the end a man's heart yearns for his own fireside and his own people—to come in and sit down and talk with them and to rest for a little."

Marjorie May's eyes were shining like stars as she agreed.

But for a moment Prosper had forgotten the man lying at the Kern Arms.

"And rest—rest is the best of all," said Mrs. Merlehurst in a still voice. She was smiling a little; but where Marjorie's eyes were bright with youth, hers were bright with tears.

XXII

IT WAS not until two days after that Prosper explored Kern Castle, and he chose to do that alone, for he desired to see privately what was to be seen before he inspected it again in company with the detective and Barnsford. Prosper was ever prone to plow a lonely furrow.

He chose the first peep of dawn as the hour to start, and he went apparently unequipped, even without the gas mask, the use of which he had so earnestly recommended to Garrishe. The early haze still hung over the sunken garden as he passed noiselessly through, and the dark flanks of the pyramid were damp with dew. Prosper paused for a moment, studying it. He no longer pondered the inscriptions, for there was no longer any hidden meaning in them to attract his attention.

It was for something more tangible than veiled meanings and obscure significances that he was working now, for he had worked a little at arithmetic in the privacy of his own room on the previous evening, and he had arrived at an interesting answer to the small sum he had set himself.

He had chosen to assume that—allowing for the inevitable expansion which every large sum of money undergoes as mention of it passes from lip to lip—the fortune of Lord Kern, nevertheless, was somewhere in the neighborhood of a million. The Kerns, he knew, had been wealthy in late Victorian days; but standards were different at that time. It took much less actual hard cash to be a colossally wealthy man in those days than it did nowadays, and it was unlikely that the Kern fortune had exceeded three-quarters of a million when the present Lord Kern had inherited it, and a miser as a money handler has very different methods from those of a gambler or a financier. He takes not the minutest fraction of risk, and for this solid safety he sacrifices both speed and amount in the matter of increasing his accumulation. But values had risen and the inexorable operation of time had helped Lord Kern. He had inherited while still a very young man, and twenty years of keenly increasing avarice—with the exception of that year of furious extravagance—must have told a tale with a long string of 0's attached to it. Prosper let his estimate go at a total of a round million. This, Kern may have hidden in sovereigns—an extremely unlikely method. More probably he had converted that amount, over a long period of time, into pure gold. But gold weighs heavily, and until he had worked out his sum Prosper had thought vaguely of the nugget he sought as a thick, long slab of sheer gold about the size of a gun case.

But his figures told a different story. He had ascertained that a cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1205.6 pounds. This from an old, dog's-eared book on metals found at the local blacksmith's.

Prosper was no slave to figures, and he could damn a mere decimal with any man, and invariably did so. Also he could gayly ignore queer conflicting memories of troy, avoirdupois, and even apothecaries' weight.

Sixteen honest ounces to an honest pound was ever good enough for Prosper, and he was perfectly willing to accept the statement that a cubic foot of gold weighed 1205.6 pounds. He went further in his natural generosity—he cheerfully knocked off the .6 for discount. It got in the way of the more serious figures—like a Pomeranian pup getting mixed up with one's feet when one was running to get near a pack of fox hounds.

He knew in a sketchy sort of way that gold was worth four pounds an ounce, or thereabouts.

"So if Kern hid a million in gold, and I divide a million by four, that gives me the number of ounces he hid. Naturally," concluded Prosper.

This worked out at two hundred and fifty thousand ounces.

"That's a large number of ounces," he told himself, a little surprised. "Still, figures can't lie."

He divided that again by sixteen—to get pounds—honest sixteen-ounce ones. None of your troy stuff for Prosper—anyway, he had forgotten how many ounces went to a troy pound, though he remembered Helen of. Which gave him fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five pounds.

"Dividing fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five by twelve hundred and five surely should give me a rough idea of the bulk of gold in cubic feet which, I believe, Kern hid." He achieved that division—roughly. "Thirteen cubic feet—almost—call it thirteen for luck." He nodded. "Thirteen cubic feet of solid gold," he mused, "would require thirteen cubic feet of space to stow it in. That's logic, and I am better at logic than mathematics—or is it mensuration? Not a great space to search for, especially when it may be either a tunnel or hole thirteen feet long or deep, and one foot thick square"—he smiled at the idea of a thick-square hole, but he knew what he meant—"or a square chamber—no, cubic—that's it, a cubic compartment about—let me see—about thirteen feet square and thirteen feet high."

He surveyed the result rather dubiously.

"Or, in other words, a room thirteen by thirteen by thirteen would be required to store thirteen cubic feet of gold, which, as friend Euclid did not say, is damned silly. I've made a mistake somewhere. I'd better get Marjorie May to work it out. I can cook beans and bacon with any man, but I can't cook cubic mathematics."

Later investigations conducted in company with Marjorie May—who did it amazingly in her head, strangely referring to it as simple—assured him that thirteen cubic feet of anything—he did not mention gold—would require a square chamber about two and a third feet each way in size to accommodate it.

Simplified then, Prosper decided that he was hunting for a block of gold two feet four inches every way. Not a big block—less than a steamer trunk—but worth four and a half million dollars.

It was with these dimensions in his mind that he studied the Pyramid of Lead. Unmathematically-minded though he might be, Prosper had a very clear idea, indeed, of what he was looking for. He took out and opened the stoutest blade of a stout pocket knife and scored the knife point heavily along the base of the pyramid, producing a silvery scar at which he peered intently.

"Lead of the most leaden kind I've ever seen," he murmured. "Evidently Kern was not eccentric enough to blend his gold with lead. Probably that had been tried and proved before—by other investigators."

He checked suddenly, his mind flashing back to that wound—through the glove—in the palm of the nameless lady.

"That might have been caused by a chisel," he told himself. "She may have come here with a chisel for the purpose of chipping off a trifle of lead to test, and the killer quietly dropped his gas bubble near her as she stooped. She fell, and as she fell wounded her hand with the falling chisel, which presently the killer took away, with such fragments of glass as he could retrieve. But if that is so, she must have been warm—close to the secret—or he would not have killed her then."

His lips tightened as a thrill of excitement vibrated his nerves. He was, indeed, on the track and he knew it. For a few moments longer he remained there, thinking, then quickly made his way into one of the half-choked yew alleys which would bring him out at the south front of the ivy-masked castle.

He found no trouble in effecting an entrance to that abode of owls, jackdaws and bats. Many of the windows were broken, and one—a big leaded window—on the ground floor had been moved completely—probably stolen for sake of the lead by a passing band of the degenerate vagabonds which in England have succeeded the genuine Romany. It was through this space that he entered.

There was no furniture in the huge, echoing, musty-smelling room; but Prosper had not expected to see any. He knew that everything movable of value had been taken away and stored by old Enderby, acting on his own initiative. Marjorie May was a favorite of the old lawyer and he had frankly told Prosper during their chat at Mavisholme that there had been a great deal of extremely valuable furniture—moved from the Kern town house after the extravagant year—left there by Lord Kern.

"He gave no instructions as to the disposal of this, but it was stupid to let it stay there and rot, Mr. Fair. If Marjorie ever has the castle she may as well have a furnished castle, I think."

"I think so, too," Prosper had said.

"Especially when among the—um—articles in question are pictures worth at a guess—a lawyer's guess, not a connoisseur's, Mr. Fair—forty thousand pounds," confided Mr. Enderby.

"You are a judge of pictures, Mr. Enderby?"

"No; but I am a lawyer," the old man had said rather dryly.

Certainly he had been lawyer enough to prevent stray cats from making a home among the antiques, bats lairing behind the tapestries, and others of the wild transforming the place from a treasure house into a cavern of rotting and ruined lumber. And never had Prosper feared lawyers less or liked them more, as, stealing quietly about the mildewed halls of Kern, he estimated what shrewd old Enderby had done for Marjorie May—assuming that the Colossic, now droning steadily across the western ocean, arrived home a little too late, legally speaking.

In places he moved ankle deep in last year's dead leaves, blown in through the broken windows like fluttering dun moths; and there were areas of damp, green with woolly fungus. Here and there the splendid oak floors were rotting at the edges; the brass was green and tarnished, and the deep recesses of the carving everywhere were choked by the webs of generations of spiders. But after the first quick, regretful realization of this ruin and decay, Prosper

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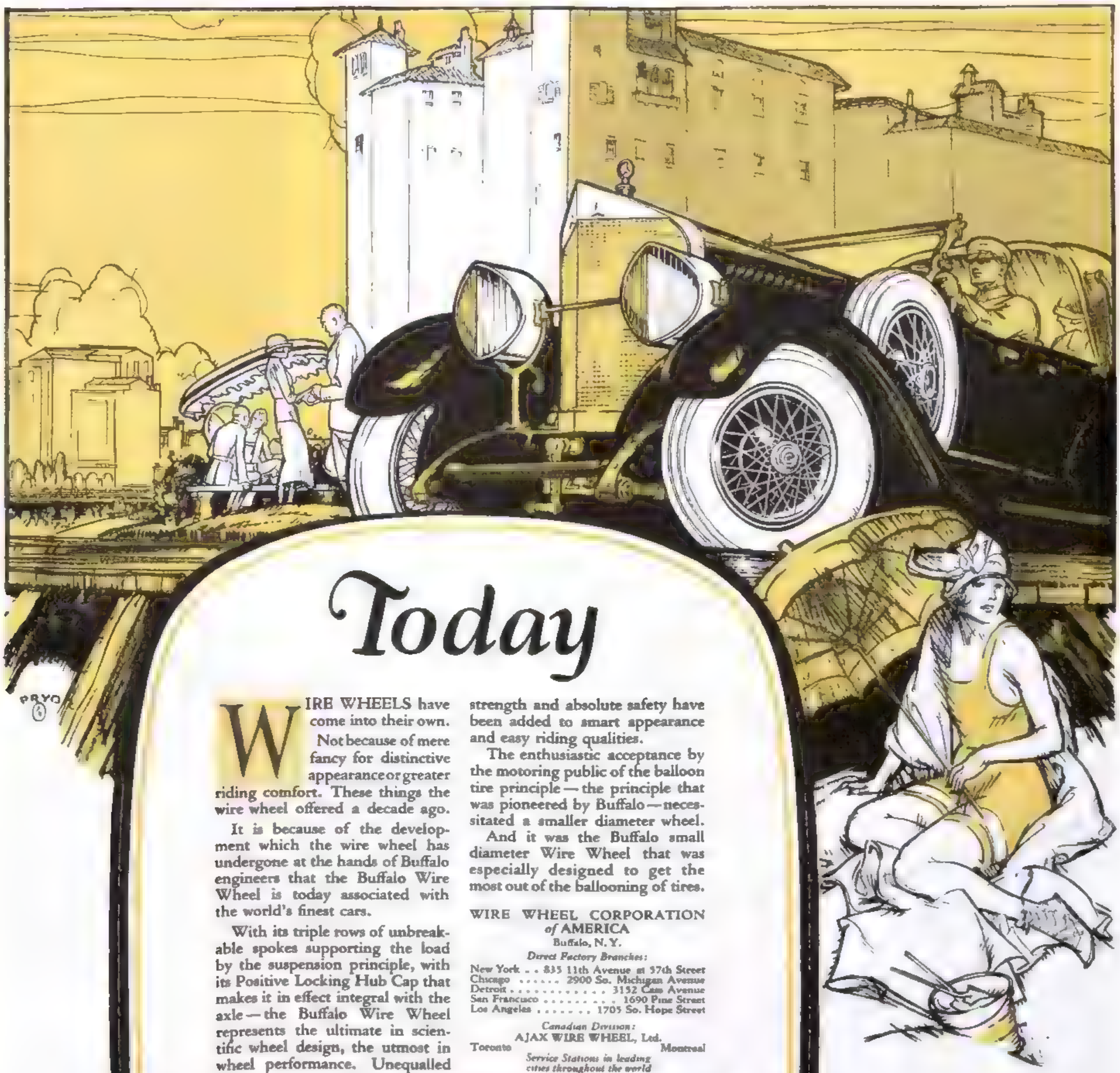

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ignored all that. He was on a definite quest. He had not come here to inventory faded splendors or to survey present dilapidations, as he reminded himself at the head of a flight of steps leading into the damp darkness of the cellars.

"It's a pity, of course; but I am neither a possible buyer of the castle nor a house agent showing it off. I am just a plain person of an inquiring turn of mind in search of thirteen cubic feet of a metallic element that has been prized from time immemorial gold, in fact," he said, pulling out his electric torch. "But I mislike the flavor of these cellars. Nevertheless ——"

He shrugged and went on slowly, his eyes active. Two hours' slow tour of the castle had proved wholly profitless, and for the time being the cellars were his last hope of gleaning a clew today.

But he had not passed down more than three or four of the stone steps before his face grew more tense and his eyes brighter. He had observed that the stone steps were not entirely as stone steps unused for ten years should be. In the center of the tread of each step the stone was visible like that of a step often trodden on. But each step at the side of the center was dark and dirty and damp with a blackish stain.

"These steps have been used a good deal recently," he murmured. "I suppose Garrishe noticed that."

But for a long time that was the only discovery he made, except for the fact that if any wines had been abandoned by Lord Kern, old Mr. Enderby had evidently extended a lawyer's loving care and protection to these also, for certainly there was not enough to intoxicate a church mouse now left in the cellars.

Prosper did rather an odd thing when he had got an idea of the general plan of the low-ceiled vaultlike maze of cellar space. He produced and studied carefully a small pocket compass.

"Navigation may not be my chief forte," he said, aloud, indomitably jestful, "but I believe I can say that the Pyramid of Lead lies in that direction."

He stared at the disk of blank wall, hoary with mildew, illuminated by his torch, which barred his way in "that direction," went forward and examined it carefully for its whole length. Except for a thin, horizontal mark, three feet long, on the mildew, and perhaps four feet from the ground, he found nothing; and at first glance that mark looked no more than a portion of the seam of mortar which for some reason had not been touched by the damp mildew.

If he had not been looking for something unusual about that wall, Prosper would never have given the mark a second thought. But now he peered closely at it and perceived that it was not a mortar line, but a clearly defined mark on the brick wall. The mortar line was an inch below it.

"If a small shelf had been removed recently from the wall such a mark might be left behind—a line protected by the edge of the board from the encroachment of damp and dirty mildew yes," he said, peering close. "But the same would apply to the wall space which the shelf brackets had covered, and there are no bracket marks, nor any other marks to indicate how the shelf was held in position. Shelves do not support themselves on edge against a wall, and nobody in his senses would put a shelf there. It was not a shelf."

He studied the mark, frowning.

"Something has been leaning against the wall—the edge of a tilted box? But why tilt a box here?"

He chuckled in the gloom.

"Quite the last place I, personally, should visit for the purpose of tilting a box, peculiar though I may be."

His light drooped to the floor as he stood pondering, and then he saw something else—a minute pinhead gleam, pale yellow against the dark slab of rough paving stone with which the cellar was floored. He dropped on his knees and with the point of his knife extracted the speck of stuff which gleamed from the tiny crevice in the stone in which it lay. He dropped it on the open palm of his left hand and directed the full glare of his torch on it.

It was gold!

XXIII

PROSPER stared, thrilling a little, at the yellow fragment.

"Gold—yes. I suppose this is a little how men feel when they first see color in the pan or a yellow streak in a bit of quartz," he said softly. "But it was careless to drop that tiny nugget here."

He thought for a moment, then drummed with his heel on the stone—gently, for each gentle, rubber-muffled thud set his still shaky nerves cringing. But, nevertheless, he tapped hard enough to hear the peculiar faint, hollow boom which told him that there was space under the slab instead of solid earth.

He knelt again, examining and probing the narrow joints of the slab closely; then moved to an adjoining slab, the joints of which he inspected also. His knife point sank easily into the soft blackish earth which was the filling of the joints of the first slab; but he tried in vain to insert the knife point into the joint of the second slab, for it was of solid cement, damp and black—but cement. He tested several other slab joints at random. They were all of cement. So he turned his attention to the first slab again.

"It's movable," he said. "But how is it rendered movable?"

It took him an hour to discover, in spite of the broad hint given him by the faint line on the cellar wall. He only caught the trick of it when, failing to find any visible mechanism or sign of mechanism, he sat and, resting from his gropings and lighting a cigarette, leaned against the wall and deliberately thought it out.

"There's a hollow under that stone, my friend, and I believe it is an accessible hollow. But to render it accessible, the stone has to be moved. How? It's too heavy to lift, and there's nothing to grip for the purpose of lifting. It does not slide in under the wall, as a drawer closes."

He stooped to where the base of the wall touched the stone, and perceived that there was no layer of cement between wall and stone. The stone seemed to extend under the wall. None other of the floor slabs did that.

"It may be pivoted—an iron bar passing through the stone crossways, each protruding end set in the adjoining slabs on either side "

He laughed quietly. He knew he had hit it, even before he pressed heavily with his foot on the slab a few inches from the wall. The stone sank a little under his foot, but the edge nearest the center of the cellar rose slightly. Leaning forward, he caught that rising edge with his finger tips. They fitted into a groove evidently meant for a finger grip. He pulled and the stone swung up quite easily. He brought it up. Its edge passed through a quarter circle and came to rest against the wall, exactly on the line mark which clearly it had caused.

A small pit yawned at his feet. Half a dozen steps of clay, banked with rough oak boards, led down into the darkness. Prosper surveyed the pit with frank distaste.

"Am I supposed to adventure into the bowels of the earth?" he said plaintively. "It would seem so. But it is all very unalluring to me, though badgers or rabbits would regard it as a very fine hole, indeed."

He sighed, and without further comment descended into the pit, carefully tested the weight of the pivoted stone and, assured that he could raise it on its pivot from below, let it sink into its accustomed position.

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here! It only needs that someone should shoot a few tons of coal into the cellar now, and I should be in a decidedly embarrassing position," he told himself. "That's the worst of an imagination," he added. "However ——"

He abandoned his gloomy speculations, and, his torch forcing back the darkness before him, he went into the low narrow tunnel opening out from the pit under the slab. He carried now in his right hand an implement with more potent possibilities than the torch in his left—six potent possibilities in all, five in the magazine, one in the breech.

"A sapper of engineers would revel in this," he murmured as he went forward slowly, "but to my mind it is devilish dark and damp and smells of tombs."

He paused after a little and studied his compass.

"It runs straight as a string for the pyramid," he murmured, pressing on. "But, nevertheless, I am not enthusiastic. What man with the stomachache would be?"

He chuckled softly at his little joke, and it sounded in that low-ceiled earthy cavern like a dead man chuckling in his everlasting sleep. But he went on. It was one of his peculiarities—to go on.

Five minutes later he had solved the secret of the pyramid. He stood in a tiny chamber roughly hollowed out under what must have been the dead center of the pyramid. Like the tunnel, it had been cut out of the solid greenish-blue clay and from everywhere about the trampled floor of the chamber gold specks flashed yellow in the clear cold electric beam of his torch.

But it was overhead that he stared—to see a jagged hole cut through what looked like a slab of iron inches thick. He raised his torch high above his head and peered through the hole.

And so at last he saw the glow of sheer solid gold; a cylindrical column of it, cased in thick iron, ran vertically up through the center of the Pyramid of Lead.

But somebody, gnawing with a sharp steel tooth, had taken heavy toll from the base of that pillar of gold, for Prosper could thrust his arm for almost its whole length upward through the jagged hole before his fingers touched the warm velvet of the pure gold.

"At least a couple of cubic feet—probably more—has been chipped or drilled out so far. Two hundred thousand pounds' worth, perhaps—and more, much more, where that came from!" said Prosper slowly, eying the long-handled, sharp-edged cold chisel which, with drills and other tools, were grouped against the side of the chamber.

It seemed extremely simple, now he had solved the thing. The killer—unlike Calhoun, Niobe Swayne and Merlehurst—had penetrated to the heart, and so discovered the secret of the Kern pyramid. But he had discovered it first—and first come, first served had evidently been his slogan.

Prosper, studying the airless, earthy-smelling little den in which he now crouched, perceived that it had not been without labor to the point of slavery that the gold worm had bored his secret way to the core of noble metal which was the heart of the pyramid. He pondered this as he studied the uniquely ceiled chamber.

"He found it, and he set out to get it—this midnight miner," said Prosper. "He knew it was quite hopeless to expect to get at it from outside without discovery, so he drove a sap to it. He dug his entrance in the cellar and rigged up his pivoted slab. Then he dug his way through the clay with infinite stealth and incredible patience, removing his clay as he went—tons and tons of it He must have worked for years at it. But he had plenty of time, and he knew it, for the ten years' limit of Lord Kern seems to have been public knowledge.

"Slowly, then, he drove his narrow passage through the clay, and at last—perhaps not so long ago—won to this spot under the pyramid. He needed nerve to open out this little hollow, with something like seven tons of gold pressing down overhead. It would have been a dramatic finish had the mass slid down and smashed him into the clay, but Kern's iron casing saved him from that. Then he had to drill the base of the iron casing—a beast of a job. But at last his drill went through and bit sweetly on the soft gold, and crumbs of the heavy, yellow stuff began to trickle out onto his upturned face. By Jove, I can see him at it—anybody could picture it!"

Prosper drew deep on the cigarette with which he had rewarded himself—thin as a straw, because of the atmosphere.

"White-faced, sweating, savagely tenacious, his hands and arms clay-stained, crouched here under the mass, drilling, drilling, drilling at the stubborn iron—steel, perhaps—with oily fillings trickling on his face; probably sick with fatigue and excitement, for he could not have been wholly sure the gold was there. He had staked his brutal slavery of years on the chance of drilling into the gold. Then, one night, the drill sinks into something rich and soft and cloggy compared with the iron, and the trickling crumbs grow heavier, and he examines a few; wipes his arm across his forehead perhaps and sees a yellow smear. Gold! He's into it—tons of it. Ye-es, that would be sufficiently exciting," admitted Prosper, excited himself at the mere vision of it.

"And then, resting a moment, gloating, perhaps he hears what he has always feared—the dull, distant knocking overhead of some other midnight investigator, chipping off a bit of the lead or drilling into the pyramid—a sound of some kind, just as I listened for a sound the other night. He had prepared for this, and so he steals back along his burrow, comes up through the cellar with his glass bubble of gas ready, and creeps down to the pyramid—the

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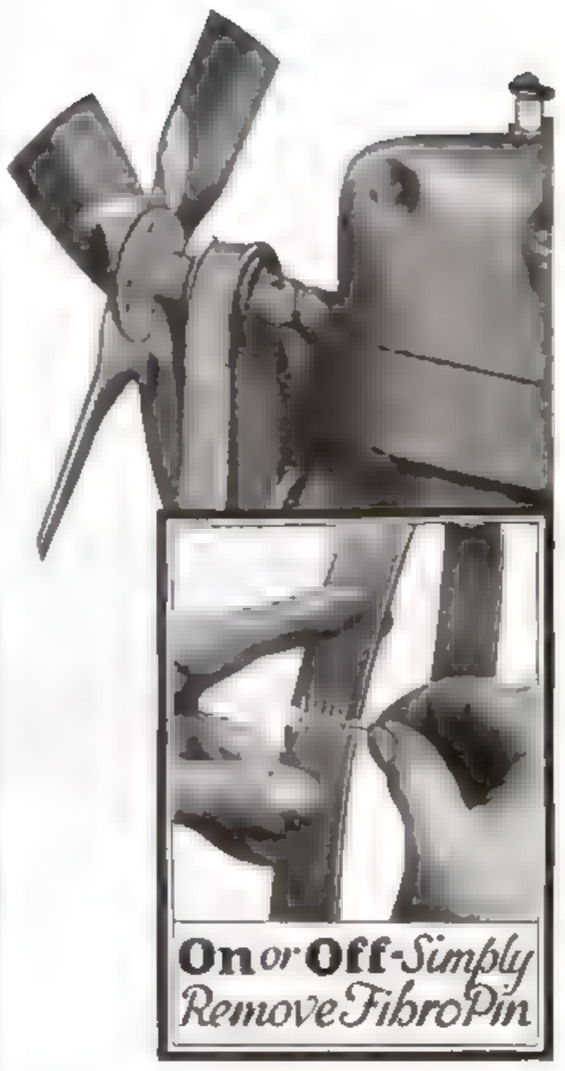

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SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 91)

south side, because it's nearest the yew hedge. He is perfectly willing to kill intruders rather than allow them to discover the gold, and so he kills Calhoun, the first of these: then the woman with the emeralds, and lastly Merlehurst. It is swift, silent and -except for Merlehurst, when he had to act swiftly—safe. He clears up, as well as possible, the shattered glass and anything likely to betray him—Niobe Swayne's chisel, for instance—and leaves the bodies to be discovered—for obscure reasons. Perhaps it is bright moonlight, or he believes there are prowlers about. But he chances it with Merlehurst because three dead bodies are too many. Two deaths have attracted enough attention—a third might mean a Home Office order to pull down the pyramid. So he carries Merlehurst's body to the lake in spite of the risks—and escapes."

Prosper rose, nodding.

"Yes, that would be the way of it. And I think that it is time I took a little fresh air. This place is stuffy and, curiously enough, full of tobacco smoke. Odd, that."

He moved slowly down the tunnel.

"We will take him red-handed—no, yellow-handed," he said presently as he passed up from the dark cellars to the ground floor of the castle. "Yellow-handed," he repeated.

"But if he had only kept himself from killing, one could find it in one's heart to admire the creature for the desperate slavery he faced and endured to get at the gold. As it is, he has put himself beyond mercy," concluded Prosper, and stepped into the sunlight that was struggling through the towering trees like falling streaks of gold. He stood for a few moments thinking, went slowly down to the sunken garden and for a long time studied the pyramid.

It was not with the air of one who seeks to discover clews that he stood in the deserted and ruined garden now, and there was nothing at all left of the gay and airy carelessness for which he had been noteworthy when he first came there to study that ugly gray but gold-hearted lure to destruction.

Now his rather thin hawkish face was drawn, and his eyes were a little sad.

"'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.' 'They that make a graven image are all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit.'"

Again he read that ancient wisdom and again he was aware of the subtly moving blend of veneration, admiration and respect touched with a sort of fear which thrills faintly the spirit of every man confronted with the realization of a truth and its meaning tested throughout the ages.

Like the gold itself, that bit of wisdom was sterling.

"They that make a graven image"—a graven image ——

What had that fiercely patient burrower, that self-hounded subterranean slave, that cold and crafty murderer done but made himself a graven image? And what would his ill-omened discovery profit him?

Prosper stared absently at the pyramid, and it seemed for a moment to him that he saw the eccentric action of the eccentric Lord Kern from a new angle. Had he been right to hide that yellow lure deep, deep down, cased in iron, bedded in stone, sheathed all over in lead, the dead metal, and there abandon it forever? It seemed so, but only for a second. Prosper knew better than that.

Gold? What was gold? It was not for sake of its red or yellow gleam that men adventured to the very brink of destruction to win it; not even for sake of the great things, the glorious things, the mountain cave of treasures to which it was the glittering key. There was more in it than that; some deep, compelling and unconquerable urge in the spirit of man, fanned from spark to flame by the procession of ages, the rush past of a million years.

Prosper caught back his mind, wandering as it was on far speculations, shrugged his shoulders and headed slowly for Kern village, thinking as he went. But it was not of the killer that he thought. Curiously, his mind was busy with Lord Kern, daily speeding nearer to his fatal pyramid.

Why was he coming home? Had he repented his eccentricity, or had he discovered a new one? That was what Prosper pondered as he went.

He did not return direct to Mavisholme. Instead he hired the only car available for hire in Kern and drove to Carisbury, where he purchased certain articles which he felt he might require. Then he sent a long telegram to Dale, bought a vast box of chocolates for Marjorie May, had himself examined with reassuring results by a doctor—he had never been quite easy in his mind about the effects of the killer's knees, for they hurt abominably—and so went back to Mavisholme a tired man. Marjorie May and her mother were waiting lunch for him.

During the glorious afternoon with Marjorie May, in a comfortable chair on the tennis lawn, Prosper talked of many things. But among these was no mention of the gold in the pyramid.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE ROAD UP POKEY MOONSHINE

(Continued from Page 17)

hand was generous, strong and work-bitten, like a man's. "You going to try to get there tonight? It'll be dark's a pocket."

"No. I was just wondering." He paused. "Is it as sightly as this? I kind of thought I'd come back sometime and go on a ways."

"Guess you wouldn't be sorry—not if you feel this is worth walking up to see. I go over sometimes."

"You live around here then?" He had guessed before the motion of her head answered him. She belonged back at the house where he'd eaten; there wasn't anywhere else.

"I guess I've got to thank you for some bread and milk," he said. "An old man on the porch ——"

"My grandfather—he's past ninety. I hadn't ought to leave him alone, but there's times ——" She stopped. "It kind of calls to me. I d'know how to say it so you'd understand, but I just got to drop my work and go."

She came sure-footedly down to the path. Purdy nodded.

"I guess I know what you mean. It's been calling to me too. That's how I happened to come. Always wanted to know where that road went to. I was brought up down in Millville." He gave his name.

"I remember hearing of some Purdys a long time back. Mostly gone now, I guess."

"All but me."

He followed her along the path, too narrow for them to walk abreast. She talked without turning, in short and disconnected speeches.

He vaguely remembered her name when she gave it—Liz'beth Rudlow. The old man was a veteran; young Adam Purdy had seen him marching in Fourth of July parades—an old man, forty years ago!

"All the Rudlows gone but me and grandfather too," she told him. "Used to be a sight of 'em, but we've pinched out. Nobody else left on the Pokey Moonshine road now."

"Find it sort of lonesome, I guess."

"Used to, after the Lymans moved down to the flats, but I don't mind it now. I'd rather be lonesome, anyway, than live where I couldn't see farther 'n across the road."

"Lot of work for you though."

"Used to that too. Only thing 't worries me is the hay—have to make enough to feed a horse and cow through the winters. Don't work the farm any more—grandfather's got his pension and we make out all right."

She stopped at the head of the tiny lake and Purdy came up beside her.

"Sightly right here, isn't it?"

"It's better at the other end, where you kind of stumble on it," he said, "but it's nice here too."

She nodded. "There's two-three places over toward Whiteface you'd like. It's a pity you didn't get an earlier start, so you could've gone farther."

"I'll do it next time," said Purdy.

This time he did not even try to rebuke the implication. He knew that he would come this way again—tomorrow. An idea

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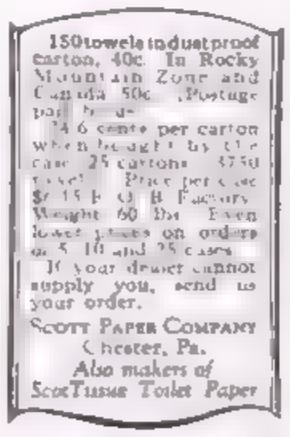
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came to him: he saw it with a sudden keenness of desire as he had wanted things when he was a child.

"I suppose you wouldn't want to take me to board for a while," he said slowly. "You see, it's such a long way up from the village that I can't get a very early start if I stay down there, and there's no place nearer—is there?"

"I guess it'd be all right." She spoke carefully. "You'd have to put up with things. We don't live very high."

"You wouldn't say that if you'd walked up that hill from the railroad," he put in, astonished at himself.

She laughed with him, and he had a dim conviction that this, too, was part of the thing he had come to seek. Laughter—that kind of laughter—was —— He tried to fit it with his new word. Not sightly, perhaps, but related to it somehow. He began to think of another word, a word he'd never spoken, a word not to be taken on a man's lips, but warm and glowing in his mind. Beauty—that was what he wanted, and laughter must be part of it.

II

THEY rode home in single file and silence, after the trip to Pokey Moonshine. Adam Purdy's body ached from the saddle, but he scarcely knew it; he was drunk for the first time in his life, drugged by long thirsty gulps of the magical thing he had found at the top of the road. He paid no attention to the horse he had brought up from the livery stable in the village, letting it follow Liz'beth's lead; he slouched in the saddle, his hands folded on the pommel, his body swaying to the gait of the tired beast. At the upper bars of the pasture it was Liz'beth who dismounted to let them down, and he sat stupidly, offering no protest or thanks. She led her own horse down across the field to the lower gate, and remotely he heard her singing very softly. He had no ear for a tune and the words were inaudible, but the sound pleased him. He knew now how Higginbotham felt about the blurred noises that fat men and women made on the stage at the opera; he nodded approvingly. This was part of it too.

He climbed stiffly down at the door of the tiny barn and fiddled clumsily with the girth buckles; Liz'beth pushed him gently away and the broad band dropped; he watched her slip on the halters and pour measures of oats into the feed boxes, admiring and envying her competency. Presently, after all these miles, she would milk while he looked on. One of these days he would learn to do that and to handle the horses too; it wasn't work for any woman, any more than the woodpile from which he had already released her.

"I'll milk right away," she said, using a whisper which, for some unknowable reason, matched his mood. "You might go and make sure grandfather's in the house. It's pretty cold for him after sundown."

He obeyed silently, glad to be of even this much service. He would tell old Andrew Rudlow about Pokey Moonshine; perhaps the old man would be able to see it in memory, if somebody helped him. Purdy knew that it would be so with him if he lived to be ninety; the name would always call up that sweep of narrow glen between the high hill walls, with the tiny stream lashing itself furiously about among the bowlders far below, so that the sound of it was thinned and hushed like Liz'beth's song.

The big chair by the kitchen window was empty, and the door to the porch stood open, framing a new picture of misty hilltops, with a fading glow tinging the banked clouds high above them. It seemed to Adam Purdy that a man might watch those hills forever and not see them twice alike; he went out quietly and stood beside the wooden rocker, loath to interrupt old Rudlow's vision. He spoke softly.

"We got there all right. It's a sightly place."

Some quality of the stillness frightened him. He touched the old man's shoulder and knew why Andrew Rudlow wasn't impatient to hear about Pokey Moonshine. He crossed the kitchen and called to Liz'beth.

"Guess you'd better see here a minute."

She moved past him without a word. He followed helplessly and saw her standing still and straight beside the chair. The silence grew unbearable at last. He stepped nearer, calling her name.

"Liz'beth, don't ——"

A new strange sound seemed to be torn between her set teeth; he saw her shoulders lift and fall in silhouette against the paling sky. Again he felt that sense of fulfilled quest, as if this, too, like her laughter and her hushed crooning song, were something he had sought and found.

"Don't cry, Liz'beth—don't take it so hard. He—he's seeing something sightlier than those hills maybe."

She seemed to control herself with a single effort of will. Her voice was almost steady, but Adam Purdy felt a flame in it.

"I'm not crying for him! He wanted to—he's all right. It's me that's left"

"Don't. You're all right too, Liz'beth. You aren't left alone. I'm right here—right here by you."

"And you'll go now." Her voice tightened. "You'll have to go. They—they've started talking, as it was. You'll go and ——"

Adam Purdy's hands reached out and closed tightly on tense shaking wrists.

"I won't. Not ever. Neither of us, Liz'beth. I came up here to hunt for something—I didn't know what. I been finding it ever since—pieces of it, but not all. This makes it—whole!" His voice hushed. "Beauty—that's it, Liz'beth—that's Pokey Moonshine, and the lake and hills, piled up and up till you lose 'em against the clouds, and the young birches in between the pines, and sun on the water, and—and you, this! It's all the same thing, and I've found it. Think I'm ever going to let go?"

III

THE road up Pokey Moonshine was begun that summer. Adam Purdy justified it to Liz'beth with a number of excellent reasons—several more than he would have mentioned, indeed, if there had not been another that he kept to himself, kept even from Liz'beth. Sometimes he wondered uneasily whether he might not have talked about it in his sleep, for there were moments when the look on Liz'beth's face seemed indulgent rather than convinced.

There was a lot of money piling up, for one thing. They didn't spend a tenth of Purdy's income, even with a hired man to do the chores and two horses to be fed instead of one. There was, besides, no good reason why the road should be shut, now that the hired man had finished fencing in the new pasture. It would make it possible to drive up Pokey Moonshine in the new surrey, instead of riding, which came no easier with practice, Purdy found. It was a pity, on general principles, that a right of way should be allowed to lapse; it was bad for property values all over the hill, and Liz'beth was mistress of three hundred acres now. Besides—and he came nearest to the truth in this admission—it gave Adam Purdy something to do.

Liz'beth encouraged him always, but he fancied now and then that she smiled when she thought he didn't see her. Once, thanks to a crinkled mirror, he caught a fair glimpse of her in the very act, and afterwards he felt vaguely easier about it all. She didn't smile as if she were amused; it was something—well, something sightlier than amusement that he saw in that look.

He hired men and teams from the village, rented the township's road scraper, put in new bridges here and there. It really didn't cost much, considering how the road had been neglected; they cleared up almost a mile of it before the ground froze and the snow covered it.

Adam Purdy rather liked the imprisonment behind the drifts. There was plenty of coal and hay, and he felt, in reflection from Liz'beth's recurrent pleasure in this plenty, a sense of wealth that he had never been able to find in the bonds that crowded his box at the safe-deposit vault. There was wealth, too, in the knowledge of provisions in cupboard and cellar, in the possessive attitude their solitude inspired in him toward Liz'beth; but most of all he found it in his unchallenged lordship of these shining upper spaces, where the bare young timber scarcely shadowed the snow, and where, when the crust had hardened, an active healthy man could tramp halfway up Pokey Moonshine road and plan—the better for the naked slopes—where the new path might steal up on beauty all unawares.

He could think the word now without that old-time shyness, but he could not say it, not even to Liz'beth. He remembered vaguely a loquacious young man who had sold Crozier pictures in one of the galleries, and who talked about it, with many restless movings of shoulders and hands and features. Something in the memory made Adam Purdy wonder whether that talkative fellow had known as much about it as he seemed to. At this distance he distrusted that glibness; there were people who could chatter that way about—about love, too, and about God.

Sometimes he and Liz'beth talked about God that winter, but they never named—that other. Adam Purdy was a little puzzled to discover a belief that was surer than knowledge, a reverent certainty of a kind of secret understanding, as if he knew remotely how God looked at things and felt about them.

"It's like us, Liz'beth, up here where we can see!" He moved his hand at the picture in the window frame. "There's higher hills, and when we can get up to them it'll be like climbing up out of that pocket down yonder."

"I shouldn't wonder." Liz'beth's darning needle wriggled in and out between the strands of yarn. "It's good to live in hills anywhere. I know that much."

"They'd see it if they came up to look." He gestured toward the invisible village under the shoulder of the hill. "I know what it did to me, that first day. I—I've been different." He pondered. "I'd seen some sightly things too. Crozier had pictures that folks said but I couldn't feel them. I guess there's plenty of us who sort of want the real thing."

"Pictures would be better than nothing," said Liz'beth tolerantly. "If I couldn't go see Pokey Moonshine I'd like a first-rate painting of it. It's like moving the view into your room, some."

"It's better to go find the view yourself," he said. "If they'd only do it. Maybe, when the road's done ——"

He stopped. He'd almost told her, that time, about the real reason for the new road, the notion that if he made it easy for them people would come up from the flats and find what he'd found, where he'd found it. He glanced at her slyly, but there was nothing in her face to show that she'd even heard. He was relieved. Liz'beth didn't like the flat-land people; she'd think it was silly to spend money building a road for them. She'd never been one of them, or she'd understand better.

"It's a pretty steep climb," he went on. "Lots of folks would hate to take a good horse up that hill. Do myself—rather walk to the village every time." He pondered over this, frowning a little. "Maybe the horseless carriages will fix that part of it. They were getting pretty common down in the city—see one almost every time you went out. Read in a magazine that there'd be thousands of 'em inside of ten years, maybe a hundred thousand even. Build 'em cheaper, if they can sell a lot. Look at how bicycles came down."

Liz'beth came and stood beside him, touching his hair as she loved to do. He guessed dimly that the thick vigor of it comforted her against the bleaching gray; he loved every sign of youth and strength he found in her, and it was queer how often they found themselves sharing the same thoughts, like that.

"We were selling quite a lot of leather to those automobile factories, even before I sold out. Surprise you to see how much they used. Shouldn't wonder if maybe that magazine was right."

He reached up for her hand. "Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing, Liz'beth, if it turned out that way—thousands and thousands of folks that never saw anything like that, driving out over the hills and—seeing things—things like that view we got over Pokey Moonshine maybe? Even that same view sometime!"

"It won't hurt to have the road ready for 'em when they come," she said gently. "We can use it anyway."

"It isn't enough," said Adam Purdy. "The more people see a sight like that, the lovelier it gets." He frowned, groping for expression. "You got to want somebody else to see it, the same as Crozier was always trying to get me up to look at his pictures. When the road's done, maybe ——"

It was done that third summer so that the two horses drew the surrey all the way to Pokey Moonshine and back between dark and dark, with a long halt, too, at each of Adam Purdy's little ambushes, where beauty took you by the throat all unprepared. Adam Purdy stabled the team himself, in a settling dusk, and looked out at the break in the woods where the road dipped down over the rim toward the valley. The men who'd been at work on the road would have spread the word that it was finished and open; there would be a moon presently: somebody might drive up tonight, to see just why some old settler had called that glen a poke of moonshine.

He sat up a little later than his habit, watching the road from Andrew Rudlow's chair on the porch. Liz'beth was asleep when he tiptoed in, and he was careful not to wake her. There was a faint sense of reproach in the sight of her face, dark against the pillow. She'd encouraged him right along, but it had taken a lot of money, especially to make the cuts and fills that carried the road up to those ambush places. There was plenty left, of course, but Liz'beth might feel —— He rejected the thought. Liz'beth wasn't like that, nursing a silent grievance. You could count on her. Tomorrow, if the weather held, there'd be people passing—people who came up blindly, as Adam Purdy had come; people who would carry back a little, at least, of what he had found.

Later, when he spoke about hiring the sign painter in the village to make a guidepost for the crossroads, Liz'beth discouraged him gently.

"Don't try to persuade them to come, Adam. They won't want to. You wouldn't have come if anybody'd urged you. The road's there. Let them find it for themselves, the way you did. Anyway it's late; I can feel snow coming."

He kept the road open through the snow until the drifts were too deep for his horse to break them. In the spring there were three cars in the village, and one of these clawed its way up the hill, winning a small wager for its owner from the envious possessors of the two others. Adam Purdy found a good omen here.

"There'll be hundreds of 'em, pretty soon—cars that can go sailing up a hill like that. The road'll draw 'em. All I've got to do is to keep it in shape. They'll come. I can wait."

He spent more money keeping it in shape. The cars multiplied in the village and there was a dance floor over at Paulding's Pond, well patronized by noisy parties that drove across the flats from town. Adam Purdy had his way now about the signboard at the crossroads. He'd drawn the design for it himself—just a simple square white board with Pokey Moonshine in neat black letters and an arrow to point the way. A few cars heeded it, some of them touring through from near-by cities. One of them stopped at Adam Purdy's on its return trip, and the driver, a fat harassed man in a dirty duster and big goggles, demanded profanely what that signboard meant by sending you off on fourteen miles of dirt road that ended in a jumping-off place.

"It's—it's considered pretty fine scenery," said Purdy.

The man cursed at the word.

"Scenery! A gas pump'd look better to me right now than Aw Sable Chasm! Nothin' but trees and rocks an' a pond as big's a minute!"

There were other complaints, entered through the new garage in Millville, and Purdy took down the sign. He stopped talking about the road now, but he worked on it a good deal. Liz'beth never bothered him by attempts at consolation.

He found his inspiration at last through a chance encounter at the crossroads in the valley, where an affable tourist stopped to ask him where the hill road led. Purdy answered him honestly, but with perhaps a hint of wistfulness in his tone, for the stranger seemed to apologize for driving on.

"Oh, just up and back, eh?" He shook his head. "It sounds good, but I got my work cut out for me to make my mileage once. I keep going some place when I start! Got to make Hilton tonight; thought this might be a short cut the road map overlooked."

Purdy climbed the hill in a slow fire of triumph.

"I've got it this time," he told Liz'beth. "They don't want to go over the same ground twice—that's all! They want their roads to get somewhere. It's as simple as that!"

"I suppose they do." Liz'beth's voice was always gentle nowadays. "They seem in a hurry. Perhaps they'll get tired of that some day, and look for quiet little roads like ours."

"Look for 'em? They'll fight for this one!" Adam Purdy struck his palms together. "Don't you see it? They want short cuts, they want to make time! Well, I'll help 'em do it! It's sixty miles to Hilton around through Grayboro Notch—and it's only fourteen, as the crow flies, from Pokey Moonshine! Say thirty, altogether, from town to town! And sixteen miles of it ready-built! Only fourteen more."

(Continued on Page 99)

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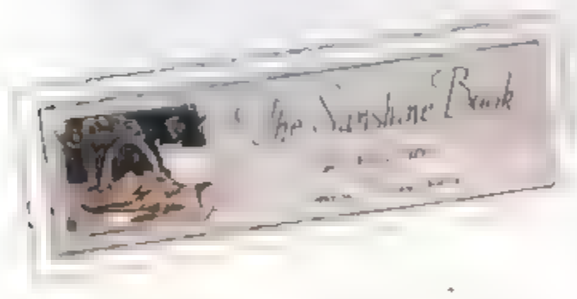

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Ida Bailey Allen, an authority on foods, quotes a well-known baby specialist in her Sunshine Book. "From six to nine months the baby may be given a Sunshine Arrowroot Biscuit with the noonday feeding. After nine months, half of the evening bottle may be poured on crumbled Arrowroot Biscuit."

Sunshine Arrowroot Biscuits are so delicate in flavor—so Fresh and Crisp that the older children will love them and the grown folks will enjoy them too.

Sold in bulk or in packages at your grocer's.

Sunshine

Why they are Fresh and Crisp

Sunshine
ARROWROOT BISCUITS
MADE FROM QUALITY INGREDIENTS INCLUDING ARROWROOT-THE MOST EASILY DIGESTED OF ALL STARCHES. WHOLESOME. APPETIZING. NOURISHING.
BAKERS OF SUNSHINE BISCUITS LOOSE WILES BISCUIT COMPANY BRANCHES IN OVER 100 CITIES
Sunshine
ARROWROOT
Biscuits

WHEREVER you live, one of the many Sunshine Bakeries delivers to your grocer an oven-fresh supply of Sunshine Biscuits.

Baked in white tiled ovens in The Thousand Window Bakeries—they are packed as soon as they are baked—shipped as soon as they are packed.

To make certain that they will reach you in perfect condition, every package is triple sealed for protection against dust and dampness.

Careful grocers take pride in furnishing you with Sunshine Biscuits that are Fresh and Crisp, and watch their stock so that they have a fresh supply on hand.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

Give full Credit to your Grocer

The grocer knows that he is the most important factor in the plan to furnish you with Sunshine crackers, cookies, and wafers which are Fresh and Crisp.

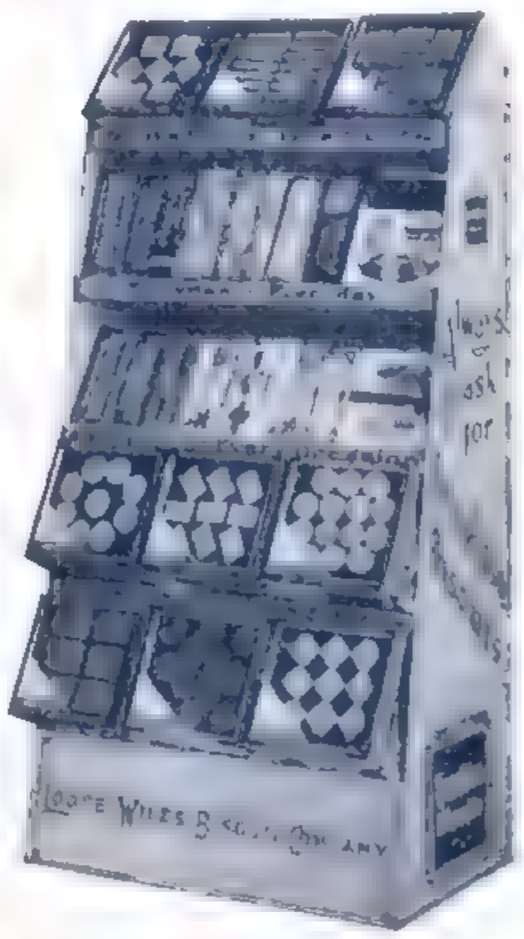
He knows that goodness depends upon freshness and that you expect him to furnish you with foods in perfect condition.

Good grocers, therefore, order Sunshine Biscuits in such quantities and so often that they are sure of having fresh goods.

In other words, they buy no more than they can sell quickly.

The Sunshine Display Rack which you will see in many stores is usually the sign of a good grocer. It shows that he has a nice variety—well kept and well displayed so that you can make your choice easily and quickly.

Such care on the part of the grocer in having Sunshine Biscuits that are Fresh and Crisp shows that his is a good store.



Biscuits

Fresh and Crisp

Seeing is believing—

Let us place a New Quiet 12 on examination in your office

WE want every typewriter user—who is not acquainted with the most successful new model in all the fifty years of typewriter history—to try out the Quiet 12.

On your request, we will deliver one to your place of business (without any cost or obligation on your part). A Remington representative will gladly call to demonstrate the many time-saving, labor-saving and money-saving features of this machine, and the reasons for its surprising popularity among operators.

You make your own tests under your most exacting requirements. Then if you are not convinced that this new Remington is the greatest of all typewriter values, we will remove the machine just as cheerfully as we delivered it.

The New Quiet 12 costs no more than the ordinary typewriter, and convenient purchase terms can be arranged, if so desired.

Just 'phone or write your local Remington branch.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York—*Branches Everywhere*

REMINGTON OFFICES
IN THE UNITED STATES

If your city is not listed, write or call the office nearest to you

Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Albuquerque, N. Mex.
Memphis, Tenn.
Meridian, Miss.
Oakland, Cal.
Ogden, Utah
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Cumberland, Md
Dallas, Texas
St. Paul, Minn.
Saginaw, Mich.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Texas
Little Rock, Ark.
Long Beach
Yakima, Washington
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Youngstown, Ohio
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We believe we make the best Typewriter Ribbon in the world, and its name is PARAGON

Remington Typewriters

There is a Remington for every Need

REMINGTON QUIET 12 — *For general office work*

REMINGTON PORTABLE — *For personal writing*

REMINGTON ACCOUNTING MACHINES — *For all bookkeeping*

REMINGTON-NOISELESS — *Where silence is desired*

(Continued from Page 94)

"It's pretty rough country up beyond Pokey Moonshine," said Liz'beth gently. "I had a hard time getting through on horseback, the only time I ever tried it. I don't think you've got enough to build a road over those hills, Adam."

He snapped his fingers. "I never thought of it. The county couldn't afford it either; it's a state job. But the state can do it like that!" He flicked his hand open. "Why didn't I think of it long ago? We might have a steady stream of cars coming through right now, if I'd had any sense."

"But"—Liz'beth's brows drew together—"I don't see why you speak of it as if it were your fault, after all you've done!"

"All I've done is to build a bridge half across a river and feel abused because nobody's fool enough to drive out to look over the end of it!" He passed her to the old-fashioned telephone against the wall and twisted savagely at the crank. "Get me Hobson's office. . . . Say, Hobson, come out here as soon as you can—will you? Adam Purdy speaking. I've got a big job for you."

He turned to Liz'beth, his hands shaking. "Those politicians up at Carleton would take ten years to start that survey. I'll have it done in a month. I can afford that, I guess! After what I've spent so far it's a little enough. I'll take that survey up there myself and jam it through! I'm going to live to see that road open at both ends!"

IV

"LISSEN here, Mr. Gibnitzer." Mr. Louis Blank laid an appeasing hand on the august knee of his visitor and his face would have conveyed an intent wholly benignant except for an unfortunate flicker about the eyes. "What's the use that you and I should sit in here dickerin' over marks on a map? I could take you the whole ways and back inside of two hours and leave you pick your own locations where you can see for yourself what they're worth. I ain't out to do you and you ain't out to do me, but this way we're just usin' up good gas and gettin' nowheres. Huh?"

The visitor consulted a platinum watch, considered, nodded. Mr. Blank led the way out of his office to the opulent car at the curb. Mr. Gibnitzer regarded Millville with symptoms of approval.

"Good live little burg you got here, Blank." He nodded at the yawning white mouth of a picture theater that seemed to have been newly frosted. "Kiwanis Club, too, eh?"

"Sure—besides the Rotary and the Chamber of Commerce." Blank grinned complacently. "All within six years too. You wouldn't believe the difference that road made. Why, we was all such back numbers up here we couldn't even see what it would get us. Wouldn't be built now if an old wisenheimer from the big burg hadn't gone bugs over the notion of puttin' his old home town on the map. Blew his own coin gradin' up a dirt road half the way, and ran the survey for the rest. Jammed it past them grafters up at Carleton, too, before we woke up enough to help. We used to talk about how crazy he was, hangin' around the post office and jinglin' a bunch of keys! Oh, it's one on me—I never spotted it any better'n the rest of 'em."

They rolled smoothly over oiled macadam and passed a signboard bidding them come back again. Half a mile farther south a broad ribbon of concrete led up the hill at a friendly grade. A generous sign in red and green announced that they were entering Purdy's Pike, the Road of a Thousand Beauty Spots. Another, opposite, declared that forty thousand other cars would pass this way this year and suggested stopping in Millville to see Louie Blank about it.

"Nice catchy name," said Gibnitzer in the tone of one who comments strictly without prejudice.

"My notion. Used to call it the Road Up Pokey Moonshine! Nice name, with all the bootleg that's movin' these days! Purdy's Pike carries the punch, and it was comin' to the old boy too."

He drove neatly past an impatient string of cars descending the grade behind a serenely deliberate truck.

"That's a sample," he said. "It's like that every day. Sundays they pretty near touch! You're getting the traffic here, Mr. Gibnitzer, and then some!"

"Too much is worse 'n too little," said Gibnitzer gloomily. "Don't give 'em a chance to take their eyes off the road."

"Only one driver to a car though."

"You ain't married," said Gibnitzer with bitterness.

Blank laughed dutifully.

"You wait anyhow. I got somethin' to show you further on. You ain't ever inspected such locations, I'll guarantee."

He jerked his head at a farmhouse that clung against the slope, close to the road, so that the fence had been set back to make room for the gutter.

"That's where Purdy's wife lives. Wouldn't think it, would you? Kind of simple, I guess, or she'd move down to the town. She's got enough for that all right."

Gibnitzer was interested. His face revealed a trace of sentiment.

"That's easy to understand. She wants to stay near the road because the old man——"

"Uh-huh." Blank rejected the theory with emphasis. "She's sore on the road. Would you believe it, she ain't been over it once even! I offered to drive her myself, the day it was opened, and you should have seen the look she gimme! Slammed the door right in my face. I figure it she's sore because old Purdy blew in so much of his roll, instead of leavin' it to her." He wagged his head sagely. "Hill-billy anyway—all of 'em sort of unfurnished upstairs."

"Sure; crackers, they call 'em, South. I—— Say, stop, can't you?" Gibnitzer sat up, a different person, as the car seemed to tumble out into open sky.

Blank chuckled. "I knew that'd get you. Say a man can't get his eye off the road? Why, he can't get it back! How about that sign, huh? Think it's a good buy at the price I'm quotin' you?"

Gibnitzer did not answer. He was staring straight before him at the thirty-foot announcement that Angora Cigarettes—the Smoke of Kings—were his for a quarter.

"That's the first one," said Blank. "I leased all the rest of it, from here clean to Hilton. Couldn't do business with old man Purdy for his land, further back, but I cleaned up every inch after that—inside of two weeks after I got the tip. Had to buy a few tax titles, to fill in the gaps, but they came cheap."

He waved affably to a squat, swart, greasy man dispensing frankfurters to a flivver party.

"Control the hot dog and soft drink end of it, too, all the way over," he said. "Picked that up while I was at it. Put in a dance hall next year maybe."

Again Gibnitzer stiffened as the car burst out upon a widespread poster that dealt with Mud-magic. Blank chuckled.

"Pretty bad, I guess? And you ain't commenced to see the good ones yet. It gets better as you go along. Watch and see if you can see 'em coming, or miss 'em when they come!"

He drove briskly past a steady trickle of traffic, past pine-board shanties purveying food and drink, past little drifts of picnic litter wind-blown under young silver birches and evergreens, and past signs—signs that leaped up out of ambuscade across sweeping vistas that held the helpless eye hypnotically to the splashing colored letters, signs at once unforeseeable and inevitable.

At a refreshment stand on the ledge above Pokey Moonshine, where they bought frankfurters wedged in cleft rolls, Gibnitzer frankly abandoned diplomacy and sketched with the hand that held the sandwich the big sign that must be hung across between the cliffs, in the heart of the view.

"And now I understand it all, Blank. For years I been saying that they'd never locate a road 100 per cent perfect till they put it up to a first-class billboard man and left him have a free hand. I take my hat off to this man Purdy—he knew his business, like an artist had ought to!"

He bit sentimentally into the frankfurter and wagged his head at the imaginary sign between the cliffs.

"What a pity, Blank, he couldn't live to see it finished. Eighty foot, and right where a blind man couldn't miss it! What a pity he couldn't see it!"

FLAMING HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 4)

The sedate young matron from Ohio, out to order two heads of lettuce, a quart of milk and three pounds of chuck steak, is viewed with suspicion. The gentleman in the baggy golf pants is scrutinized with care. Is he or is he not a director? The man with the long hair and his wife's fur neck piece around his neck is examined with interest. He must be a scenario writer!

Every one of the thousands of Hollywood real-estate salesmen and bank employes and grocery clerks and what not who happen to cross his line of vision is subjected to the newcomer's scrutiny—on his first day in town. Nobody is free from it except motormen, postmen, policemen and chauffeurs. Are they in the movies, he wonders. He thinks that they may be, and it thrills him strangely. As the Los Angeles folk are fond of saying, he gets a great kick out of it.

All reactions among forward-looking Pacific Coast social circles at the present time are expressed in terms of kick. If one's reactions to a given thing or to a situation are pleasant, one says that he gets a kick out of it. If they are exhilarating in the extreme, one says that he gets a great kick out of it.

If they are unpleasant, one says that he doesn't get any kick out of it. After hearing this expression used 500 or 700 times during his first day on the Pacific Coast, the effete Easterner who has failed to keep abreast of current passwords is filled with the desire to kick everyone who uses the phrase. In a word, he fails to get any kick out of it.

The stranger in Hollywood, if he is looking for those who move prominently in movie circles, naturally gravitates to the Hollywood Hotel, which is a long, low architecturally low—homy, palm-bowered building fronting on Hollywood Boulevard. Theoretically it is the headquarters for directors, stars, scenario writers and visiting celebrities of all sorts. The occupants of passing automobiles usually lean far out of their seats and peer searchingly at its front porch, which is not unlike the stage of a theater, in the hope of catching a glimpse of a few million-dollar beauties. If the stranger is lucky, and sticks to the hotel porch for an entire afternoon, he sees about as much of the motion-picture industry and its shining lights as could be placed on a two-dollar gold piece. An exciting afternoon on the porch of the Hollywood Hotel is about as follows:

Ranged along the back of the porch are the newcomers and the sentimental dames who feel that their lives will be materially enriched by a passing glance at the movie set. In the middle foreground are two or three young men in white trousers and white sweaters, who laugh noisily and hold their arms slightly bent to show great strength and virility. They are connected in some hazy way with the movie industry, and they haven't the slightest objection to letting the whole world know it. There is a dusty individual from Phoenix, Arizona, who is waiting to talk oil to somebody who hasn't appeared. There is a dashing cavalry captain, decorated with new yellow riding boots and a number of campaign ribbons, who knows everybody worth knowing. There are also three real-estate dealers, who are waiting for a newcomer to descend from his room so that they can pounce on him and sell him a choice building site at a $5000 profit.

Up and down Hollywood Boulevard a matter of 8000 touring cars, coupés, street cars, gravel trucks and rubberneck wagons whiz noisily in several directions at a high rate of speed. As the sun gets down so that its rays strike the porch in a soothing manner, a long-haired man wearing a dyspeptic look and a ratty-looking polo coat mounts the steps, drags a chair to the extreme front center of the porch's proscenium arch, so to speak, and settles himself where everybody can have a good look at him. He is a distinguished director.

A little later he is joined by another distinguished director—a tall, lean Englishman with a close-cropped toothbrush mustache, a gray Prince of Wales fedora adjusted slightly over the right ear, distinguished iron-gray hair, black-and-white-checkered wool socks, and heavy haw-haw boots with rubber disks on the soles to keep him from falling on his ear when crossing Piccadilly in slippery weather. He draws his chair close beside the first director and they engage in a heated conversation.

Chicago's
Wonderful Hotel

The DRAKE

Lake Shore Drive and Upper
Michigan Avenue

Where do YOU stop in Chicago?

If you want to make your next stay in Chicago a wholly delightful, *new* experience stop at THE DRAKE, overlooking blue Lake Michigan. Enjoy all the diversions of the gay watering places—bathing, boating, canters through leafy bridle paths, golf, tennis! Yet remain within walking distance of the ceaseless activities of Chicago's famous "loop," with its theatres offering the best attractions all summer long, shops, and ever-changing pageant of pleasure-seeking throngs.

At THE DRAKE you will find spacious halls and cool airy rooms, with unobstructed view on all sides. The all-pervading atmosphere of restfulness and quiet friendliness provides delightful comfort for summer guests as few metropolitan hotels can. Make your next trip to Chicago one long to be remembered—stop at THE DRAKE.

THE DRAKE is under
THE BLACKSTONE management,
the world's standard of hotel service

Liberal discounts at either hotel, according to length of visit, extended vacation guests during July and August.

WGN (formerly WDAP)

The famous long-distance radiophone station on THE DRAKE operated in conjunction with The Chicago Tribune is always open to guests. Come and see for yourself "how it's done." Radiophans as far distant as 8,400 miles from Chicago have picked up programs by THE DRAKE Ensemble Orchestra, Henry Schinger, Conductor, and Jack Chapman's Celebrated Dance Orchestra.

Tonight—tune in to WGN (formerly WDAP) 370 meters.

Write for story and program of WDAP. Edition "A"—

Your Johnson Motor will take you away from the Crowded Highways

IN the last three summers, thousands of motor car owners have found a new way to get pleasure out of their cars.

When one of these men takes his family for a day's outing he is no longer restricted to the roads—nor even to the land.

He puts his Johnson Motor on the running board or in the back of the car. He drives to the nearest lake or river, hires a boat—and the Johnson does the rest.

For the Johnson Motor, although it weighs only 35 pounds, converts any rowboat or canoe into a dependable motor boat. It is light enough and small enough to carry in your car and yet powerful enough to propel a rowboat 7 to 9 miles per hour or a canoe 10 to 12.

It gives you the same sort of delightful and dependable transportation on the water that your car gives you on land. And it gets you and your family away from the over-crowded highways.

Its Johnson float-feed, throttle-controlled carburetor and Quick-Action Magneto make it the most dependable outboard motor in the world. Its vibrationless, two-cylinder construction delivers full 2 horse-power.

The Johnson is the only motor that can be attached to any type boat or canoe without altering some styles of boats.

And with all its dependability, flexibility and power goes the *only real portability*, for the Johnson weighs

Only 35 Pounds

It's an easy "one-hand carry." It can be put on the boat or taken off in a few seconds. And it can be packed into a suitcase that takes up little room in your car (small enough to fit under a Pullman berth)—or it can be carried on the running board.

Go to the Johnson dealer at once. He'll give you a free demonstration. If you don't know him write for catalog and we will gladly send you his name.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
882 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.

Eastern Distributor and Export:
New York Johnson Motor Co., Inc.
4 West 61st Street, New York City, N. Y.

Canadian Distributor:
Peterborough Canoe Company
Peterborough, Ontario

Pack your Johnson in this suitcase and take it with you—anywhere

What the Johnson Motor Does
Makes rowing obsolete by furnishing dependable, inexpensive water transportation
Opens up distant and unfrequented fishing grounds for the fisherman
Adds speed and sport to canoeing
When used on small sail boats—even up to 25 and 30 feet—it is absolute insurance against being becalmed
On yachts—makes every dinghy and tender a motor-tender.
Runs errands at the summer cottage or camp—even if "town" is miles away
Gives you the only really *portable* marine engine

They are not discussing Art in the movies, however; they are talking real estate.

A little later they are joined by a third distinguished director—a burly man with eyes like a pair of circular glass paper weights who wears his homespun trousers four inches below his waistline with a decided bi-dent effect. Masticating a frayed cigar butt briskly, he draws up to the two others and gives them a hasty résumé of the manner in which a real-estate dealer tried to stick him $750 on a real-estate deal that very morning.

The long-haired director in the ratty polo coat expectorates frequently, rising in a genteel manner and advancing to the front edge of the porch when he does so.

Suddenly two shining limousines roll up to the front steps of the porch. All conversation ceases and is centered on them. Bundles, bags and boxes spill from every part of them. There are six patent-leather hat boxes, four patent-leather suitcases, five fur coats, and numerous smaller bits of junk. Then a beautiful young thing in a red silk neckerchief, a skimpy blue suit, lots of silk stocking and a large amount of brick-colored traveling complexion leaps lightly from the leading machine and screams shrilly for momma in a penetrating Brooklyn accent. It is none other than Miss Gloria Graphite, just returned from a trip to the Atlantic Seaboard.

Visitors Not Welcome

There is a great stir on the porch immediately. The distinguished directors and the white-sweatered young men greet Miss Graphite warmly, and Miss Graphite gurgles and screams vivaciously, causing the dusty individual from Phoenix, Arizona, to wince perceptibly and look as though he wouldn't mind committing murder.

After a twelve-minute flux of conversation Miss Graphite and momma follow their boxes, bags, bundles and fur coats into the hotel, the distinguished directors go back to their task of elevating the movies by discussing real-estate deals, and the porch of the hotel relapses into a regulation hotel-porch calm, from which it may not emerge again for twenty-four or forty-eight hours.

The only places where strangers to Hollywood can be sure of seeing movie folk during the daytime are the movie studios; and movie studios, at the present time, are about as easy for sight-seers to enter as is the boudoir of a Beacon Street debutante.

There was a day, not far removed, when starry-eyed travelers from the East, the South, the Middle West, and so on, were only obliged to express a wish to be allowed to visit a studio and see the wheels go round in order to receive a hearty invitation to walk right in and make themselves at home. As a result the actors frequently found themselves staring into the wide-open faces of a lot of good people from Baxter's Dam Corners, whose only interest in life seemed to be to get something that would make good telling to Cousin Ed or Aunt Hetty when they got back home—something, as one might say, out of which Cousin Ed or Aunt Hetty could get a great kick; while a director too often found himself unable to express his turbulent inner thoughts concerning the cement-headedness of Miss Farina Flop, the charming but stupid young star, without inexpressibly shocking a few worthy ladies from Slipponnet or Mouse Bluffs.

Some months ago, however, a wave of economy swept over the moving-picture industry, due to the fact that a number of producers found themselves a trifle hampered in building additions on their expensive country estates; and in the very middle of this war of economy some fiend at figures stepped forward with a number of intricate calculations which tended to show that every visitor cost every movie studio $100 in lost time, waste energy and hot air. The studios immediately and unanimously barred visitors.

If one is in a position to give a motion-picture company several thousand dollars' worth of free advertising he is welcomed at all the studios and permitted to gaze deep into the liquid orbs of the newest, the most beautiful and the most stupid of the screen finds. If one is not in such a position he will need to have a letter of introduction to some prominent studio official from a United States senator, the mayor or chief of police of Los Angeles, a well-known and reliable bootlegger, or somebody of similarly unimpeachable standing before he will be permitted to crash the gate of even one studio.

This hard-hearted attitude on the part of Hollywood motion-picture companies toward persons who have no business in studios appears to have given rise to a number of organizations whose chief object in life seems to be the introduction of their members to the movie lots. There is an organization to see that animals are not abused in the movies. There is an organization to see that children who act in the movies have their noses wiped regularly, or something of the sort. If a moving-picture company shows a picture of a stuffed horse falling over a precipice or of a child being sent out for a bucket of beer by a cruel father, all the members of these organizations are moved to demand instant admission to all studios for the purpose of finding out exactly what is going on, and why—and incidentally to view something out of which they can get a kick.

The anxiety on the part of the general public to get into the studios and watch the actors at work is only exceeded in virulence by the determination of a large percentage of the population to become actively entwined in the motion-picture industry as actors or scenario writers. The stories of shooting scrapes, hop parties and general wildness that appear in the newspapers from time to time when the movies are under discussion don't bother them at all. Most of them, in fact, would willingly pose as the target in any movie shooting fray if they could thereby become regular movie actors.

Out of this passionate determination has come great grief for Los Angeles and Hollywood; and there is some talk in Los Angeles of passing a municipal movie-immigration law based on the movie census of 1924, which shall restrict further yearly immigration of movie types to 3 or even 2 per cent of the number of movie types listed in Hollywood during that year.

If, for example, there were 19,642 young women in Los Angeles and Hollywood in 1924 attempting to get work as ingénue types, a 3 per cent law would permit only 589 ingénue types to enter the Los Angeles city limits during 1925. Certain types, such as Mother Types, Monk Types, Beards, Chinamen, Butler Types, Fat Women, Practical Head Waiters, Cook Types and a few other types would probably be exempted. The difficulty of patrolling the extensive Los Angeles border would probably militate against the passage of such a law, but nearly everybody in the city would be heartily in favor of it.

Poor Lads and Lassies!

One of the curses of the movie industry has been the beauty contests and the bathing-girl contests that have blossomed so luxuriantly, not to say rankly, in so many sections of the country in recent years. The winners of these contests, almost immediately after being awarded the great blue ribbon and the silver gilt crown, are only too often afflicted with delusions of grandeur and an irresistible urge to hasten at once to Hollywood for the purpose of showing Mary Pickford where she heads in, as the saying goes.

The young ladies who star in high-school plays quickly succumb to the belief that they can outdo the most emotional emoting of Pola Negri with one hand tied behind their backs.

The beautiful cretins and fluff-heads of every city in the United States seem obsessed with the idea that if they can once transfix a director with their fawnlike eyes he will keel over weakly and make feeble motions with his hands indicating that they are to be given a choice part at $100 a week.

Every small-town sheik knows in his heart that as a great lover he could make Valentino look like a gasoline pump.

So they pour into Los Angeles by the thousands, outfitted with forty or fifty dollars in real money, another suit of clothes and an education that has taken them through the Beginner's Algebra, the History of Rome up to the Byzantine Empire, and a cursory study of the Vicar of Wakefield—if they're lucky.

Nor are these movie immigrants always young. Mothers rush to Hollywood leading infant prodigies on whom they hope to live in luxury for the rest of their lives, and appear before bored casting directors urging: "Cry for the man, Tessie!" Ladies who remember the outstanding incidents of the Civil War join the happy throng, as do sterling male citizens who had their first

(Continued on Page 103)

Every kitchen deserves a good sink

WHAT woman would not choose this beautiful Kohler sink?—for its roomy double drainboards; its unbroken expanse of sanitary white enamel, as easy to clean as a saucer; its height, adjustable (with or without legs) to *her* height?

Here, really, is a wonderful sink; a wonderful work-saver and strain-saver. A little large, perhaps, for a kitchenette? No matter, there are other Kohler sinks, and one of them was built to fit your kitchen.

Kohler kitchen sinks are just as fine in every way as the Kohler fixtures that you find in the best-appointed bathrooms. There is only one Kohler quality, and that is marked for your protection by the name "Kohler," unobtrusively fused into the snow-white, durable enamel—pride-mark of a firm half a century old.

Kohler Ware is not more expensive than any other ware that you would care to consider. It is sold everywhere by the best class of plumbing dealers. The Kohler booklet, which we will gladly send, will tell you more about this good ware.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C

Needle Craft and Candy Craft

The revival of interest in samplers is no doubt due, in part, to the fact that Whitman's Sampler has gone into practically all the tasteful homes in the land, showing on the package a fine example of cross-stitch needlework.

The contents of the Sampler have set new standards of good taste in chocolates and confections, making it the most-discussed and widely-imitated package of confectionery in the world.

If you are interested in Samplers write us for a complimentary copy of "Samplers Old and New," an illustrated reprint of an interesting and valuable article from "The International Studio." We will send also our booklet "On Choosing Chocolates" with suggestions for the social service of sweets.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St.

San Francisco Branch: 449 Minna St.

Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South

(Continued from Page 100)

love affair during the presidential term of Chester A. Arthur.

Another influence that tends to lead these simple folk astray, both before they reach Hollywood and after they get there, is the movie school that purports to teach the average ham or nitwit how to make thousands of dollars yearly at the writing of scenarios, or how to qualify for the movies by taking make-up lessons and having a screen test.

The scenario schools mostly are snares and delusions. For each one that is good for anything at all, there are dozens of plain fakes. The writing of a decent moving-picture scenario requires about as much ingenuity and technical skill as are required in the writing of a good short story; and the bright young haberdashery clerk, manicure girl or truck driver who expects to compete successfully with trained novelists and short-story writers after devoting a few days to the study of a fifty-dollar scenario-writing course would also believe implicitly that the moon is made of overripe Gorgonzola.

These scenario schools grow luxuriantly in the balmy climate of Los Angeles; but they are hardy weeds and may be found perfuming the air in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and various other metropolitan centers.

The make-up schools are sometimes more poisonous in their results than the scenario schools; for they not only tap their victims for large wads of money that they cannot afford, but they lead them to draw their savings from the bank, touch father for a great deal more than he ought to pay for even the necessities of life, and leap blithely aboard the next train for Los Angeles.

The numbers of movie-struck folk, male and female, who commit larceny in order to reach Hollywood is very large indeed. The mental caliber of many of these movie maniacs is so infinitesimal that a twenty-two caliber rifle is a big gun by comparison; and if there were any way in which an individual, by killing someone, could be certain of becoming a moving-picture actor, the crime of murder would become a popular diversion among the dumb young things who are perpetually streaming into Hollywood.

The make-up schools give everyone in the movie industry a severe pain; for it is a universally known fact among them that anybody can learn as much about make-up on any movie lot in one hour for nothing as he can in any movie school that soaks its students fifty dollars for a course of lessons in the difficult and complex art of applying grease paint to the face, or map.

High Priced Screen Tests

For the benefit of the score or so of persons who are not familiar with the movie patois, it should be explained that there are some very ordinary-looking persons who turn into folk of unusual charm when their photographs are thrown on the screen; and similarly, there are some singularly attractive persons whose pictures on the screen make them look like famine sufferers just after the Great Fire. Consequently when a newcomer to the movies is being viewed by a director with a favorable eye, he has a screen test made in order to find out whether the camera sees the newcomer as favorably as the director. When a studio is at all interested in a prospect it makes a screen test for nothing.

From seventy-five to a hundred feet of film is used in making a test, and the cost is eleven cents a foot.

When the schools have extracted as much as possible from the victim by means of the make-up course they give him a screen test.

Like everything else connected with many of the movie schools, it is a give-and-take proposition. The school gives the test and takes all the money that the victim has left. Some of them make the victims a nice rate of thirty dollars for it.

The screen-test gag is not the exclusive property of the movie schools, but is used constantly by the movie agencies that advertise in various city papers, and especially in the Los Angeles papers. "Do you want to get in the movies?" inquire these advertisements solicitously. "Then register with the Interstellar Casting Directory for preferred parts in pictures. Experience not necessary. No registration fee."

The advertisements sound like pure philanthropy instead of the hard-boiled Art that the movies are supposed to be; and many of the thousands of movie-struck but jobless folk in the city rush to register. The Interstellar Casting Directory promptly presents each one of them with a screen test for thirty dollars—each one, that is, that can raise the money. Occasionally it gives the test for twenty-five dollars. That is almost the sole object of the Interstellar Casting Directory, and its profits are quick and large; for out of each thirty dollars it has to spend only five or six for the test. As for the test, it does nobody any good—except the Interstellar Casting Directory—for no casting director in any studio will ever bother to take the time to look at it.

Just how many extras—extras being the name that is applied to the human background in the films, such as the mobs, the armies, the merry dancers at the cabaret, the day-coach full of yokels, and so on—there are in Los Angeles and Hollywood, striving eagerly and constantly to get a job in the movies and thus hold body and breath together, cannot be definitely known.

Even the hardy estimators of Los Angeles quail before the task of estimating their numbers, although the rougher estimators quiver with a suppressed desire to say that there are some 300,000 of them. They don't quite dare to do it, however.

Classified Extras

The biggest agency that supplies extras to the different film companies is Screen Service, which was organized by the Producers Association as a place where all extras could go for cataloguing, and to escape agencies that exist for the purpose of trimming the registrants. Screen Service has between 6000 and 7000 extras listed in its working book; and because so many of the applicants are obviously unfit for screen work, it registers only a small percentage of those that apply—between 2 and 3 per cent, according to its claims. When The Thief of Bagdad was being produced Screen Service was called on to supply 2500 male extras, clean-shaven, between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five, for use as soldiers. Not having that number of extras on its books it advertised for the men, and started receiving the applications at nine o'clock in the morning. By one o'clock on the afternoon of the same day it had got the 2500 extras and had turned away approximately 4000 more. This, then, makes 6500 plain male extras between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five that can be reached immediately in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The extra list is fairly complicated; and Screen Service carries on its books the following types of extras: Acrobats, Actor Types, All-Around Athletes, Babies from one week old upward, Bald-Headed Men, Banker Types, Bathing Girls, Bearded Men, Bellhop Types, Bits and Parts (male and female, young and old), Blondes, Butler Types, Character Men and Women, Chauffeur Types, Chinamen, Colored Members of the Profession, Comedians and Comediennes, Cook Types, Cowboy Types, Dancers, Detective Types, Divers, Doctor Types, Doubles, Emotional Rôles, English Types, Evening-Clothes Men and Women, Fat Men and Women, Fencers, Flapper Types, Freckled Types, French Types, German Types, Grand-Dame Types, Hawaiian Types, Head-Waiter Types, Hindu Types, Housekeeper Types, Indian Types Ingenues, Irish Types, Italian Types, Japanese Types, Jewish Types, Jockeys, Judge Types, Juveniles, Lawyer Types, Maid Types, Mammy Types, Matron Types, Mexican Types, Models, Monk Types, Mother Types, Nun Types, Nurse Types, Officers (Army and Navy), Old-Maid Types, Orchestras, Policeman Types, Priest Types, Riders, Russian Types, Sheriffs (small town), Small-Town Men and Women, Spanish Types, Stenographer Types, Stunt Men and Women, Swimmers, Tall Men and Women, Teacher Types, Twins, Underworld Types, Valet Types, Waiter and Waitress Types, Well-Dressed Men and Women and Witch Types.

If any film company should develop a sudden desire for a few bearded women or bald-headed ladies or triplets or rubber-skinned men or cross-eyed women or people with any sort of peculiarity or abnormality, Screen Service unquestionably could and would produce them in a few hours' time. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that there are 150,000 persons in Los Angeles and Hollywood who are stalking jobs as extras, so that the beautiful young thing who has won the beauty contest in Fetlock, and has come to Hollywood to make Cecil De Mille sit up and take notice is up against as tough a proposition as ever made a veteran trouper turn yellowish green around the gills.

The life of the extra, male and female alike, is about as soft as reënforced concrete. The regulation pay for extra work is $7.50 a day. If the extras who are registered with Screen Service telephone in to find out whether there is anything to do and receive the answer "Nothing today," as most of them do, they must then make the rounds of the different studios—a round that will probably result in the same cheering answer. Owing to the rapid rise in Hollywood real-estate values, many of the movie studios are being obliged to sell their Hollywood holdings and move farther into the country. Thus the Goldwyn Studio and the Hal Roach Studio have moved out to Culver City, twenty minutes by automobile from the center of Hollywood. The Universal Studio is in Universal City, fifteen minutes from the center of Hollywood by automobile. Not having automobiles, the extras can easily spend weeks on end traveling from one studio to another with no reward except an earful of the college yell of the studios—Nothing Today—and an advanced case of sore feet.

A great many of the female stars are beautiful, but very, very dumb. This fact is recognized by nearly all the extra girls, including the dumbest. Extra girl after extra girl, each considerably under the age of nine mentally, will look up into your face and say despairingly of her intimates: "Aren't they the dumbest lot of boobs you ever saw? Not a brain in the whole gang!" And a great many more of the extra girls and the would-be extra girls are both dumb and not at all beautiful. They are so dumb that they think they are better actresses than most of the stars of the screen. They struggle for a while, the beautiful ones and the nonbeautiful ones together, and then they get the Travelers Aid Society to send them back home, or they get jobs as waitresses or embroidery peddlers or real-estate saleswomen, or they disappear and drift to the joints of Tijuana or Mexicali or some of the other pest holes below the border. The Travelers Aid Society of Los Angeles in 1923 assisted 20,801 persons, and most of them were movie maniacs. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce and Mary Pickford and various other individuals and organizations have warned the movie maniacs to stay away from Los Angeles and Hollywood unless they have enough money to last for six months or a year, or unless they can bring some member of their families with them; but these wise advisers get about as much attention from the beautiful and semibeautiful dumb-bells as King Canute received when he severely ordered the tide to stop coming in.

Hollywood Morals

According to a number of fairly intelligent persons who do not live in Hollywood the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, which long held all records for standing broad wickedness and running high wickedness, have been lashed to the mast by Hollywood. Hollywood, according to these persons, is just too wicked for words. It is difficult to discover exactly how they reach their conclusions; and it is almost certain that if any one of the Hollywood-Gomorrah experts were asked to produce figures to prove his statements, he would open and close his mouth silently several times like a goldfish begging for ants' eggs, and then become highly indignant at his questioner. He would produce no figures, however, on either Gomorrah or Hollywood.

So much piffle has been dispensed on the subject of vice in Hollywood that the time is probably approximately right to say a word or two in behalf of its regular inhabitants. There are loose morals in Hollywood, just as there are loose morals in every city in the world, and every town in the world, and every little crossroads settlement in New England and every other section of the country. It is possible that because a lot of the movie-struck girls and boys who rush to Los Angeles and Hollywood are somewhat weak in the head there may be a little more looseness in Hollywood than can be observed in some other cities. There may be; but it is a safe bet that if twenty reporters who are familiar with Washington or Cleveland or Philadelphia or Chicago or Boston or any other thriving American metropolis were deposited in Hollywood and asked for a verdict as to whether or not it was a modern Gomorrah, they would laugh coldly and ask their questioner where he got that stuff. If Hollywood is a modern Gomorrah all other American cities of equal or greater size are either Gomorrahs or super-Gomorrahs.

There also has come into existence a belief that whenever one successful moving-picture actor calls on another moving-picture actor in Hollywood, he finds that the hypodermic syringes are neatly stacked in a hypodermic rack at the right of the front door, and that the butler thoughtfully rolls up the visitor's left sleeve and deftly proffers the morphine tablets so that the visitor can take a shot in the arm at once.

It is always an unpleasant task to shatter a cherished delusion; and one feels a certain reluctance to shake anybody's belief in the wickedness of every moving-picture person. It is a fact, however, that there are many prudes in the motion-picture business, just as there are a number of gentlemanly drunks, plain drunks, low drunks, hop-heads and rotters. There are also many sensible, able, thrifty, clean-living and highly respected movie actors and actresses.

Some of them go in heavily for petting parties and free-for-all souses, just as do many of the residents of New York, Washington, Cleveland, Boston, San Francisco and points east and west; while there are others whose idea of a wild and hilarious evening is to dig up a lot of old hats, skirts, sheets, stewpans, and what not, and stage a charade in which the words con-sol-i-date, bill-et-ed, fun-gus and dor-nick are acted out in great detail.

The Shock That Never Came

A distinguished Eastern authoress journeyed to Hollywood a year or so ago, all a-quiver to witness some of the wild goings-on that she had heard about. She was invited to a dinner party at which were some of the most celebrated of the movie set; and she was prepared to be taken home in an ambulance at a late hour in the morning. She later narrated her experience to a party of friends, all of whom were equally eager to hear all the latest scandal from movieland. "And do you know what those people did?" she asked in exasperation. "Those grown-up people sat around and played charades just like a lot of children! And they enjoyed it! Can you believe it? Those people are about as wild as a drink of buttermilk!"

The movie actors and actresses who spend their money carelessly on high rents, expensive automobiles, liquor and the bright lights are very apt to find themselves severely and entirely out of luck. Salaries of $1000 a week—while they are working—are not at all uncommon among the movie folk who have attained any measure of popularity. Styles change in leading men and fluff-heads, however, especially when the leading men and the fluff-heads have put on a few pounds here and there because of overindulgence in debutante, or half-ripe, gin; and in Hollywood one frequently encounters men and women who have adjusted themselves to $1000-a-week scale of living, have saved no money, and cannot get parts in any production at the old figure. Rather than drop to jobs at $500 a week or $200 a week, they continue to live in their expensive homes in actual want, borrowing from friends and acquaintances to keep up appearances and hoping that something will turn up.

Success affects the moving-picture people in about as many ways as it affects lawyers, copper miners, authors or real-estate dealers.

There are the big and famous stars, like Fairbanks, Pickford and Harold Lloyd, who are as simple, unpretentious and unspoiled as they ever were. They have great ability, and are as good directors, scenario writers and general experts as can be found in the movies. Through wise investments in real estate and the best securities they have made themselves very wealthy.

There are other big and famous stars whose ability in some instances is great, whose decency is unquestioned, and whose investments are large and sound, but who have developed delusions of grandeur. They do not care to be lumped with other moving-picture stars. They do not care to be interviewed unless the interview is announced for weeks in advance by herald angels with platinum trumpets. When they are in

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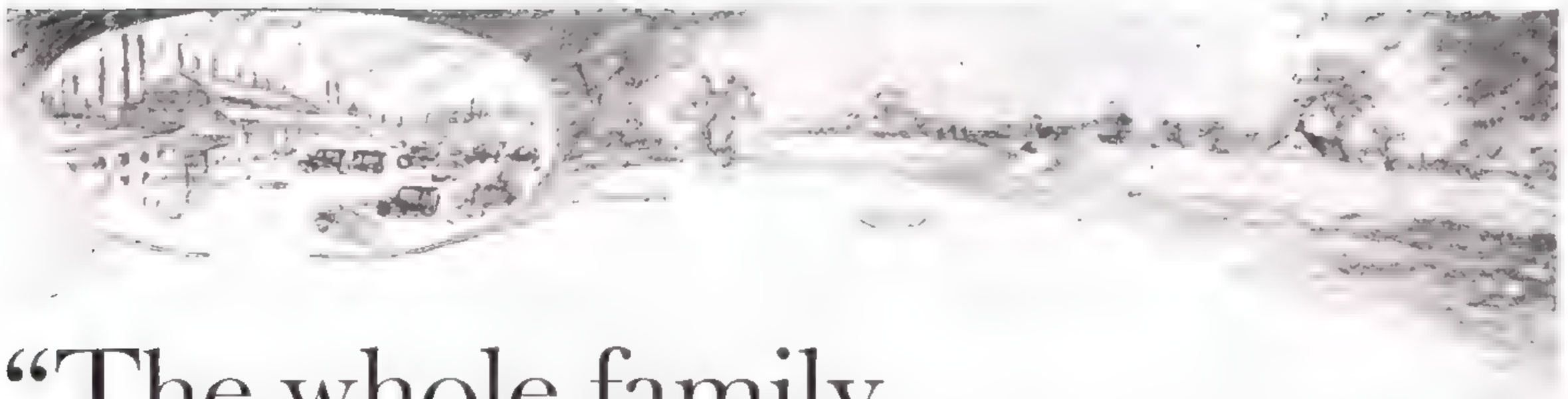

"The whole family enjoys life much more"

"I have been married thirteen years and have two children," he writes.

"I AM a turn foreman in the electrical department, working shifts, and am paid on an hourly basis. I have worked in this department about twelve years.

"I now live about eight miles from the factory, having sold my place in town and moved out here principally on account of the health of my children. Naturally an automobile became a necessity as there was no other way to get to work. I purchased a medium priced machine and have been able to sell my surplus garden produce for more than enough to pay for the upkeep of the machine.

"The whole family enjoys life out here much more; they have been in better health and I find I can save more money and at the same time go to many places we could not go to before.

"There is another big advantage in living out here. Working shifts as I do, I am able to sleep much better during the daytime because of less noise and better air. I might say that we have not had a doctor in the house since moving out here.

"My case is no exception, as I know of several other cases exactly similar to mine."

"The whole family enjoys life much more"— that is the finest tribute that could possibly be paid to the economic value of the automobile. For the measure of any civilization is the happiness of the average household. "There is no wealth but life," said Ruskin. Whatever makes it possible for millions of families to enjoy life more, contributes beyond measure to the nation's real wealth.

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GENERAL

MOTORS

As a help to office comfort and efficiency these summer days—a genuine *Thermos* vacuum jug filled with water right on the desk! A cold drink when you want it—and no time wasted going to the water cooler

Your dealer has genuine *Thermos* vacuum jugs and carafes in a variety of handsome finishes—some complete with trays and glasses.

A genuine "*Thermos*"
brings you more comfort for less money
than anything else you can buy

COMFORT in summer. Comfort in winter. Indoors, outdoors—at work, at play.

Cold drinks—*kept* cold. Hot drinks *kept* hot.

Comfort at home—in the living room, the library, on the porch. Comfort at the office—comfort for the children and for those who carry their lunch to work.

Comfort in traveling—in hiking—in picnicking—and so cheap.

With a genuine Thermos vacuum bottle.

* * *

Note the words "*genuine Thermos.*"

It is worth while!

There are several makes of vacuum bottles. But "Thermos" is the name of only *one* vacuum bottle—the *original* vacuum bottle.

Thermos was the first to introduce the art of keeping food hot or cold and portable.

It has the responsibility of the pioneer and leader. It is living up to its responsibilities.

All genuine "*Thermos*" vacuum bottles have the trade mark stamped on the bottom. If you do not find this mark it is not the good, old reliable genuine "*Thermos.*" And this mark is well worth looking for.

The reliable dealer today points out the "Thermos" Trade Mark before his customers insist upon seeing it.

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.

In England Thermos Limited London
In Canada Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

366 Madison Avenue New York City N. Y.

Sales Offices Chicago San Francisco
Factories Norwich, Conn. Huntington, W. Va.

GENUINE
THERMOS
REG U S PAT OFFICE
VACUUM BOTTLE

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pleasant humor their coworkers are graciously allowed to be merry and gay. When their livers trouble them all Nature must be still. Cameramen, directors, carpenters and extras must cease their chatter; and laughter or noisy conversation is considered sufficient cause for everlasting banishment.

There are also the stars at whom the bulk of the movie people like to point with pride in order to make the claim that movie people are people of that sort. Among these may be named Conrad Nagel, a symbol of domestic virtue and a pillar of the church, and Bryant Washburn, whose skill at making a speech, singing a song, holding a baby and making himself generally agreeable is the wonder and amazement of all beholders.

There are the stars who had little or no education, who have made large amounts of money suddenly, and who have been bitten with the desire for elegance and social prominence. One finds them installing unusual and unexpected numbers of butlers in their new and gorgeous homes, taking four-week courses in social procedure, and having gold faucets installed in their bathrooms. These simple gentlemen are easy marks for the harpies that constantly hover around the movie people. A firm filed a bill for $67,000 for decorating the home of one of the stars who was seeking elegance and social prominence. The star innocently asked a friend if it wasn't a little high. The friend took it to a lawyer, who questioned the firm a little closely about it, with the result that the bill was reduced to $17,000.

There are the women stars who have had no advantages whatever—who have no culture, no brains; who are poseurs, mean and petty and peanut-minded; who started, possibly, as bathing girls on comedy lots; and whose sole faculty is that of wearing clothes attractively and photographing well.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

There are the pretty little stars that rise one year and set in the following year; some of them nice girls who live with their mothers and save their money and drive little coupés, and some of them so empty-headed and silly and vain that they are never allowed to speak before a reporter without a press representative close at hand to see that the more horrible of their remarks are decently smothered.

Then there are the drunks, some of them gentlemanly and some of them very rough. These gentlemen make a large amount of money—or have married money and are engaged in wasting their wives' fortunes—and are able to give large and noisy souse parties which are attended by a few moving-picture people, a few real-estate dealers, a few brokers, a lawyer or two, an author or two, and so on. They are viewed by the rest of the movie people in the same way that their kind is regarded by normal folk in most sections of the United States.

In between all these types of more or less successful movie folk there are various other gradations, ranging from good through indifferent to bad; so that it is as erroneous to regard all movie actors as hardened rakes and hopeless sinners as it is for the inhabitants of various sections of Europe to think that all Americans are millionaires and that all residents of Chicago are pork barons and baronesses. As a matter of fact, there are a number of things about movie stars in their comings and goings that are quite like the activities that one finds in Keokuk or Springfield or some other medium-size place. Some of the pretty little stars have banded together in clubs for the pursuit of culture, and in their clubs they study the lives of authors and read papers to one another and improve their minds by discussion of paramount issues, something as follows:

"Isn't this awful, all about taking bribes in Washington?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly awful."

"Yes, it's just awful."

"Who took it?"

"Who took what?"

"Who took the bribes?"

"Oh, my dear; you frightened me to death! I thought somebody had lost her pearls."

"I didn't say anything about pearls."

"I know you didn't, dear. You were talking politics."

"Yes; what do you think of Coolidge?"

"Well, I don't know. I saw a picture of him the other day and his finger nails were cut square across."

"Oh, my dear! How awful!"

"Yes, my dear; and did you see Gilda Gasbag's nails at the preview of Blazing Bankrolls the other night? They were a yard long!"

"Yes, I did, my dear; and if Gilda doesn't stop licking up about three pounds of caramels and a pint of gin every evening, she'll break the scales and wake up on the small-time circuit."

And so on, and so forth. The culturine atmosphere is very strong in some sections of Hollywood.

Any examination into the activities in the studios leads one almost immediately to the directors, and soon convinces almost any reasonable person that there is hope. Not long ago the badge of the movie director was the eyeshade. Anyone seen on a movie lot wearing an eyeshade was a director. There was no escape from this deduction. Eventually the eyeshade passed out as a director's badge, just as large hips and monkey fur vanished from feminine wearing apparel; and all directors took to wearing leather putties. They had no reason for wearing putties except that they were directors; but that was sufficient. They were directors; therefore they had to wear putties. It was a good thing that no director started the fad of wearing bustles, for then all directors would have had to wear bustles, whether they wanted to or not.

The Return to Naturalness

The most recent change in directorial garb is in the direction of complete normalcy. Putties have been banished into the limbo of impossible things; and it is now the fashion for directors to wear ordinary business suits, with the vest completely buttoned and the trousers carefully creased. All directors consequently wear ordinary business suits while engaged in their onerous directing duties. The director who wore an eyeshade or putties or golf trousers on the set would be viewed with horror by his entire *entourage*. Since directors are approaching normal in this respect there are many close observers who hold out hope that it will gradually become fashionable in the near future for directors to make films in which the people act like normal human beings.

Just at present, motion-picture actors who are obliged to depict the emotions of a strong man who has publicly opened a letter from his fiancée saying that she no longer loves him, or some equally bad bit of news, are directed by their directors to clutch at their throats or left breasts with their right hands, breathe violently so that their chests rise and fall convulsively, and wrinkle their faces as though they were about to burst into tears. No director ever saw a strong man act in such wise; and any strong man who felt any inclination to behave that way in real life would unquestionably know enough to hide in a barn before giving way to his emotions. Yet the average director deliberately orders regular actors to do such things on the ground that the great, stupid, movie-going public cannot understand screen action unless it is obviously what it is supposed to be—that it cannot tell that a strong man has received bad news unless he acts as though he had swallowed a hot poker.

The obvious answer to this claim on the part of the directors is that it is quite within the bounds of possibility—provided both director and actor are intelligent—to make the most cement-headed audiences understand the emotions that an actor is attempting to show, even though the actor's actions remain true to life. Some directors, unfortunately, are only a comparatively short time removed from the bootlegging business, the cloak-and-suit trade, the chauffeur's profession, the waiter's job and similar occupations, and their knowledge of the art of depicting real life is not exactly the most profound in the world. Their knowledge of the mental processes of the great, stupid, movie-going public is frequently worth considerably less than thirty cents. There are probably not more than ten really good directors engaged in the making of motion pictures out of the hundreds who are at work spoiling them.

When bad directors work in conjunction with the mysterious force known as the New York office, the movie-going public is treated to some spectacles that must make Art turn bright green and call for a double dose of morphine to deaden the pain.

Everywhere one goes in Hollywood movie circles there is hushed and profane conversation concerning the New York

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A million a day!

11,500,000 pounds of tobacco

(Money value approximately $6,600,000)

are stored in our factories and warehouses not only as a safeguard of uniform quality, but to insure at all times the uninterrupted manufacture of White Owl.

Each year this immense quantity of tobacco increases as more and more smokers learn what a *truly remarkable cigar* White Owl is. The greatest value, by long odds, in the market.

2 *for* 15¢

Package of 10 *for* 75¢

White Owl

A General Cigar Co National Brand

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

Dr. Lyon's
TOOTH POWDER

Also Dr. Lyon's Dental Cream

Exercise for your body,
Dr. Lyon's for your teeth.
Nothing is safer.
No medication—no risk—
in Dr. Lyon's.

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office everywhere, that is, except for two or three organizations built around great stars, which have no New York office.

The New York office is the branch of the movie business that is in constant touch with the exhibitors—known to the movie magnates as the ex-i-biters. The ex-i-biters, handing out films, as they do, to the great, stupid, movie-going public, are believed by the New York office to know exactly what the public wants. The ex-i-biters are about as much in touch with the public's desires as they are with the astral bodies of the late John Greenleaf Whittier or James Russell Lowell. But the New York office evidently believes all that the ex-i-biters tell them. And hence, as the saying goes, the Pyramids of Egypt.

The movies are frequently referred to as the new Art. Some day they may be an art; but so long as the New York office and its trusted advisers, the ex-i-biters, have a hand in the movies they will continue to be, as they are today, no more of an art than the making and marketing of ten-penny nails or paper towels. The New York office knows that it wants to make money; and it also knows that certain things have made money in the past. Consequently those are the things that it demands in moving pictures. Those are the things that the public wants. The New York office argues that since the public paid heavily on one occasion to see a film named Flaming Something-or-Other the way to make it pay again is to market a flock of films with flaming, blazing, scorching, incinerating, smoking titles. For months after the New York offices were bitten by the flaming-title bug, Hollywood movie titles were strongly reminiscent of a fire in a lumberyard. Flaming Desire, Flaming Love, Flaming Divorce, Flaming Youth, Flaming Passion, Flaming Wives, Flaming Lips, Flaming What Not, poured out of flaming Hollywood in quick succession. When the title didn't flame it blazed. There was some talk of putting on Dante's Inferno under the title of Flaming Hell.

Having been tipped off by the ex-i-biters to the exact state of the public's movie desires, the New York office two or three years ago had nothing but contempt for costume pictures. The very thought of a costume picture made the New York office gag. Scenario writers who attempted to write scenarios about any period prior to the year 1917 were threatened with boiling in oil

Unfortunately, while the New York offices were doing their loudest yelping about the loathing of the great public for costume pictures, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, who is about as good as they come as a producer, director and scenario writer, who has no traffic with New York offices, and who does what he wants to do instead of depending on a lot of peanut-minded exhibitors to tell him what the public wants, stepped forward with The Three Musketeers.

New York Office Methods

When the New York offices saw the great, stupid, movie-going public breaking its neck to see The Three Musketeers, it suddenly dawned on them that what the public wanted was costume pictures. Their belief was confirmed by the ex-i-biters, who also woke up to what the public wanted in the course of time.

The public had to patronize a play about a sheik before the ex-i-biters and the New York offices, with their massive brains and their penetrating intelligences, were able to sit up and throw sheik pictures at them with both hands.

The New York office is the supreme court of the world on pictures. It changes the names of novels because it—and the ex-i-biters—thinks it knows more about such things than mere authors. It pays celebrated authors enormous sums to travel out to Hollywood and write for the movies; and when it gets them there it fights about them with the Hollywood directors and actors and refuses to let them write.

It pays huge prices for popular stories, and then changes the stories so that the authors are afraid to own them for fear of being accused of plagiarism or insanity.

It insists on picking the casts for pictures concerning which it knows nothing; and with its miraculous power of always doing the wrong thing, it almost invariably selects persons who are wholly unfitted for the parts.

The attitude of authors who journey to Hollywood and brood over the inconceivable stupidities of directors and the pure commercialism of the movie magnates is one of complete bewilderment or dumb despair. How, they ask, can there be suspense in a picture when all films have happy endings? Nothing ever happens to American film heroes. Screen love affairs are those of high-school girls whose great emotional moments in real life have occurred when somebody copied their hats or when they got a run in their stockings. Their life climax has come when they were kissed in a peach orchard. What can an author do, they ask, when he must stick to peach-blossom heroines and happy endings? All in all, what's the use?

The contempt of authors for those responsible for the movies blossoms most luxuriantly in the spacious dining room of the vine-bowered Writers' Club in Hollywood on Friday evenings, when big producers send their films to be previewed by the intellectually élite. The patter of applause is frequent; but what the writers say about the films and the directors and the acting behind their hands wouldn't look well in print.

For that matter, the movies are divided and subdivided into contempts of extreme violence. The New York office has nothing but contempt for the Hollywood crowd, which it knows as the Coast Defenders. The contempt of the Hollywood crowd for the New York office, however, is sufficiently virulent to burn gaping holes in asbestos packing.

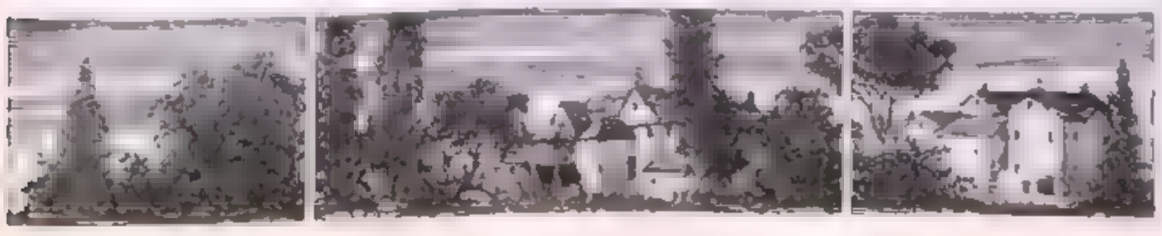
Massacred Scenarios

One of the most fluent contempts is that of the producer for the scenario writer, and vice versa. After the scenario writer has produced a masterpiece the director looks it over and lops off several limbs. Then the supervising director takes it and chops off several of its more beautiful curves, after which the producer seizes it and cuts out several of its internal organs. It then goes to the New York office, which apparently turns it over to all the office boys, janitors, stenographers and floor scrubbers, and cuts out everything that is left.

The contempt of the director for the actor and of the actor for the director is a bitter and painful contempt. Every movie actor is free to state that the director has eliminated all his best work; while every director establishes an alibi for everything that can possibly go wrong, and usually blames everything on the actor. "If I could have had Wally Beery to play the heavy," he says, "we wouldn't have had that sandstorm," or something like that.

A keen and penetrating contempt is that of the movie actor who has been on the legitimate stage for all those who have not; while those who have not are loud in their contempt for those whom they term "the old wrecks who used to be on the stage before they lost out." As bitter as any contempt is that of the old character actor for the young and beautiful he doll.

Yet there are pleasant things about the movie world of Hollywood—such as the gossip concerning the director who sleeps between black sheets, and the Wild West actor who uses a six-gun for a door knocker, and the star who plays jokes on his visitors by backing them gently against an electrically charged table. And if one wearies of gossip one can follow the pursuit that has supplanted the tourist occupation of visiting the missions and viewing the giant water lilies: one can seek out the restaurant that is momentarily popular with the movie set and get a kick out of seeing Romeo, Juliet, the Queen of Sheba, Moses and Nellie the beautiful cloak model come in together and stoke up on Philadelphia scrapple and buckwheat cakes; for one of the chief diversions of Flaming Hollywood is watching the actors eat.



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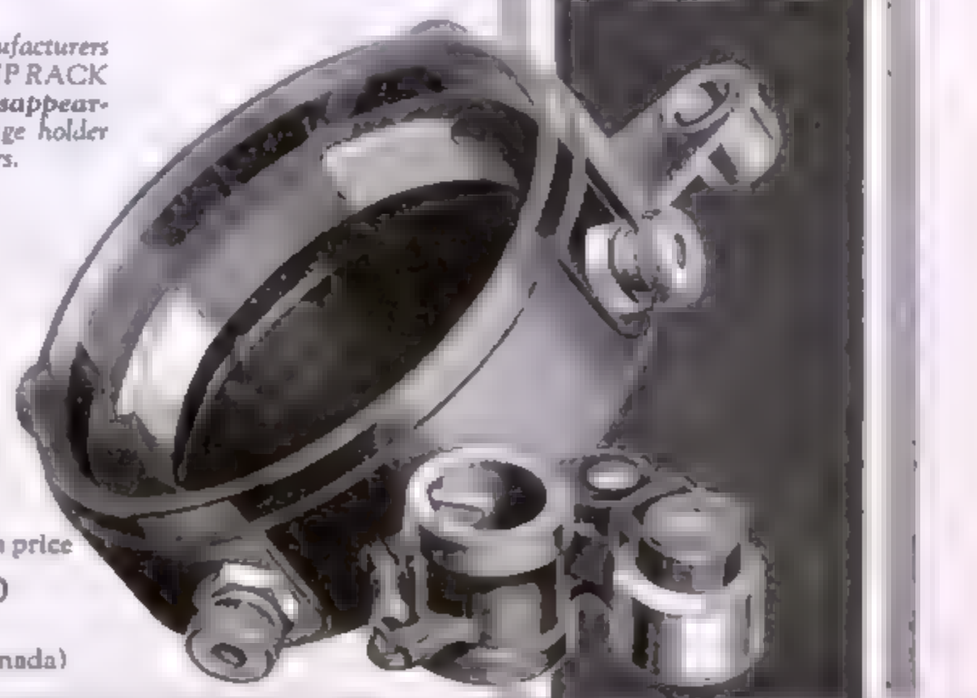

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WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from Page 21)

show being organized by Lester and Williams, two comedians ten years their senior.

A turkey and a commonwealth were one and the same, save that the latter played under canvas. Actors clubbed together in these potluck enterprises in the slack times at Christmas, Lent and midsummer. The origin of the word "turkey" has been disputed for years to no agreement. Perhaps the equal division of the receipts suggested, to some early metaphorist, the carving of the Thanksgiving bird; possibly the balance remaining after expenses was thought of as a holiday windfall, or so much turkey. Lester and Williams already had arranged a booking at a Bridgeport, Connecticut, beer garden. The American Four, including Peter Dailey; Dave Marion, later of burlesque renown, and his wife, Minnie Bell; and two other well-known acts had joined up. Another turn was needed. Lester and Williams would give Weber and Fields a thirty-dollar weekly guaranty. The boys went along.

Business was bad, and Lester and Williams were the freest and easiest of spenders in a spendthrift profession. Marion, who was older in experience and had known Joe and Lew almost from their infancy, advised them on Wednesday to ask for an advance. They did, and got five dollars, which they hid in one of their shoes. All the company except the Marions slept in one large room. In the morning the five dollars was gone. Joe and Lew sniffled, and Lester and Williams were their loudest sympathizers. It was a darned shame, they asked the world to witness, and to show where their hearts were they would give the boys ten dollars more that night. The ten dollars was hidden in the same cache. Friday morning the shoe was empty again. More tears and more sympathy. Lester and Williams made no secret of their opinion of the fiend in human form who would steal from a couple of kids. In their big-hearted way they advanced a second ten dollars. What if business was bad? This time the money went under Joe's pillow. He slept fitfully, groping for the bills at each waking. Reassured, he fell off into dreamless slumber eventually.

When he woke again it was midmorning. He reached under the pillow. The money was A. W. O. L.

Lester and Williams gave them another five dollars that day, calling attention to the fact that this made thirty dollars, the week's guaranty. Joe and Lew said nothing, but on the spot they addressed an envelope, dropped the bill in and posted it home. Lester and Williams watched the proceedings with interest.

Division by the Grab Method

"By the way, boys," one of them said after a heavy silence, "we've been talking it over and we've decided to let you in on the turkey next week. That'll beat any thirty-dollar guaranty. Some of the others kicked, but we went to the front for you. 'Do you want to take advantage of a couple of kids?' we asked 'em."

This was out of the frying pan into the fire; a choice between a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't thirty dollars and a two-fourteenths part of an algebraic quantity known as x. They took a chance on x, the unknown sum.

Business continued poor, and there was only sixty dollars dumped on the table the second Saturday night to be cut fourteen ways. This was x in the Lester and Williams algebra.

A member of the company doubled for one instant as a lightning calculator, then whispered to the boys, "Watch me and dive when I do." He dived. Joe and Lew dived after him. The three swept the table bare and were out the theater door before anyone could stop them. The boys ran all the way to the boarding house. There they counted their grab. The total was twenty-four dollars. This they pinned inside the lining of Joe's vest and put the vest under Lew's pillow.

The others straggled in with reproaches and the word that the turkey would gobble no more. Joe and Lew swore that they had mailed the money home at the first post box and all seemed content to let it go at that. A Sabbath quiet lay over Bridgeport when Weber and Fields awoke. The American Four, Lester and Williams and the rest slept heavily. The vest still reposed beneath the pillow. Fields sighed relievedly and explored the lining. No twenty-four dollars! He turned the vest inside out. Only the pinholes remained as a souvenir. Easy come, easy go!

The boys were broke and the show disbanded, but they ate supper at home. To use their own phrase, they cried their way to New York. That is to say, they took their teary faces to the railway station, pulled out the *vox humana* stop and registered innocence in distress with a pathos geared up to melt the heart of a dog catcher and dissolve the boiler cake in the yard switch engine if need be. Softer material was at hand. A theatrical troupe, the James Boys' Last Ride company, rolled up in an omnibus. The women dried the boys' tears and the manager paid their fares. Jesse and Frank James were well-mannered little playfellows after two weeks of Lester and Williams' turkey show.

The Comedy Hatchet Trick

Weber and Fields were at liberty, as actors put it, the rest of the summer. September saw them on the road with the Australian Novelty Company, which took its name from the nativity of its stars, the Austin sisters, trapeze performers. The novelty was a human-fly stunt by Amy Austin, a thriller never since duplicated in the theater. At each performance she walked head downward without visible support on a smoothly polished platform suspended within ten feet of the very roof of the auditorium and forty feet or more above the heads of the breathless orchestra floor. Her husband, manager of the show and an ex-circus man, had devised vacuum rubber cups so powerful that, fixed to the soles of his wife's shoes, they sustained her weight. The secret of these cups died with Austin. His wife would swing herself upward by trapeze until she could plant her feet simultaneously against the platform. When the cups gripped the plank by suction Amy discarded the trapeze and slowly slid one foot before the other until she had progressed topsy-turvily to the far end of the ten-foot platform. There she would pivot cautiously and return to her starting point. Often she would fall into the net stretched twenty feet below and begin all over.

Audiences fidgeted in the five to eight minutes' wait while the complex gear and tackle was fixed, tested and unfixed, and Austin sent Weber and Fields on in make-up to help the stage hands and to amuse the audience at the same time. In attempting both they did neither well. Austin tried again. Why couldn't they follow his wife with a burlesque from the same dizzy height? That the stage crew would be taking down the safety net while Weber and Fields were showing up Doctor Newton and his law of gravitation, Austin waved aside as a quibble, until they pointed out that they might fall upon and seriously damage one or more paid admissions. That was a point of view a manager could grasp.

"Well, be here tomorrow morning at ten and we'll try to work it out anyway," he ordered.

On the morrow Amy Austin's patent shoes were laced on Fields' feet and the rehearsal began. Lew hauled himself hand-over-hand up a rope to the high trapeze, swung himself higher and higher, and finally shot his upturned feet against the inverted platform. The vacuum cups glued to the plank as barnacles to a ship's hull.

There he hung upside down like a ham from a Woolworthian smokehouse rafter, stricken suddenly with a paralysis of terror as his bulging eyes plumbed the yawning void below. His leg muscles turned to water. He could not move a foot forward or backward, he could not pull his feet loose and would not have dared to had he been able. But he could yell—yell so affrightedly as to drown all the jumble of shouted advice that floated up to his purpling ears.

His screams frightened even Austin, who shed his coat, spit upon his hands and scrambled up the rope to the trapeze. From this proximity he tried to soothe the boy's panic. Lew was in no mood either for lullabies or for choose-your-exit-now instructions. To every counsel he screeched one answer: "I can't!"

There was only one way of getting the amateur human fly down other than by cutting a hole in the roof, and Austin took it. Gathering momentum on the trapeze, he launched a flying leap at the suspended Fields, tackled him around the waist and tore him and his trick shoes loose. Austin and Fields dropped together in close embrace. It is a feat to fall easily and safely into a net. These two just fell, dropped as a pair of mortared bricks from a shaky cornice, but broke no bones. Fields feared the season would end before they landed. With his first returning breath he published an ultimatum.

"Hereafter," he decreed, "I act with both feet on the stage and the stage right side up."

It was during this season with the Australian Novelty Company that Fields first sank a hatchet into Weber's head, a piece of comedy business that ranks with the thrown custard pie in the pantheon of slapstick. The hatchet trick was devised as an encore bit. Its mechanics was simplicity itself—a cork cushion on top of Weber's steel-plated wig.

The gouging out of Weber's eye was another innovation of that season, stumbled upon by accident when an audience laughed at Fields' sincere efforts to remove a mote of dust that had settled in his partner's eye while the act was in progress. Weber wore a long nail in the toe of one comedy shoe and would retaliate by kicking Lew, the nail apparently sinking into Fields' leg and holding the shoe fast. More cork padding did the trick. Lew returned the compliment with a kick that set off an explosive cap in the toe of his right shoe. It was about this time, too, that they first sprang upon a palpitating world a gag now hoary and rheumatic but still in the ring:

"Who is that lady I saw you with last night?"

"She ain't no lady; she's my wife."

A travesty on a magic act took care of another curtain call. With the conventional hocus-pocus of stage legerdemain, they set a bottomless bottle squarely over a hole in the stage. To the audience's eyes the bottle was intact, but with the connivance of a stage hand in the basement the bottle was made to sprout a new absurdity at every flirt of Weber's handkerchief, culminating in a ten-foot steel rod and exposure of the hoax. The old knockabout was growing fatter with comedy each year, but its fundamentals were yet unchanged.

The Two Kernell Brothers

Their drawing power was such by now that Harry and John Kernell's Own Company signed them at a hundred dollars a week for their fifth and last swing around the variety circuit with a show not their own. The Kernells were rated the first Irish song, dance and dialogue team of their time. The stage has nothing quite like them today. The brothers were strikingly different types; John with a deep bass voice, Harry with a thin little tenor, but born comedians both. Each had been a hack driver in Philadelphia. The story is that Tony Pastor heard one of them singing from his driver's seat as he waited on a fare outside a Philadelphia saloon late one wintry night and took him up.

Ward and Vokes, later to become Percy and Harold, the stage's best-known tramp comedians, were with the Kernell show that season. Ten years earlier Weber and Fields had played with them at Bowker's Pier, Atlantic City, at ten dollars a week and board and lodging such as it was. Bowker put his waiters and actors up in a mangy beach cottage crowded with bunks ranged in tiers three and four high like a lumber camp. Actors playing Bowker's together ever afterward had a common bond of sympathy. Ward, Vokes, Weber, Fields and two other members of the company, Harding and Nash by name, gathered together at fifty-cent limit poker the first week out with the Kernells and the game became a nightly institution.

When the show reached Paterson on the swing back eastward the boys had been away from home for twelve weeks, and determined to spend their nights in New York, commuting back and forth. This broke up the poker game. Ward, Vokes and Nash, who roomed together, took their meager talents to a gambling house, played the first hand to win and the rest to get even, and did neither. Paterson palaces of chance did not subscribe to that jolly old custom of refunding breakfast or dress money to the losers. Harding was the only member of the poker sextet within call and with money. One turned to Harding only in dire emergencies, but this was one such. Ward and Vokes sent Nash to Harding's room to cry until Harding should part with a dollar.

Nash wept like the third act of East Lynne and drowned Harding out. For this feat Ward and Vokes adjudged Nash entitled to a full half rather than a third of the dollar.

It was a disinterested effort on Nash's part, a bit of art for art and Ward and Vokes' sakes. He was off his feed himself and thought of breakfast with neither concern nor relish. Dropping in at the corner drug store he talked his symptoms over with the prescription clerk.

"What you need is a good tonic," the clerk told him, handing over a bottle of beef, iron and wine and dropping Nash's lone half dollar into the till. Nash sampled the bottle, found it good to the taste and improvidently drank it all before going to bed

When Joe and Lew arrived from New York the following noon, Nash's was the first face they saw on the station platform. He was yelling their names before the train stopped. He must have five dollars at once, he insisted.

From his incoherence they made out something about owing Harding one dollar and being hungry.

"Why five dollars?" Joe objected. "You only owe Harding a dollar; you aren't going to eat four dollars' worth of lunch, are you?"

The Best Joke of 1889

"Ain't I?" Nash shouted. "Come along and watch me if you don't trust me. Four dollars won't buy the ham to trim all the eggs I want! I guess you never drank a bottle of appetite medicine at night and then had no money to buy your breakfast."

There was a three weeks' gap in the Kernell show booking in the late spring before it closed with a week at Tony Pastor's, New York, and a week at Gilmore's, Philadelphia. Some days before the lay-off Harry Kernell asked Joe and Lew if they wished to go out with the show again the next fall.

"Yes," Weber replied; "but we'll want more money."

"How much more?" Kernell queried.

Joe always bargained from the top downward.

"Well," he said, "we ought to get a hundred and fifty dollars next season."

Kernell showed an unaccountable rage at this asking price, and ended a tirade by saying, "If you want to come for the same money you're getting, all right. If not, all right."

Kernell was to die in an asylum, and already his company had marked the erratic moods that increasingly eclipsed his wonted geniality. His failing mind alone accounts for the feud he declared upon these two boys still in their teens.

On the Tuesday before the Monday the show was to reopen at Pastor's, Harry Kernell sent for Joe and Lew. They called, and stuck out for one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Do you know the Rogers brothers?" he asked.

"Sure we do," they chorused. "We put them on the stage."

"Well," Kernell told them, "I can get the Rogers brothers for sixty dollars a week. They do an act just like yours. If you want to take a cut to sixty dollars for these last two weeks, all right. If not, I'll put the Rogers brothers on in your place."

The boys laughed at him.

"The Rogers brothers' act is nothing like ours," they insisted. "They do a neat song and dance. We ought to know; we taught it to 'em."

"I'm telling you," Kernell retorted, "that their act's the spit an' image of yours. The only difference is that it's a darned sight better. I'm being soft hearted to give you a chance to meet their price. Well, what's it going to be?"

They didn't bother to argue the first point longer, but warned him that they would hold him to their contract for the season

"Maybe I will have to keep you at one hundred dollars these last two weeks," he

(Continued on Page 115

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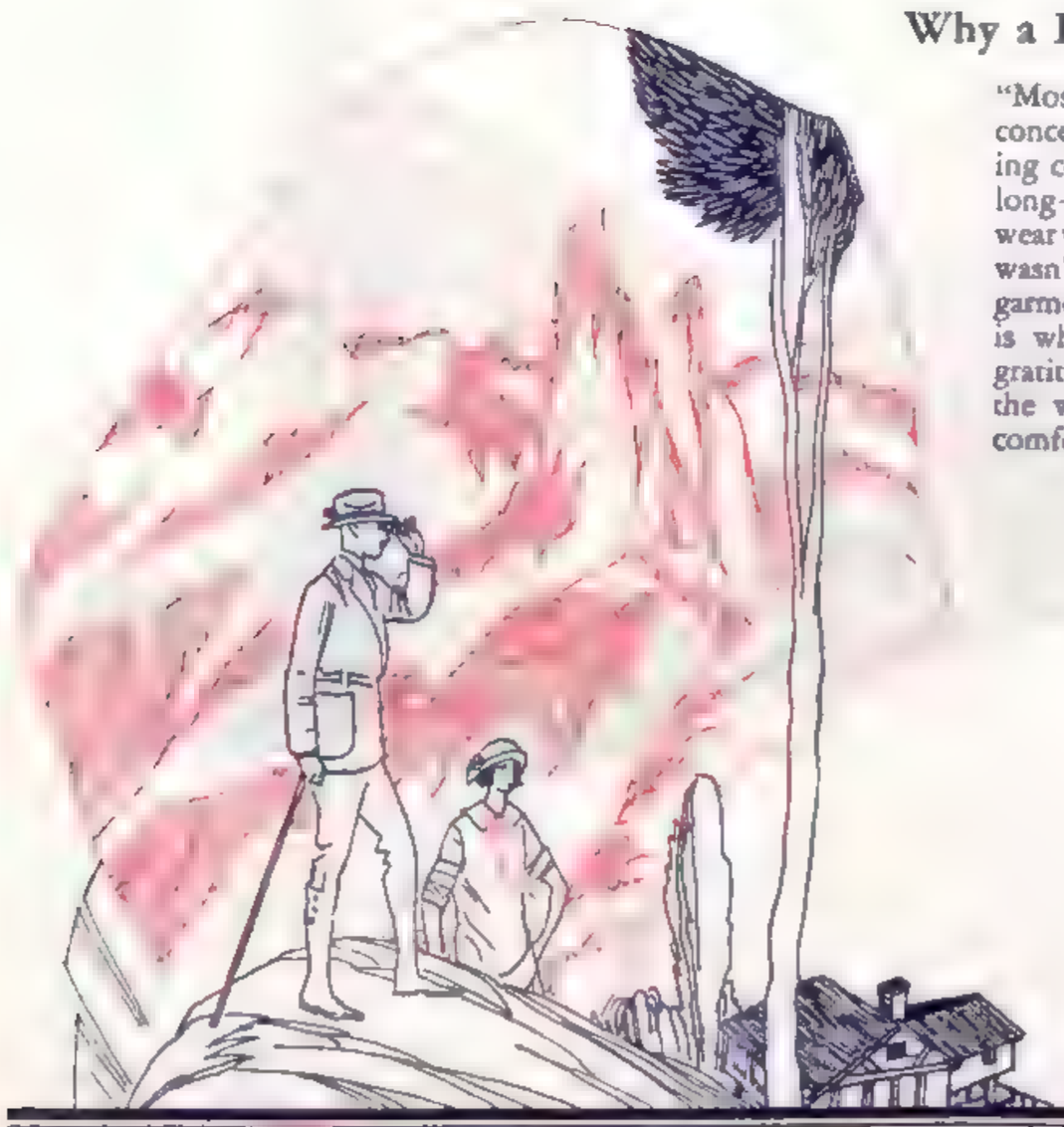

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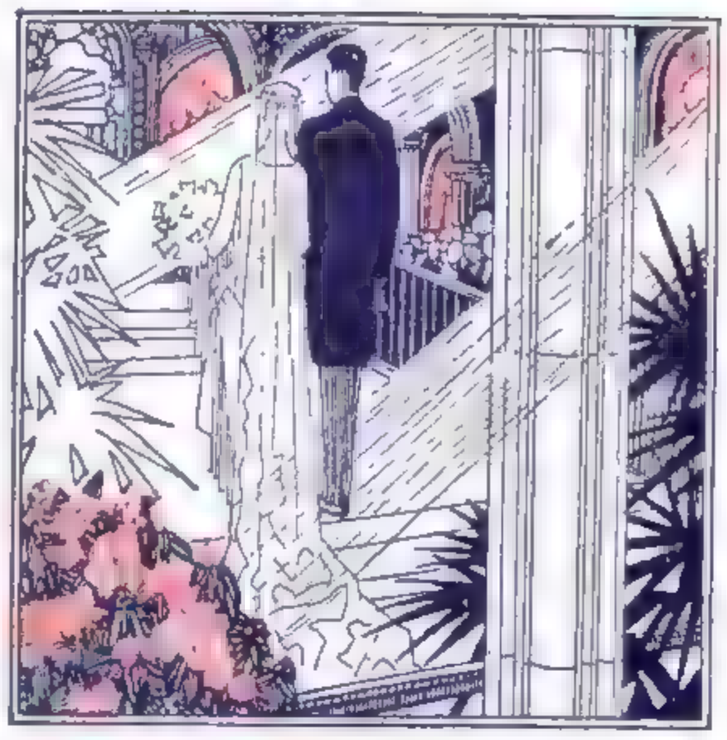

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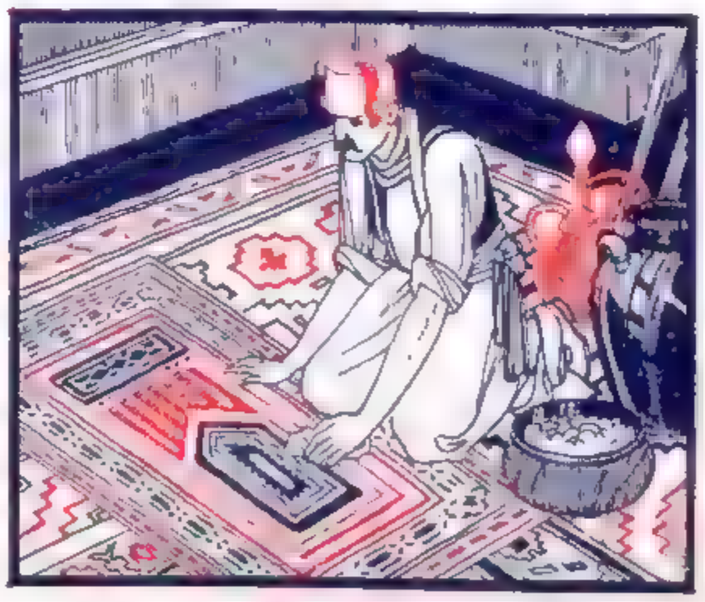
HELEN MARTIN



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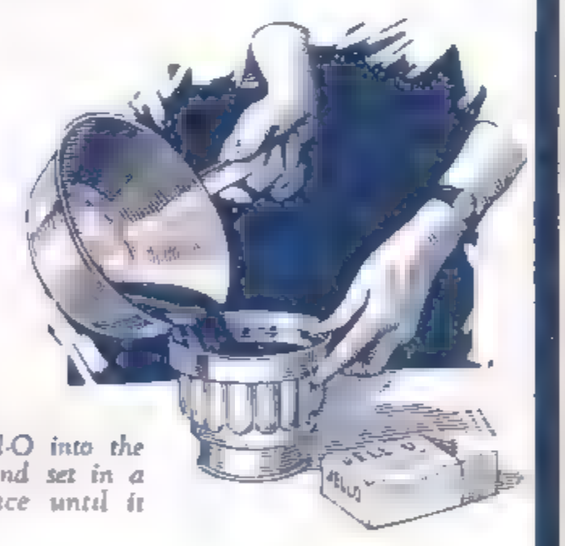
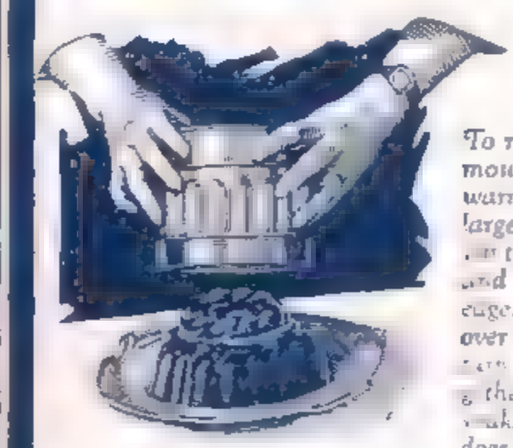
HOW TO MAKE PLAIN JELL-O

Carefully measure one pint of boiling water for each box of Jell-O used.

Add the hot water, stirring until Jell-O is thoroughly dissolved.



Pour Jell-O into the mould and set in a cool place until it stiffens



To remove from the mould, fill with warm water a pan large enough to admit the whole mould and dip it to the edge. Place a plate over the mould and turn them over together, with a little shake added. If it does not loosen dip a second time.

(Continued from Page 110

admitted, "but it'll be a sick day for you if I do. I'll put the Rogers brothers on ahead of you and make you the jokes of New York. I'll queer you so you won't get a show next year."

Weber thought it was his turn to bluff.

"Hop to it," he challenged. "We'll take our own show out next season."

This was entitled to rank as the best joke of 1889, and would have been saluted as such instantly at Miner's Bowery or anywhere along Fourteenth Street; but Kernell, the pantaloon, was playing Richard III this day. He answered not with horse laughter but with more threats, and the conference broke up in showers of hot words.

Reporting at Tony Pastor's on Monday, Joe and Lew found the Rogers brothers posted to open the bill and they were to close it. Still incredulous, they were watching from the front of the house when the curtain rose. They had not seen Max and Gus Rogers on or off stage in two years and had put Kernell's talk down as an hallucination.

Now it was their turn at hallucinations. Unless their eyes cheated them they had just seen, as in a mirror, themselves walk on the stage. There were Mike and Myer, their own flesh and blood. Facsimile costumes, facsimile make-ups, line for line and business for business, their own knockabout was done before them. No cheap counterfeit, but a photographic reproduction. The Rogers brothers had caught the spirit as closely as the letter of the act, and they had what Weber and Fields never had -robust, resonant singing voices. It was Joe and Lew's fate to hear their own song sung so much better than they themselves could do it that they failed to recognize it until the chorus.

Weber and Fields stumbled back to their dressing room in a daze. Harry Kernell grinned fiendishly as they passed. It was too late to attempt any changes in their act. Fortunately New York variety audiences knew them so well that the house had recognized Kernell's sharp practice and resented it without understanding its wherefores. The boys could only take the audience into their confidence, promise a change by Tuesday and serve a stale repetition of an act seen an hour earlier.

The Merry War Continues

Joe and Lew worked until dawn the next morning on new business, new gags, new mispronunciations, and varied their act sufficiently at the Tuesday matinée to defeat partly the conspiracy. But Harry Kernell stood in the wings taking notes on every change. That night the Rogers brothers added each variation to the original act and anticipated the Weber and Fields turn 100 per cent again.

This unequal contest of wits continued all that week at Pastor's and the next in Philadelphia. Joe and Lew slept three and four hours a night, giving the rest of their time to a feverish study of new lines and business, all memorized and used by the Rogers brothers by the succeeding performance. Harry Kernell dropped all other work to watch from the wings, taking notes while Joe and Lew were on, rehearsing Max and Gus by the hour and prompting them when they took the stage. It became an obsession with him. Weber and Fields were in the position of a football team whose signals were being tipped to the opposition in advance of each play. They could only hammer away desperately. Had the Rogers brothers lacked real talent they never could have kept the pace set by the older team. Left-handed as it was, however, these two weeks were Max and Gus' making theatrically. Thereafter they went their own way to success.

Word of the unique duel spread and made for capacity business in both cities, all to Kernell's profit; yet he was not content. He paid Joe and Lew their hundred dollars a week, but in pennies, nickels, dimes and the dirtiest dollar bills he could collect.

In the mutual rage generated by this grotesque vendetta, Weber and Fields' sense of humor failed them. Before the first week was done they were as furiously in earnest as Kernell. Else the spectacle of two youths not yet old enough to vote, without either money or backing, organizing and producing a variety show with a weekly salary list of nine hundred and twenty-five dollars exclusive of their own, might have been lost to the theater and the later fortunes of the firm of Weber and Fields greatly different.

Now their bluff to Kernell of taking out their own show became a point of honor. That it was possible not to make money at the producing end never occurred to them. For five years they had seen the cash rolling into the box offices around the circuit. Actors always looked upon the owner as the small boy envied the street-car conductor nothing to do but to take in the money. Presumably there were expenses, but that was mere detail. The boys' only concern was where and how they were to get their initial capital. The rest would be automatic.

Having no Wall Street connections, manifestly the first step would be to find work for the summer. That, as they had seen each year, was no easy task. Only the dime museums and beer gardens were open, and these paid starvation wages.

Westward Ho!

Why not California? In 1889 the Camino Real still was paved with gold in the imaginations of cis-Sierran Americans. The name conjured up visions, not of tourists, cafeterias, real estate, Hollywood and orange groves, but of nuggets, overnight wealth, Roaring Camp and the Golden Gate, flashing eyes and flashing guns and romance. Only forty years had elapsed since the first strike at Sutter's Mills, and the Comstock Lode and Virginia City excitements had not yet stilled

Fields remembered that he had an uncle in San Francisco; a rich uncle, unquestionably, since he was a Californian. San Francisco!

From The Clipper they compiled their own mailing list and wrote by the hour for engagements; wrote everywhere, but concentrated on the city of sunshine and laughter and yellow metal. The farther from New York their letters were addressed, the better they spoke of themselves and their act. Before each letter was mailed they flipped it into the air. If it fell stamp downward, in their superstition, it would fail in its mission; but if the stamp side fell upward it would bring work. Only one San Francisco letter dropped face upward. It was addressed to Gustav Walter, the Orpheum.

A San Francisco postmark in their mail three weeks later. An ornate envelope, worthy of its California origin. Robin's-egg-blue stationery with gold lettering. Mr. Walter asked their terms!

They held their breaths and wired back, collect, "One hundred and seventy-five dollars a week." If Walter balked or did not bother to answer, they would tell him that the telegraph company had misread their figures.

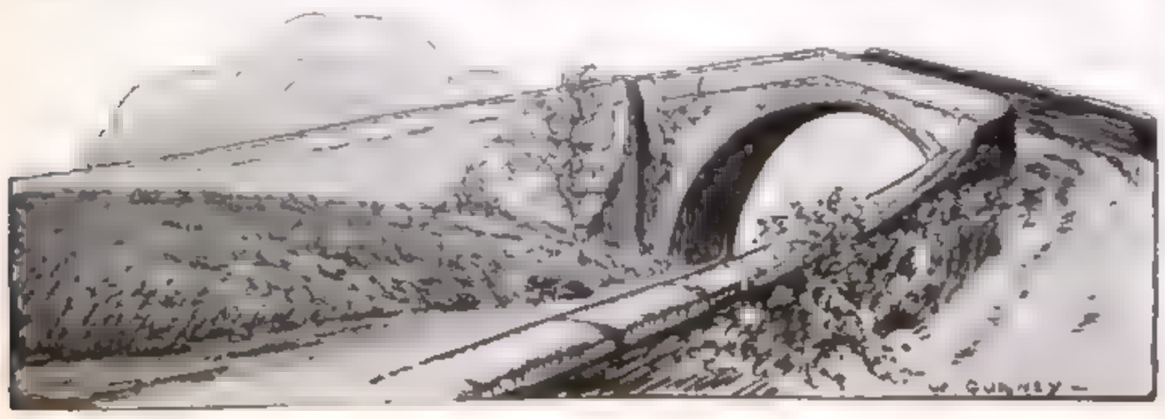
A messenger boy was hammering on Weber's front door that night.

"O. K. for four weeks. Call at Southern Pacific offices for transportation," Walter had replied.

Should he have asked for more, or had the telegraph company got his message straight after all? Weber asked himself. At any rate, the tickets were waiting at the S. P.'s New York office.

Oh, Susanna! They were off to California with washbowls on their knees.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Isman and Mr Stout. The fifth will appear in an early number.



Two reasons why Plate Glass is the proper glass for your car

IN THE FIRST PLACE, Plate Glass adds an element of beauty. In the windshield of a handsome car, Plate Glass is like a jewel in its setting. Its highly polished surfaces gleam like the finely finished body of a new car. Plate Glass is one part of the car that will never lose its bright, new appearance.

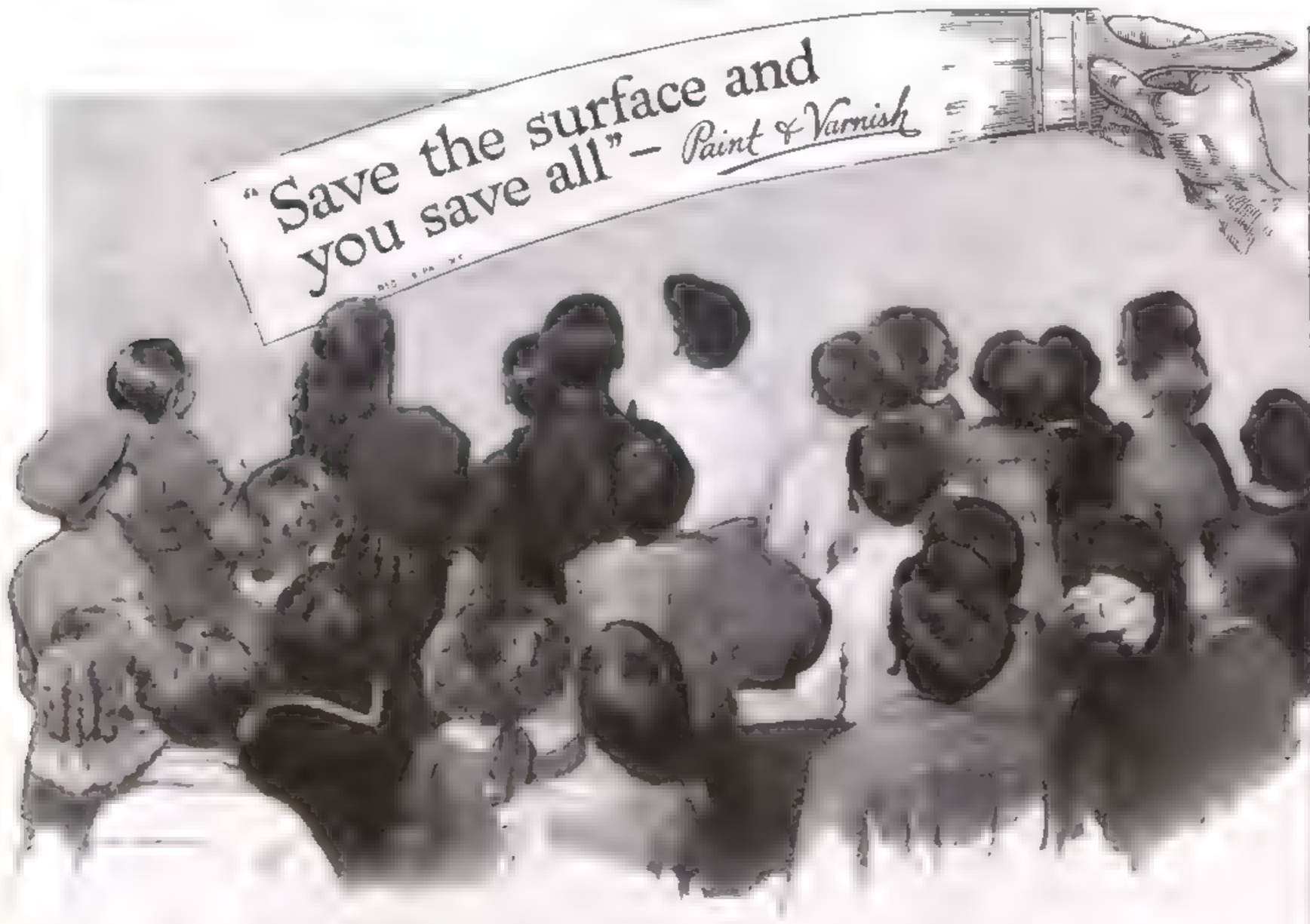
In the second place, Plate Glass provides the clearness of vision necessary to safe driving. Looking through Plate Glass is like looking through the open air itself. Objects appear clear and distinct, without distortion. Plate Glass means safe driving, free from strain on eyes or nerves.

Most car manufacturers equip their cars with Plate Glass. When your car goes to the garage for repairs, see that Plate Glass is used in replacing broken panes.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

Nothing Else is Like it

This was a great Prize Contest



What the youngsters saw and reported

THE 1924 Save the Surface Calendar carried a Prize Contest announcement to boys and girls under 16. Prizes were offered for the best lists of neglected surfaces with the best 100 word description of one neglected surface. This contest proved that children are sharp observers—that they know the common sense side of paint and varnish.

The names of the winners appear below and at the right.

Boys and girls, they went, they saw, they wrote. They reported neglected homes inside and out—neglected furniture, floors and automobiles—neglected post offices, churches and railroad cars—every surface you could think of in a week.

All the children had to do was look about and report what they saw. The grown-ups have the job of making good the neglect. Luckily, it *pays* to save the surface.

The moral of it is—

Keep things painted or varnished and they don't wear out—or rot—or rust. To say nothing of the looks of things.

Here's where thrift and pride can get together. When you paint to preserve, you beautify; when you paint to beautify, you preserve. The youngsters have the right idea—Save the surface and you save all.

Summer's an excellent time to do it. Your painter is through with his spring rush and can give you his best attention. The season is favorable for interior work—doubly so in schools and other places more or less closed for the summer. Save the surface *now* and you do yourself and your painter a good turn.

THE WINNERS

Gertrude Batchelder, Yerington, Nevada	FIRST PRIZE	$100
Susie E. Chambliss, 1917 Union St., Brunswick, Ga.	SECOND PRIZE	$50
Lucille Hall, 315 North High St., Carlinville, Ill.	THIRD PRIZE	$25

OTHER PRIZE WINNERS

25 Prizes of $10.00 each

E. C. Ashley, O.; Arthur Wentz, O.; [illegible]

50 Prizes of $5.00 each

Orbie Lee, Ala., David Crowley, Cal., Mar[illegible] Kenneth Clinton, Conn; [illegible]

325 Prizes of $1.00 each

Ala. Lawrence [illegible] Ariz. Mary Curry, Mary [illegible] Ark. Rex Nelson, Cal. [illegible] Colo. Mary Brown, Conn. [illegible] Fla. [illegible] Ga. [illegible] Idaho. Lawrence [illegible] Ind. Tedah Conner, Wanda [illegible] Iowa. Maxine [illegible] Kan. [illegible] Ky. [illegible] Me. [illegible] Md. [illegible] Mass. [illegible] Mich. [illegible] Minn. [illegible] Mont. [illegible] N. J.—Lester Bacorn, Hazel Cain, Lydia Bonne, Grace Gaupp, Sarah White, Josephine [illegible] N. M. [illegible] N. Y. [illegible] Ohio. [illegible] Okla. [illegible] Ore. [illegible] Pa. [illegible] R. I. [illegible] Tenn. [illegible] Utah. [illegible] Va. [illegible] Wash. [illegible] Wis. [illegible] Canada. Emma Devitt, Cath[illegible] Robertson, G. Stephenson, Jessie S[illegible] garet Bostes, Ancel Hannah, Currie Lapointe, Mildred Polan, Bertha St[illegible] McCulloch, Ethel England, Lael Fulr

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SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
507 The Bourse, Philadelphia

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

ADVENTURES IN GEOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 11)

that the law pursued him, but it is much more probable that he was chased over the cliff by a horde of maddened sarong sellers.

On the veranda table now, while one consumes an ijsdranken, a folder is laid by the boy who has awakened, refreshed, after a good day's sleep. It advertises a Groot Sensatie-Drame and we feel at home once more. On the first page an Indian rajah is saying to one of Hollywood's fairest daughters, "You and your husband and friends are in my power, but I will spare your lives if you will consent—to share my throne." Ugh! The infamy of that dash! And still, what a paltry scoundrel—not even twin thrones! Bah! Or, as the Dutch probably put it, bajh! Is civilization to infect the entire globe? Java, at any rate, is doomed, for here is a further advertisement of the Oriental Picture Magazine—Filmland—even in Dutch the foul threat is plain—"geeft U allea op het gebied van films, filmsterren en interessante kijkjes in de studios." But do we wish the further promised "niewtjes of de filmwereld"? Do we want the kijkjes in de studios, even if they sound like something that would cause Mr. Hays acute anguish? Nojt at ajll! Let us be out of great cities and beyond the infection area. Let us talk again with the Hollander who says he is a hire-car agent—English-speaking drivers—"going to many nice places."

So for ten days—there are ten thousand miles of metaled road in Java—we tour through a toy land every foot of which runs high in scenic value. From the moist heat of Surabaya the hire-car with its sometimes-English-speaking driver first climbs six thousand feet to a chilly mountain top. Once a good, honest, shaggy-sided mountain, the little artists of Java have clipped and tamed it to its summit with their garden tools; teased, coaxed, wheedled, blandished it for six more square feet which they could plant.

A mountain in Java has small chance to live its own life. There is, indeed, halfway up this one, an unplanted stretch where great trees grow along a precipitous cañon side, and this has been preëmpted by a band of large black apes. Ahmed, English-speaking driver, says they are godly apes and may not be molested. We watch for the first time monkeys not in prison and realize that a cage gives no proper scope for their talent. One launches obliquely out from the topmost branch of a tall tree—to his death surely, for his nearest safety is a tree a hundred feet below and almost that distance in line. Breaths are held for the inevitable crash of the volleying black shape, but the fool reaches the outermost branch of the lower tree with one clutching finger, pulls himself up and sits there, gibbering like a smarty. Two others make similar foolhardy leaps, missing death by narrow margins and strutting boastfully afterward. It is felt at last that waiting to see a monkey fall is sheer waste of time. We believe with Ahmed, now, that these are godly monkeys, superior to common gravity.

A Well-Groomed Volcano

At Tosari, our hotel porch, overhanging a cliff, looks across the cañon to a perpendicular mountain side gardened to the summit. We look straight into tree tops and their shadows seem to spread flatly beneath us. This gives the illusion of being in an airplane, looking down to a level field. Such gardening seems precarious. If the cultivator of one of those upper bits of land should slip he would not only be dashed to pieces far below but he might ruinously abrade a lot of vegetables on his way down and add a lawsuit to his widow's troubles. Then we look below our porch and discover that the hotel itself is apparently kept from going over the cliff by a mere row of fuchsias. They are not strong-looking fuchsias either and we go to find a safer view.

On a neighboring mountain is a volcano in commission—Java has forty or so of these unhealed eruptions along its hilly spine—and at a cold three A.M. we rise and mount a fierce little pony, somewhat larger than a Belgian hare, and go to inspect the open wound. Art follows even here, for concrete steps lead from the base of the mountain to the crater's edge. A thousand feet below a cavernous black opening emits the clangor of a thousand subway trains passing one station and the evil aroma of a thousand match factories—though a fundamentalist might compare it otherwise and more aptly.

From Tosari, with its surrounding villaged peaks, we set off to traverse an island that was born of volcanoes, and is hence so fertile that it can support a populace averaging seven hundred people to the square mile. With a third the area of California, Java now has a population close to forty million. No one will think the figure excessive who follows its shaded highways for as many as ten days; in that time the most of forty million Javanese will have been seen, all busied at a speed that Australian white labor would find nauseating. A Polynesian transported to a scene of conventional Javanese activity would at once devoutly believe the worst that missionaries have told him about hell. From Surabaya, at the eastern end of the island, to Batavia, at the other, we are never out of sight of the toiling little people. There are not only six million tons of rice to be produced—the land spaded by hand, diked for water to flood it, the rice planted stalk by stalk, harvested stalk by stalk—but there are tobacco, sugar, tea, tapioca, yams, rubber, teakwood and ebony, quinine, pepper, nutmeg to occupy leisure moments and to insure that no picture of Java fields is complete unless dotted with bent backs. And these are but a few hints of the work that converts the Javanese, under Dutch auspices, into human and surprisingly cheerful approximations of the robot.

Artful Pageantry

The conventional Java landscape runs about like this: Far off across a green valley, veiled in lavender haze, a row of lofty sharp-peaked mountains, at least one of them smoking furiously. Nearer, but still part of the background, a scattering of lesser mountains checkerboarded to their summits with cultivation. Spreading mile on mile to this background, a level plain of rice fields dotted as by a painter with island clumps of fine-leaved trees and palms, marking toy villages where the workers have woven and set up their bird-cage homes. The surface of the plain is webbed with dikes—minutely webbed where the field must step up the sides of intervening hills—to permit flooding of the rice lands, when they become broad silver mirrors set among the varying green of fields already planted; the pale green of the seed beds, the deeper vivid green of young rice transplanted, the still darker green of the advanced crop, the shimmering russet of stretches that are ripening and the yellow of stubble where bent harvesters have lately gone. When a little wind strokes the surface of growing rice, flecks of pale gold chase far out over the spreading green. And always the bent backs of the robots tirelessly nursing their chief food staple. Over the already ripened fields are children in raised hutches who twitch long cables of fiber that will set the russet sea in motion and scare off birds that have earned no rice.

Aside from sarong selling, this is the only task observed throughout the island that is not of grueling hardship.

Meantime on our left we meet and on our right overtake two streams of artful pageantry composed of trudging burden bearers, a sun beating steadily down on them to bring out every value of sarong or jacket or bare gleaming torso. Women pad by, their loads strapped to their backs, except the sleeping babies that ride astride their narrow hips. The shoulder sticks of the men yield to burdens swung at either end, swaying in rhythm to the curious, bent-shouldered, swift trudge. They are all carrying something somewhere, much of it mysteriously. A man on the left sweats by under a hundred and fifty pounds of yams and one on the right is panting back under a similar cargo.

Why a bit of labor-saving barter hasn't been had is one of the enigmas of a complex industrial system. One sees that human beasts of burden are here cheaper than any mechanical triumph yet achieved at Detroit, U. S. A. Women stream by, heads bowed to balance the shoulder-strapped basket of broken stone for road mending. Men lugging brass work pass others with harvested rice stalks bunched in baskets that become veritable floral pieces. Never throughout a thousand miles do we for

This test is
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How Men Win

A significant Shaving Cream story

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

We win by service only, as you know. By doing one thing better than other men have done it.

That is the whole story of Palmolive Shaving Cream, one of today's sensations.

Here for 60 years we have studied soap. Some of the greatest soaps in existence are of our creation. Our Palmolive Soap is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Shaving Soap a different problem

But Shaving Soap is different. It is not a cleanser, but a softener. A dozen shaving creams each had countless followers. The problem was to create a Shaving Cream so superior that every man who tried it would adopt it.

We brought to our laboratory every other shaving cream. We put them all to scientific tests. Then we studied to excel them in every quality desired.

We made 130 shaving creams, each better than the others. And we at last arrived at what we deem the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

Millions of men have adopted it. Tens of millions more will when they know. Man has never before found a cream to do what this cream does.

Just watch it act

Don't buy it—just ask for a ten-shave test. Compare Palmolive Shaving Cream with the soap you are using now.

If we have done what you desire, adopt it. If not, return to the old. We ask no favors. Do what serves you best.

But we do ask the courtesy of a test, after all this effort to delight you, to serve you as others have not done. Concede us that test. You owe it to yourself and to us.

5 BETTER RESULTS

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave.

It acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15 per cent of water.

It maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.

The super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. That's the major purpose in a Shaving Soap.

The palm and olive oil blend leaves delightful after effects.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh and gives that well groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

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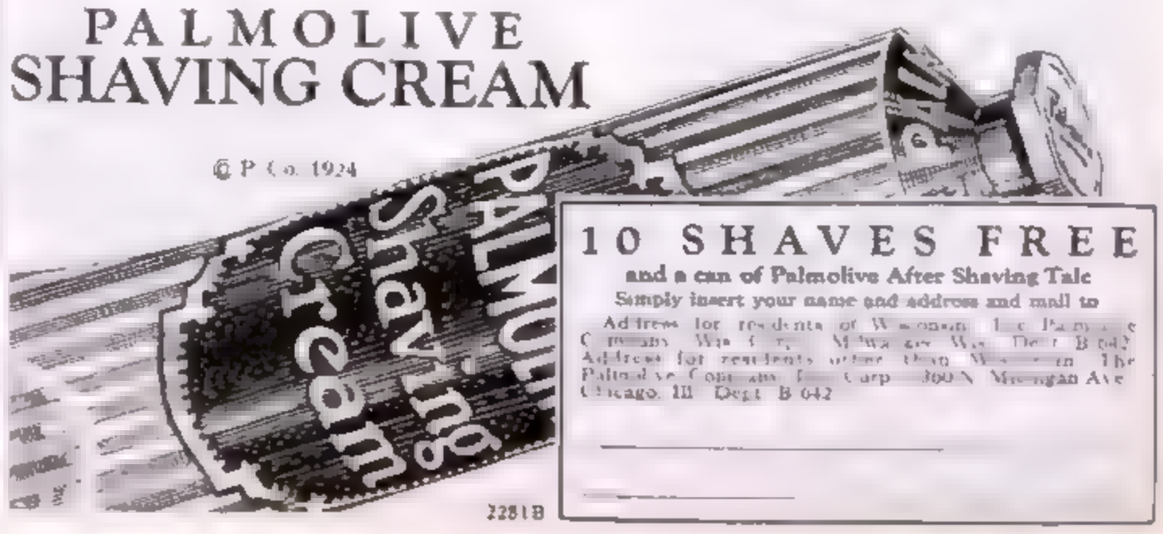

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to
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2281B

more than a hundred yards miss the perfectly sculptured bronze bodies; never are we early enough on the road, or late enough, to find the pageant broken by a longer interval.

Here is no languor of the tropics. Under a high sun the white visitor, panting damply in the shade of and in the breeze of his swift motor, finds languor enforced. He has but the energy to stare out at the lightly built native, in no shade and with no breeze, stepping swiftly under his bamboo yoke that gives to a hundred and fifty pounds; he reflects that the Dutch must have something like genius for colonial administration. He still wonders how they do it. He recalls a line from the rules regulating landing permits for nonresidents—"The permit shall be refused to those whose presence in the colonies shall be considered detrimental to the economic interests of the native population."

He looks out again to the sweating parade and tries to think of something that would be detrimental to its economic interests, which are comprised in the privilege of working all day seven days a week from early maturity to a naturally early decay, for a Javanese man of even middle age is rarely to be seen. The observer remembers that there are still tigers in the Javan jungle, and at once he pictures the native populace as a very competent tiger that is somehow held in cunning leash.

There is the protective measure just noted and there is the whitewashed skull of Peter Eberfield impaled by a spear and decorating a wall in Batavia. Back in 1722, Peter, who was only half Javanese, plotted to massacre all whites in that city and was promptly beheaded. This reminder may add to the general persuasion of Dutch beneficence.

Overawed by Craggy Words

Searching for other helps to keep the leash adjusted, the observer finds but two. At every hotel stayed at there is invariably noticed a Hollander of freakish size, vast of girth and giant-tall. Sometimes there will be two of them. They are soft-looking, pasty of face, and seem to have as a life work the drinking of gin and bitters. But may it not be that they are kept for exhibition purposes, to persuade all Javanese that most Hollanders are seven feet tall and not to be trifled with as Peter Eberfield tried to do? And again, there is the Dutch language. The natives are intentionally not taught this, but they see enough of it in print to believe that a people unafraid of its terrors would stand no nonsense from people speaking the short-worded Malay. It isn't the peppering of *j*'s that frightens. It is words like "uitputtingstvestanden" or "handelsvennootschap" or "volksvertgenwoordiging."

Perhaps the native says, in his own soft speech: "Here are terrible beings seven feet high and using without a tremor words like 'terdoodveroorderling,' 'vleeschhouwerijen' and 'fijngevoeligheid' in their small talk, even to their tender younglings. We had better be good and keep our economic interests unimpaired."

Anyway, when Holland took Java over from England—which didn't think so much of it—a hundred or so years ago, there were about five million Javanese, and many of them didn't work all day every day, and some had their economic interests impaired seemingly beyond hope. Now Holland has increased the five million eightfold and keeps them in orderly content. Today more rice is being planted to feed more babies to grow up and plant more rice, and it appears to be the intention to find out how many small brown people the island will actually hold.

The observer is inclined to ask why forty million Javanese are more desirable than five million. Personally, if he were a Javanese and knew that he hadn't one chance in a hundred thousand to become an official and win the right to a state umbrella of decent diameter, he would prefer more tigers, fewer rice fields and a day off now and then. But he realizes that this is to cast heretic doubts at civilization and progress and that sort of thing, which is the province of those who write books about the rising of the brown and yellow races.

Meantime the Javanese is content and has enough rice to keep him in working condition. It should be added that these vast fields we ride through are owned in common by the natives who cultivate them, so that here is applied communism, each one having as little as his neighbor. It should be further added, as a curiosity among local discoveries, that the Javanese are inveterately lazy and cannot be induced to work. Every shaded, panting white resident of Java says so, with a proper contempt for native sloth.

Native villages thickly beset the highway; a street of bamboo huts built with a shrewd eye for the effective line and set in gardens of coco and banana palm, rankly growing bougainvillea, hibiscus and the convolvulus of loveliest blue. First we come to the tree from which hangs the hollowed telegraph log on which to beat out to the next villages any real news, such as a fire, a robbery or an accident. Then come the homes, a few shops and, last, the open-air restaurant where the roadside bearers may ease their shoulders of yokes and stop for food and gossip.

The Lost Suitcase

Even at table they seem hardly relaxed. They will eat, but not loiter; nor are there any village loafers save the chickens and naked babies that part in waves before the car as water from a ship's prow. It is quite like that, because Ahmed, English-speaking driver, for a curious reason never to be fathomed until the trip is done, will speed up at the approach to every village as if determined to wreak havoc on its slower inhabitants. It was at the time supposed that he, being from Singapore, with a pith helmet, duck trousers, a wrist watch he is vain of, and real shoes, took this way of showing a right contempt for country natives who must move about on bare feet and under yokes. But not the half of it was yet known. By the happy loss of a suitcase some half dozen villages were seen at leisure. The case had been strapped to the rear of the car by Ahmed, futile and fumbling when away from his wheel. When the loss was discovered he was quick to assure the owner that no Javanese would care for his clothes. This was plausible to one who had observed that the Javanese feeling for beauty is sensitive; but besides clothing, the suitcase contained a passport and a letter of credit. Lacking one, the owner could never leave Java; lacking the other, he would not be long in starving there. So fifty miles of the morning tour were retraced, villages canvassed, wayfarers cross-examined, police notified. The owner, goaded by a future of exile and swift starvation, instructed Ahmed to offer as a reward for the missing case no less than a Javanese sultan's ransom of fifty guilders. At the next town Ahmed communicated this sensational news to a policeman, who was properly electrified and made promises.

A mile beyond the town came a native village we had earlier flown through.

"Stop here," commanded the owner, who claims to be psychic.

We stopped before the mansion of the village headman. Ahmed brusquely called, and from the compound at the back swarmed the headman followed by all his heirs and neighbors. Two of the latter bore the suitcase along a choppy torrent of Malay speech. The headman, a person of commanding and piratical aspect, now proved to be also a comedian of matchless talent. He came limpingly, his right hand tenderly caressing his left shoulder. Visibly suffering the keenest agony, he burst into speech. Never had he gone through an ordeal so terrible. Seeing that great heavy trunk fall to the road from a car going swiftly on, he had rashly not called for help, but with his own hands lifted the thing to his shoulder and borne it to safety. But he had paid the penalty—see where his shoulder was bruised by that terrible weight. He was lamed for a month, perhaps never again would be the same man after this cruel strain. [His women moaned in sympathy at this.] And work, certainly, would be beyond his powers for a week. Therefore in all fairness he should receive five guilders to pay for the lost time and the services of a medical man who would treat the bruised shoulder and supply ointments for the strained body. [His retainers groaned.] It was all delightful as Ahmed translated, and the old scoundrel knew how delightful it was—admitted he did, with his constant grin, twinkling eyes and mock grimaces of pain. As much as anyone did he enjoy this lovely joke at out the bruised shoulder, and the joke of his two brawny underlings who now made a feint of vast exertion as they lifted the suitcase, weighing all of twelve pounds, into the car.

Said Ahmed: "He asks five guilders, he expects two, so I will give him one."

But the gladdened owner had a conscience—had he not lately offered to the police a reward of fifty guilders for the recovery of this thing? So he brutally astounded the humorist by thrusting upon him the five guilders he had demanded instead of the two he expected. But the recipient was agile of mind. He wittily suffered instant new pangs in the bruised shoulder and demanded a further balm of two cigarettes. To his stupefaction the owner of the case lavished upon him a grand new tin of fifty cigarettes. Before this shock could be recovered from, the car was off through a cloud of chickens.

Now it is almost inevitable that nightfall saw the bamboo hut of the headman given over to feasting and revelry. A tremendous sum of money had fallen from the sky, and felicitating friends and relatives would assemble. We may picture the festival at its height, the headman publishing for late comers a twentieth edition of the adventure.

Among others drawn to the house of rejoicing is a policeman from the neighboring village. He is in time to hear the last chapter of the tale: the headman's enduring mystification as to why he was given not only the full five guilders he jokingly demanded but a full tin of the rare cigarettes smoked only by regents, sultans and the very rich. He passes the cigarettes with a lordly flourish and allows it to be suspected that his own rarely humorous gifts lie at the base of the mystery.

It may be assumed that the policeman then for a moment secures attention. He says it has, indeed, been a remarkable day; that he, too, was dumfounded this very morning by a rich foreign prince in a vast motor car who proclaimed that he would pay fifty guilders for the return of a lost article. The headman thoughtfully asks for a description of the rich foreign prince. He is obliged and becomes more thoughtful. What, then, was this other lost article?

The policeman describes it and wrecks the party. Consternation overwhelms the host and all his guests. Revelry dies. No one can again taste the fish shortcake, the rice or the palm toddy. The headman is truly now even sorer than he said he was this morning. And all his declining years are going to be desolated by the knowledge that once fortune was within his clutch—to be let go because of his paltry imagination. This is certain, whether he had the imagined party or not, for a report of the reward must have reached him as it reached every headman for miles about. In days to come he will curse the airy humor that led him to make merry about an injured shoulder and he will become morose as day by day he sits before his house watching cars go by from which fifty-guilder suitcases might fall but never do.

A Happy Land Without Crime

But let us give no wrong notion about these natives. They are far less greedy, more honest, more amiable than the natives of any other country that can be thought of—including North and South America—and live their toilsome, close-herded lives with fewer clashes. There is never so much as an impolite glance for the occupants of two motor cars that often go faster than is right through their towns—for a reason yet to be disclosed. And in their own crowds, as at a market, puppet show, government pawnshop, they are gentle and considerate of one another. There are no raised voices, no jostling, no tempers. Most remarkable, there is practically no begging. In the towns or along country roads, when stops are made for photography or tire replacements, there is never a beggar in the quick-gathering crowd. To one recalling the numbers and loathsome insistence of Italian beggars, this is as remarkable as that valuables may here be left about a hotel room that in any European hotel would be thoughtfully put under lock. Among these thirty-eight or so million natives there are less drunkenness, crime and minor misbehavior than in Chicago, a fairly orderly city as cities go in another land. And had we chosen to demand the suitcase without any reward it would have been surrendered! Ahmed said so. He said if we had "gone mad" with the old man it would have been "like you took a burning wood to a tiger."

In one respect Java is curiously backward. The last square foot of land is made to work, volcanoes are made to pay their upkeep in tourist fees, teak forests are cut so that the monkeys must often take to telegraph wires for their exercise; the fierce buffalo has been so tamed that babies herd and browbeat him to his daily work; and the rivers are trammeled. A river may have dashing moments when it seems to be free, but this is only when it happens to be doing what is wished of it. A stream may start as an outlaw from its mountain lair, but it has no more chance to be rough than a mountain. Shackles of iron or concrete are there to hold it.

But with all this shrewd husbanding of resource there is an oversight, though it is true that this is not at first identified by the American eye. The landscape is continuously beautiful, every turn of the road giving its picture with a sharp-lined splendor of mountain background. But why should it seem so especially more beautiful than certain favored spots at home? Some unique superiority is felt.

We puzzle about this, then have it: From end to end of the island there is not an advertising sign. With ideal natural settings for these, an opportunity for further gain is inexplicably wasted. Not once is the prospect made homelike by those embellishments that render our own highways so readable. No printed urge is here to buy the right tires, garters, cigarettes or socks. No vivid pleading to visit the Bake-Rite Bakery or advice that twelve miles from here is Ye Olde Tyme Garage and Gifte Shoppe. Indeed, the countryside seems almost embarrassingly nude.

Landscapes Unadorned by Man

Hardly any of us is old enough to have seen a landscape stark naked. The nude in art is familiar enough, but this sudden bare exposure of Nature seems too daring. Even one sign to the mile would help—as a girdle of beads helps the interpretive dancer in our best theatrical circles—a big sign, of course, with a bully word like "For That Sore Throat use Jbschwdkjijnyzrhzjknyjde, Nature's Owjn Garjgle"—but even this sop to the decencies is denied. And it has its inconveniences. Suppose one wishes to buy a tire, a toothbrush, gasoline, collars, a hat or gloves—without the roadside reminders one feels so helpless. One would probably be compelled to go into a shop and bluntly ask for the things. Fresh from a land where help for each of these emergencies—huge, and prettily painted—comes every quarter mile between the tourist and his scenery, touring in Java is almost a hardship.

And now in a land where continuous work is as necessary as—and to—breathing, where utility has been raised to supreme heights, one comes suddenly upon a reminder of ancient days before Holland showed Java how to get busy; of a time when a few days could be now and then spared from the rice fields for beauty that cost money and quite un-Dutchly brought in not one cent of return. It is Boro-Budur, a gray old weather-beaten temple, rising dramatically from a plain that spreads off, among slender palms, to the mountain-scalloped horizon. The thing is immense, a gigantic stupa the book calls it, built around a hill that forms its core and inclosed by a series of four sculptured galleries from which three terraces rise to the central bell-shaped summit.

Impressive enough from a distance, a close view reveals several miles of what the book calls "virtuosity of the chisel." Here is Buddha in a thousand stone effigies, and along the gallery walls in minute relief are "anecdotes of his lives," with profuse trimming of gargoyles, lions, flowers, birds, elephants. Somewhere beneath the structure is supposed to lie a part of the ashes of Buddha. If they were ever there, they are still intact, but his stone images have suffered, once the hordes of Islam came here and spitefully struck off the heads of such as they could reach. Some of the heads have been replaced, but in the most of his statues Buddha is still unequipped for meditation.

To Western eyes the structure is impressive rather than beautiful, lacking, for example, the vaulting, straight-lined dignity of that temple of Neptune still lifting its frozen music above the plain of Pæstum. These Hindu builders were not daringly simple like the Greeks. They stayed near the ground and wrought in small detail with their chisels. Boro-Budur is never solemn, but rather fussy in its miles of tortured line print. The Greeks could have said it all and said it better with a few stark columns and a pediment. Boro-Budur is significant chiefly as a relic of days when Java had

(Continued on Page 123)

GENUINE

BULL DURHAM

Right now! Settle the whole smoking question forever by using "BULL" Durham. You get more flavor, more tobacco taste, more quality; and much more for your money—two bags for 15 cents.

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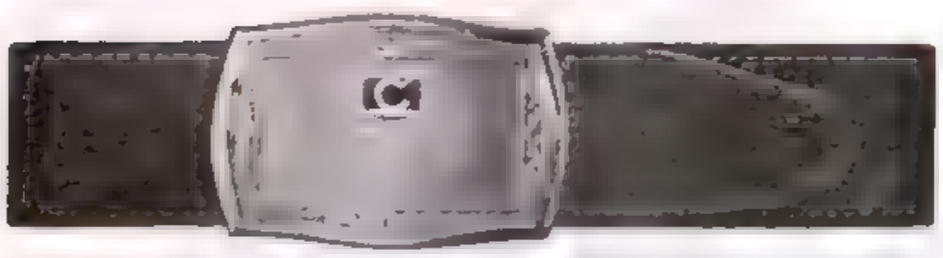
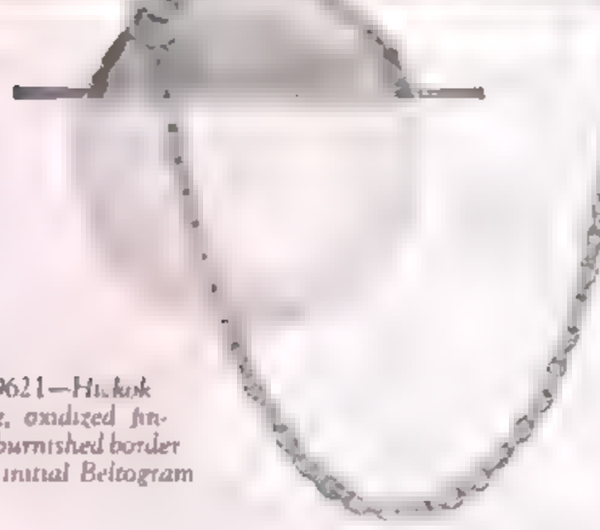


Buckle No. 5184—Hickok plate, oxidized finish, burnished border and initial

Buckle No. 5105—Sterling Silver, butler finish, burnished border and initial

Buckle No. 34421—Hickok plate, oxidized finish, burnished border and initial

Belts of fine black hand-boarded cowhide. Also to be had in dark brown, grey suede and white nubuck



No. 9621—Hickok plate, oxidized finish burnished border and initial Beltogram

Wear a HICKOK BELTOGRAM

The Correct Watch Guard

Executive Offices: Rochester, New York

HAS MADE ONE FOR YOU

It Is Really Wonderful In Style

Hickok Belts and Buckles are recognized, everywhere, as fashionable and practical articles of dress. It is commonly known that the achievement of Hickok in this particular field has never been approached. His mastery in design has won the respect and patronage of millions of men and lads. Hickok quality and the artistic character of Hickok Buckles offer a distinct value and style advantage.

The leathers used in Hickok Belts are of the finest quality obtainable in the world's greatest leather markets. They are tanned under Hickok supervision, and developed with excellence in the famous Hickok Shops at Rochester.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF

A NEW BELT

KOK

Branches: New York City, Chicago, Toronto

Look for this sign in your dealer's window

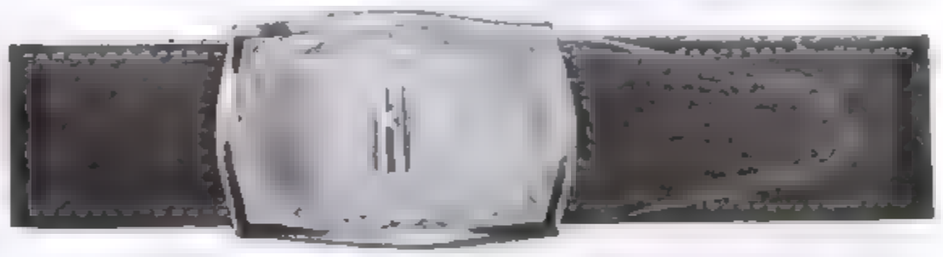
YOUR DEALER NOW HAS IT

Don't Be Shabby—Buy a New Belt

Men in countless number cast aside their old belts at the first show of wear and purchase a fresh, finely turned-out Hickok Belt with an artistically engraved Buckle. So splendidly does a Hickok Belt indicate taste that all well set-up men aim to have one for every suit. The fact grows daily more apparent that it ill becomes one to wear a wrinkled, scuffed and disreputable appearing old belt.

The Hickok Beltogram is a practical item which performs its duty wonderfully. Nothing could be smarter, and surely nothing could offer such safety to your watch. Never has an ornament of dress so delightfully assisted in giving ample protection to one's watch and increasing one's individuality in style.

Buckle No. 9421—Hickok plate, oxidized finish, burnished border and initial



Buckle No. 8432—Hickok plate, oxidized finish, burnished border and initial

Buckle No. 5101—Sterling Silver, butler finish, burnished border and initial. Beltogram No. 9501—Sterling Silver slide. Hickok plate chain and swivel, butler finish, burnished border and initial

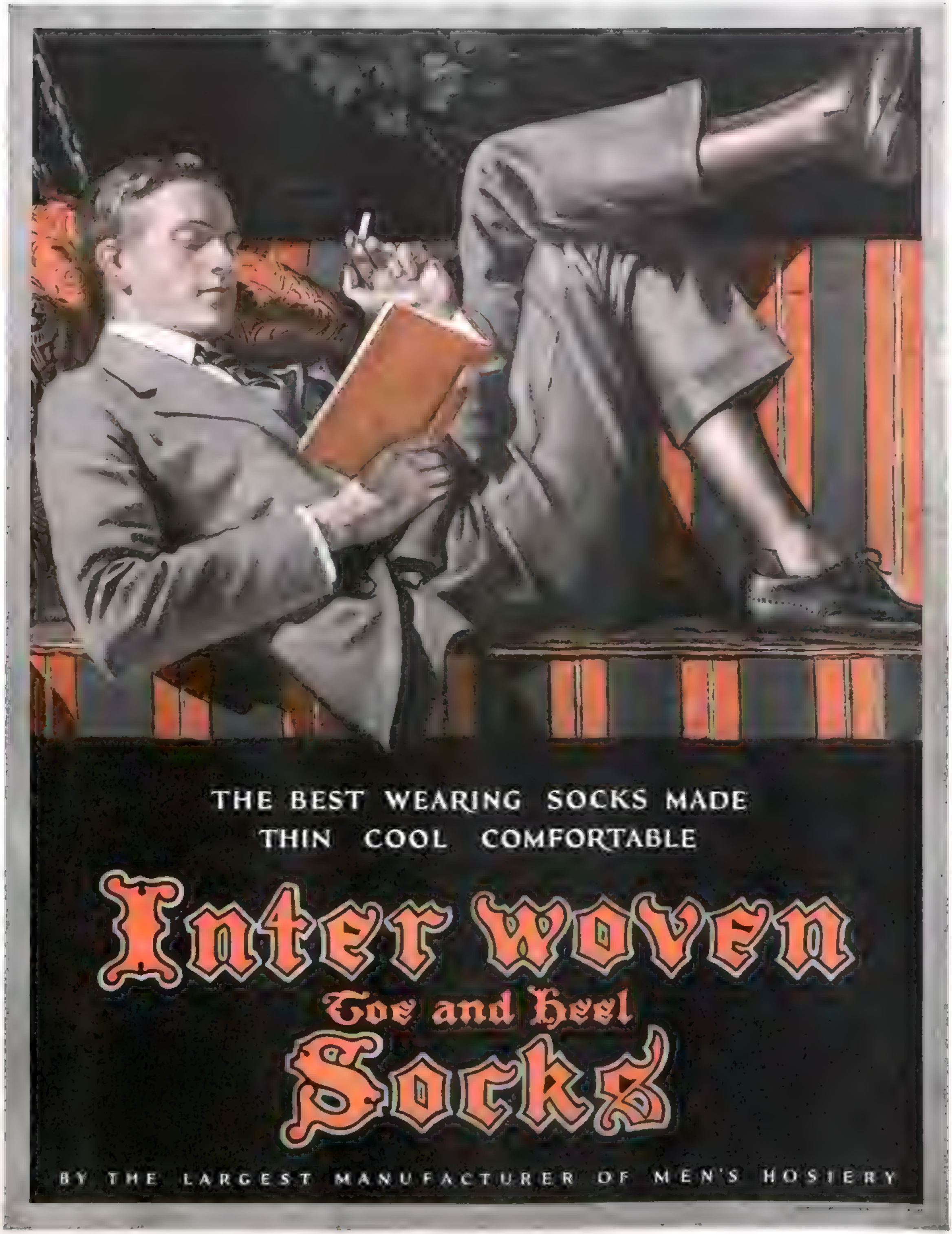
Belts of fine black hand-boarded cowhide. Also to be had in dark brown, grey suede and white nubuck

HICKOK BELTOGRAM

The Correct Watch Guard

The above illustration shows the manner in which the Hickok Beltogram is used. Chain your watch to your belt.

BELTS · BUCKLES · BELTOGRAMS


THE BEST WEARING SOCKS MADE
THIN COOL COMFORTABLE
Inter Woven
Toe and Heel
Socks
BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 118)

leisure for Buddha's favorite pastime. In these days it is doubtful if Buddha himself would be let to fritter away his time in meditation. And certainly, not since Holland came here, has any temple been built for its own sake. Since that day only beauty that is useful has survived. Even Boro-Budur is not a total loss. A fee is charged to view the miles of chisel virtuosity; and hard by, in the shadow of such Buddhas as still have heads to meditate with, is a government rest house where sarongs are sold at a stiff price.

Coming to Solo, we view one more survival of the spacious pre-Dutch times when not so much rice was needed. The town itself is built on the ruins of an ancient and once turbulent center of a turbulent state. As late as the last century it caused Holland some annoyance by its slowness to learn that industry is its own reward. But there is no more turbulence in Solo. There is a real sultan and his court in a real palace; but a regent, delicately termed by the Dutch the sultan's elder brother, has seen to it that turbulence is outmoded. The regent doesn't mind a few trees clipped to the shape of colossal state umbrellas, nor a few green pajongs planted in the sultan's outer courtyard as further badges of royalty, nor mind the sultan's more intimate trappings of state, nor even his full troop of cavalry. He merely sees that the sultan doesn't get bored and that his cavalry has no horses. After that, for all the elder brother cares, the Javanese may loudly acclaim the sultan as their true ruler when they happen to have a moment to spare.

The Sultan's Golden Carriage

From the city, as in other Javanese cities—except that its streets may be enlivened by gaudy court officials in sugar-loaf hats, obsequiously attended by umbrella bearers in the best comic-opera tradition—we enter the courtyard of a palace like no other, and the clock is pushed back to a time when sultans were sultans. Within the high stout wall are white archways to pass under, shaded colonnades, vaulted halls of assembly, an armory, a dancing pavilion, apartments for the state carriages, apartments where the cavalry horses would be lodged if there were any, and off through vibrant shields of foliage other apartments to shelter the sultan and his household.

Attended by a natty officer of his majesty's staff, carefully arted as to turban, sarong and kris of a ruby-studded gold handle, we are taken to view the royal carriage. Our officer and his two underlings who expose the sacred vehicle make obeisance before it, palms together, finger tips touching the lowered brow. And we can't blame them, for this is the largest and goldest carriage ever made by man. One recalls those ramshackle, tarnished affairs at Versailles. The King of the Sun would have wept tears of envy at this sight. Should its present owner ever suffer misgivings about his actual importance, he need only come for a moment and let himself be dazzled by its refulgent surfaces. It is all gold, or the persuasive semblance thereof, and so fresh, so unspecked, one sees it can hardly be a carriage of all work, nothing to use for the family marketing. Inquiry discloses that not even the sultan uses it. Perhaps his elder brother lets him come and sit in it now and then, but for travel he prefers his motor car.

Our guide and attendants again do altar reverence to the splendid equipage—it should never be called a carriage—and we go to inspect the armory. The Dutch officer in charge has a large part of the army cleaning and oiling things. He obligingly shows the cases of arms and saddles for the cavalry. He says it is a shame his cavalry can't also have horses. He says it is a further shame that out of all the rifles we see behind the glass doors, only six are any good. He shows three Toledo blades, carelesaly bending their tips to their hilts. He says they are pretty, but—we gather—no good to stick people with. He is keeping his equipment in perfect order, and the ends of his grayed mustache go far up at a military angle; but one infers that he would not expect prodigies of execution from the sultan's forces. Outside, under the protection of a cannon—one of the most approved models of 1857—we encounter a minute princess accompanied by six ladies in waiting who sit in the dust to watch her highness play a grimy game with pebbles. Being warned that commoners approach, the princess rises and graciously submits a dusty paw to them.

We go on to the pavilion where the court ladies will presently dance for his majesty's refreshment. This is holy, like the state carriage, and our attending official makes profound obeisance to it—a hundred feet square of marble danced to a glassy polish, open on four sides and roofed to put the floor in shadow. We sit at one corner, outside the open portals of the music room. At the far side, well in shadow, is a rather thronish armchair which his majesty will presently fill.

Musicians now gather about the gamelan, a row of apparently golden cooking pots with lids on. It is the national orchestra, used, says the guidebook, "for planting rice, for weddings, funerals and other useful purposes." Random notes are struck by his majesty's artists, notes that seem to make balls of golden light in the half dusk. The dancers come. They are more than dancers. About two dozen, we are told, are the sultan's wives, the others his daughters. In coming, they may walk only to the edge of the sacred dance floor; after that they must crawl. It is sincere crawling too. For thirty feet they go as the worm. Reaching the floor's center, they may stand. His majesty's consorts are seen to be a sightly lot, taller than most Javanese women, close-draped in purples and lavenders. The daughters, in the back rows, are less serious than could be wished, both in crawling and in the dance. They have to be spoken to sharply, again and again, by an aged lady who sits by with the air of knowing their tricks.

The dance tune begins, the dancers dash into it by very slowly raising their left arms; the sultan appears and takes his seat. The dancing continues, but for a moment his majesty claims the eye. He takes his seat without help; but, once down, he is approached from each side by a crawling court lady who pushes before her a gilded footstool. The stools at last in place, the court ladies tenderly lift the sultan's feet to them, after which they slowly crawl off—in reverse. This is something like it. This Sultan of Solo is preserving the grand tradition in a day when too many kings sit at a roll-top desk. This one may not be served or even approached by any male subject, and the others must wholeheartedly crawl. Incidentally, he carries the only ounces of superfluous native flesh observed in all Java.

Rules for Opium Dens

The orchestra spills its spots of golden color and the dancers dreamily weave to their reflections in the mirror below. They point their small feet, bend their pliant bodies, like tall slim trees in a wind, and raise slender arms with long fingers outstretched. All movement is slow, the abandon not what we would call passionate. An emotional crisis is denoted by a faint quivering of the last joint of the little finger. When the fifty dancers quiver the entire length of their little fingers a hurricane of dramatic intensity is signified. There will not be many of these. An hour goes and the slow golden beats of the gamelan have wrought a spell. Those swaying lithe torsos of the sultan's favorites become duskily blurred like their floor reflections; the slow, all but stilled, motion, the subdued light, the moist heat, the unhurried soft bell notes have prevailed.

With a start, we sharply know that we may have affronted royalty. We look to see if he is calling out the guard, but the sultan is dozing too. It is the right time to walk out on him. A week later we learn that while riding abroad in his motor car he has had to dodge a bomb hurled by one of his subjects. Perhaps he felt complimented by the innuendo, or perhaps the bomber didn't mean to imply that the sultan does any real governing. Perhaps it was a roundabout hint to the elder brother.

At Batavia, a courteous Netherlands official invites inspection of the government opium factory. The enterprise is entitled, The Netherlands Indian Government's Opium Monopoly Service, which is awkward and should be replaced by From the Poppy to the Pipe, or something snappier. Otherwise the place inspected seems to be a perfectly good opium factory. We are shown the crude opium as received from India, and follow the intricate process of its cooking, refining and final sequestration in metal tubes. In one room we see opium in brown bowls worth six million dollars. There are not so many of the bowls either.

The Netherlands Government seems to have taken up opium in an entirely serious way. As an item in its thoroughness it buys back the djitjing, the remains of smoked opium, and works it over again. No one may keep an opium den without a government license. "Den" is not here a term of reproach. It is the official term, and the rules for conducting an opium den are strict. A closing hour is specified and persons under the age of eighteen may not be admitted. Gambling in dens is strictly prohibited, nor may games of any sort be played. Admittance must be denied to intoxicated or armed persons. Outside the dens one is forbidden to possess more than two used opium pipes. The rules come to sound austere as one reads on, but the government profit on opium the previous year had been 34,545,705 florins, which is a bit under fourteen million dollars.

The Mystery Solved

It should be said, moreover, that the government is earnestly seeking to lessen the consumption of opium, and the superintendent of the factory was delighted to say that he now employed but eleven hundred workmen as against fifteen hundred the year before. Holland has chosen the alternative of recognizing and regulating, with every effort to decrease, something that couldn't be helped in a country where illicit opium would be easily obtainable and where large numbers are determined to have it. The government may be wise. Certainly few Javanese have time to use opium to excess.

Said the hire-car agent of Ahmed, English-speaking driver:

"I now tell you why that infernal rascal drive so madly fast. I make this discovery but here from his old cousin. It is because he want to kill himself. He don't care how soon. His sweetheart in Surabaya she is jealous because another sweetheart make eyebrows at him, so she put in his drink some violent wicked drops that would maybe kill him like a murder. And those drops don't kill him; they only make him—how do you say?—not so good. He is mad; he want no more sweetheart. He is like a died leaf who fell down, not caring for life—he will make it a present to anyone. And suppose he run into an accident, like he don't care if he do, and make the accident so big as could"—the voice became eloquently heated—"you know he was all the time near wrecking that entirely new hire-car that costed seven thousand guilders. You can bet I discharge that English-speaked rascal on one spot. Seven thousand guilders!"

Our sympathy is instant and wholly sincere. We are honestly glad the new hire-car wasn't buttered along some village street. There are so many sights we should be sorry to have missed—that bathing buffalo with a bronze September Morn—May, rather—curled on his broad gray back; the splendid head waiter at Surakarta who poured the Steinberger Cabinet—arrayed in faultless evening dress of the Occident, but with bare brown feet; the room boy at Garoet who shuffled in and carelessly left at least a hundred dollars' worth of orchids in the water pitcher; the small boys who sit under the muzzles of oxen at the noon hour to feed them green stuff, stalk by stalk; the weak-minded orang-utan that despairingly whimpered when a cruel philanthropist offered him more bits of peeled sugar cane than he could crowd into his mouth and hold in his two hands; the gray crumbling ruins of the Water Castle at Djokja, an Oriental Trianon all but shrouded in jungle growth, where a long-dead sultan had his fairy pleasance with many soft-eyed consorts, and a cooling brook to run always under the carved royal couch. Truly we felt no hesitation in assuring the good hire-car agent that every member of the party would frankly rejoice with him that the blighted Ahmed still lived—that the hire-car still functioned.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Wilson. The next will appear in an early number.

6 Protecting Plies

SEE how GOOD LUCK hose is made! Around the live rubber tube are six tightly wrapped layers or plies of stout cotton fabric filled with rubber gum and encased in a tough cover. Tube, plies and cover are all vulcanized together into a solid yet flexible wall. The result is a light, strong garden hose which gives years of service around the house or garden. GOOD LUCK hose is "built to stay alive," because it is built of live materials combined with long manufacturing experience.

GOOD LUCK Garden Hose

has a 5/8" water channel, because this is the logical size for hose to be used with house or lawn sill cocks. Sizes smaller than 5/8" will not deliver all the water from 1/2" hose fittings, and larger sizes will not deliver enough more than 5/8" to justify their increased weight and expense.

Ask your dealer to show you GOOD LUCK hose. To use with it, buy a Boston Nozzle—*"Stream, shower or mist with a twist of the wrist."*

SEND 10 CENTS in stamps for our book, "Making the Garden Grow." 48 pages, three colors, richly illustrated. "A professional handbook for the amateur gardener"

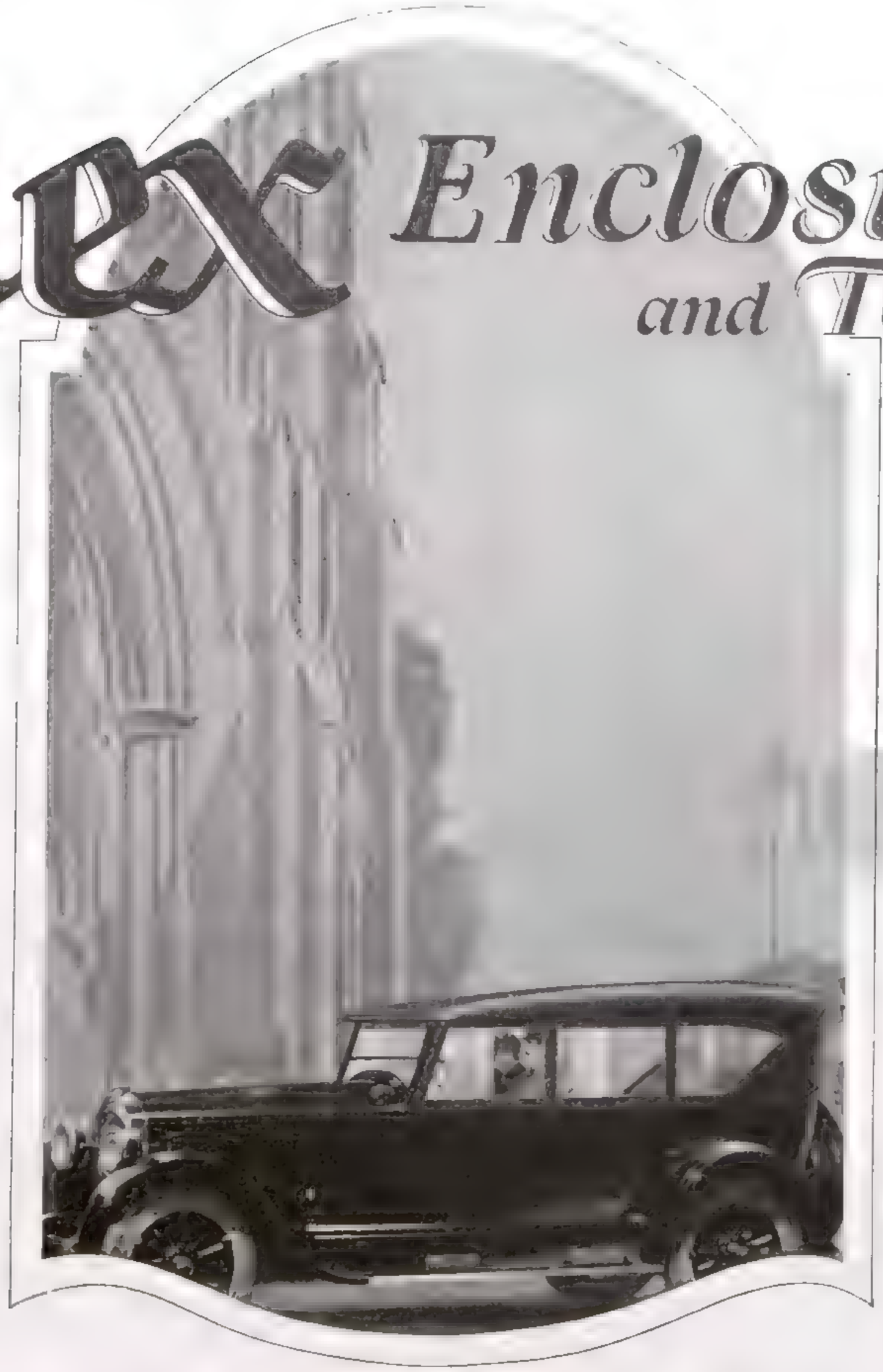
BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER COMPANY

Makers of the Famous
GOOD LUCK *Fruit Jar Rubbers*

170 Portland Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Wrapped Like a Tire

Rex Enclosures and Tops



The New REX ENCLOSURE
for closed car comfort at extremely low cost

For prompt installation see the dealer in the following cars:
Buick, Chevrolet, Dodge Brothers, Hupmobile, Maxwell, Moon, Nash, Oldsmobile and Studebaker

A Striking New Enclosure Combining Beauty With Low-Cost Comfort

A distinctive new Rex Enclosure is now available at your automobile dealer's for immediate installation on all open models listed above.

In this smart new design, Rex gives complete closed car protection and comfort *without sacrifice of open car nimbleness and economy.* Ventilation is adjusted by a touch of the finger; a broad expanse of sparklingly clear glass gives wide vision in every direction.

The new Rex Enclosure fits the top already on an open car, transforming it into a sturdy, good-looking and comfortable closed model at very low cost.

Latest models of beautiful Rex Tops provide even greater richness and added luxury—yet these famous Tops are now lower in price than ever before.

If your new car comes already equipped with a Top or Enclosure, be sure it is the Rex—and before buying any car ask your dealer to show you how easily a Rex Top or Enclosure can be installed.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA (51)

WORLD HEADQUARTERS FOR ECONOMICAL CLOSED CAR COMFORT

THE UNSPEAKABLE EGG

(Continued from Page 13)

warn Percy to go around the yard several times during the night."

"Rob you!" cried Fifi incredulously.

"Don't excite yourself, Fifi," commanded Aunt Cal. "Just rest quietly in that chair while I call up your mother."

"I don't want you to call up my mother."

"Sit calmly and close your eyes and try to—try to count sheep jumping over a fence."

"Am I never to see another man unless he has a cutaway coat on?" exclaimed Fifi with flashing eyes. "Is this the Dark Ages, or the century of -of illumination? Mr. Hopkins is one of the most attractive eggs I've ever met in my life."

"Mr. Hopkins is a savage!" said Aunt Cal succinctly.

"Mr. Hopkins is a very attractive egg."

"A very attractive what?"

"A very attractive egg."

"Mr. Hopkins is a—a—an unspeakable egg," proclaimed Aunt Cal, adopting Fifi's locution.

"Just because he's natural," cried Fifi impatiently. "All right, I don't care; he's good enough for me."

The situation, it seemed, was even worse than they thought. This was no temporary aberration; evidently Fifi, in the reaction from her recent fiancé, was interested in this outrageous man. She had met him several days ago, she confessed, and she intended to see him tomorrow. They had a date to go walking.

The worst of it was that after Fifi had gone scornfully to bed, Aunt Cal called up her mother—and found that her mother was not at home; her mother had gone to White Sulphur Springs and wouldn't be home for a week. It left the situation definitely in the hands of Aunt Cal and Aunt Jo, and the situation came to a head the next afternoon at teatime, when Percy rushed in upon them excitedly through the kitchen door.

"Miss Marsden," he exclaimed in a shocked, offended voice, "I want to give up my position!"

"Why, Percy!"

"I can't help it. I lived here on the Point for more'n forty-five years, and I never seen such a sight as I seen just now."

"What's the matter?" cried the two ladies, springing up in wild alarm.

"Go to the window and look for yourself. Miss Fifi is kissing a tramp in broad daylight, down on the beach!"

III

FIVE minutes later two maiden ladies were making their way across the sand toward a couple who stood close together on the shore, sharply outlined against the bright afternoon sky. As they came closer Fifi and Mr. Hopkins, absorbed in the contemplation of each other, perceived them and drew lingeringly apart. Aunt Cal began to speak when they were still thirty yards away.

"Go into the house, Fifi!" she cried.

Fifi looked at Mr. Hopkins, who touched her hand reassuringly and nodded. As if under the influence of a charm, Fifi turned away from him, and with her head lowered walked with slender grace toward the house.

"Now, my man," said Aunt Cal, folding her arms, "what are your intentions?"

Mr. Hopkins returned her glare rudely. Then he gave a low hoarse laugh.

"What's that to you?" he demanded.

"It's everything to us. Miss Marsden is our niece, and your attentions are unwelcome—not to say obnoxious."

Mr. Hopkins turned half away.

"Aw, go on and blab your mouth out!" he advised her.

Aunt Cal tried a new approach.

"What if I were to tell you that Miss Marsden were mentally deranged?"

"What's that?"

"She's—she's a little crazy."

He smiled contemptuously.

"What's the idea? Crazy 'cause she likes me?"

"That merely indicates it," answered Aunt Cal bravely. "She's had an unfortunate love affair and it's affected her mind. Look here!" She opened the purse that swung at her waist. "If I give you fifty—a hundred dollars right now in cash, will you promise to move yourself ten miles up the beach?"

"Ah-h-h-h!" he exclaimed, so venomously that the two ladies swayed together.

"Two hundred!" cried Aunt Cal, with a catch in her voice.

He shook his finger at them.

"You can't buy me!" he growled. "I'm as good as anybody. There's chauffeurs and such that marry millionaires' daughters every day in the week. This is Umerica, a free country, see?"

"You won't give her up?" Aunt Cal swallowed hard on the words. "You won't stop bothering her and go away?"

He bent over suddenly and scooped up a large double handful of sand, which he threw in a high parabola so that it scattered down upon the horrified ladies, enveloping them for a moment in a thick mist. Then laughing once again in his hoarse, boorish way, he turned and set off at a loping run along the sand.

In a daze the two women brushed the casual sand from their shoulders and walked stiffly toward the house.

"I'm younger than you are," said Aunt Jo firmly when they reached the living room. "I want a chance now to see what I can do."

She went to the telephone and called a New York number.

"Dr. Roswell Gallup's office? Is Doctor Gallup there?" Aunt Cal sat down on the sofa and gazed tragically at the ceiling. "Doctor Gallup? This is Miss Josephine Marsden, of Montauk Point. . . . Doctor Gallup, a very curious state of affairs has arisen concerning my niece. She has become entangled with a—a—an unspeakable egg." She gasped as she said this, and went on to explain in a few words the uncanny nature of the situation.

"And I think that perhaps psychoanalysis might clear up what my sister and I have been unable to handle."

Doctor Gallup was interested. It appeared to be exactly his sort of a case.

"There's a train in half an hour that will get you here at nine o'clock," said Aunt Jo. "We can give you dinner and accommodate you overnight."

She hung up the receiver.

"There! Except for our change from bridge to mah-jongg, this will be the first really modern step we've ever taken in our lives."

The hours passed slowly. At seven Fifi came down to dinner, as unperturbed as though nothing had happened; and her aunts played up bravely to her calmness, determined to say nothing until the doctor had actually arrived. After dinner Aunt Jo suggested mah-jongg, but Fifi declared that she would rather read, and settled on the sofa with a volume of the encyclopedia. Looking over her shoulder, Aunt Cal noted with alarm that she had turned to the article on the Australian bush.

It was very quiet in the room. Several times Fifi raised her head as if listening, and once she got up and went to the door and stared out for a long time into the night. Her aunts were both poised in their chairs to rush after her if she showed signs of bolting, but after a moment she closed the door with a sigh and returned to her chair. It was with relief that a little after nine they heard the sound of automobile wheels on the shell drive and knew that Doctor Gallup had arrived at last.

He was a short, stoutish man, with alert black eyes and an intense manner. He came in, glancing eagerly about him, and his eye brightened as it fell on Fifi like the eye of a hungry man when he sees prospective food. Fifi returned his gaze curiously, evidently unaware that his arrival had anything to do with herself.

"Is this the lady?" he cried, dismissing her aunts with a perfunctory handshake and approaching Fifi at a lively hop.

"This gentleman is Doctor Gallup, dear," beamed Aunt Jo, expectant and reassured. "He's an old friend of mine who's going to help you."

"Of course I am!" insisted Doctor Gallup, jumping around her cordially. "I'm going to fix her up just fine."

"He understands everything about the human mind," said Aunt Jo.

"Not everything," admitted Doctor Gallup, smiling modestly. "But we often make the regular doctors wonder." He turned roguishly to Fifi. "Yes, young lady, we often make the regular doctors wonder."

Clapping his hands together decisively, he drew up a chair in front of Fifi.

"Come," he cried, "let us see what can be the matter. We'll start by having you

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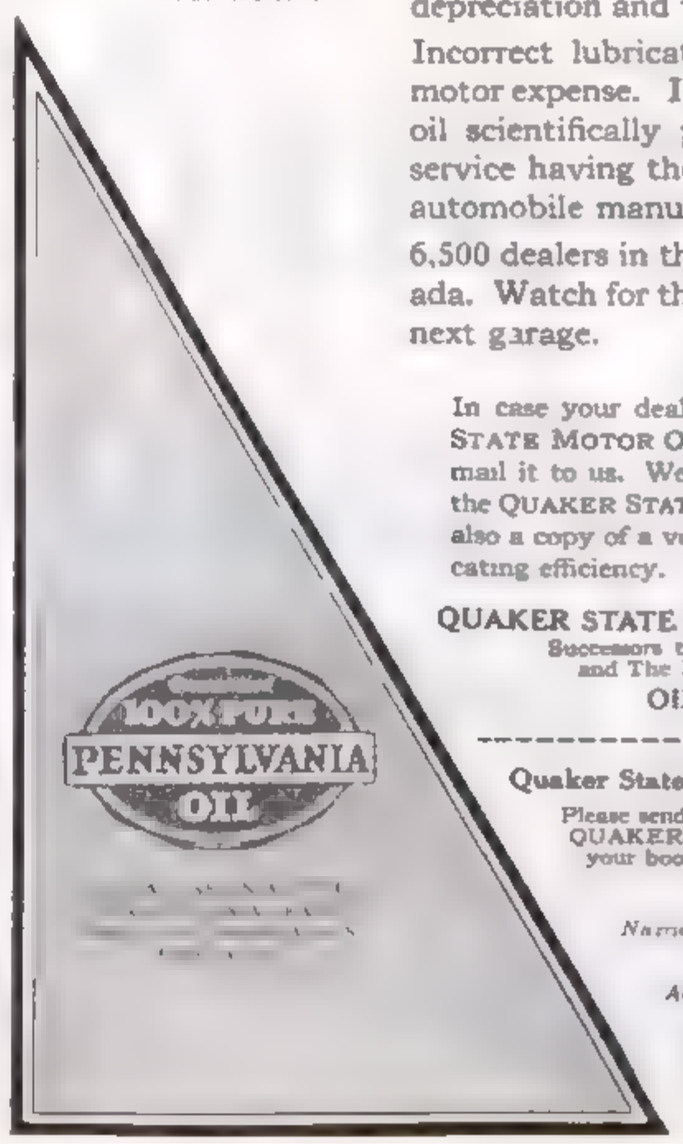

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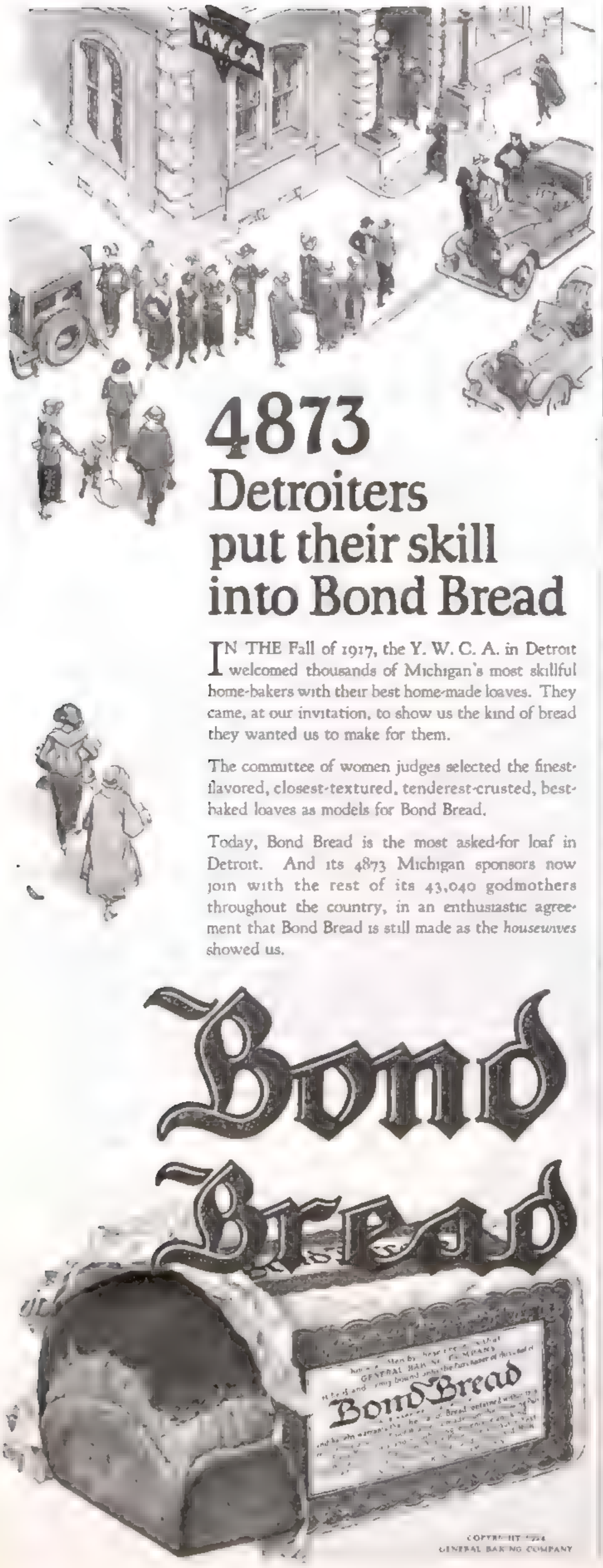

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tell me the whole story in your own way. Begin."

"The story," remarked Fifi, with a slight yawn, "happens to be none of your business."

"None of my business!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Why, my girl, I'm trying to help you! Come now, tell old Doctor Gallup the whole story "

"Let my aunts tell you," said Fifi coldly. "They seem to know more about it than I do."

Doctor Gallup frowned.

"They've already outlined the situation. Perhaps I'd better begin by asking you questions."

"You'll answer the doctor's questions, won't you, dear?" coaxed Aunt Jo. "Doctor Gallup is one of the most modern doctors in New York."

"I'm an old-fashioned girl," objected Fifi maliciously. "And I think it's immoral to pry into people's affairs. But go ahead and I'll try to think up a comeback for everything you say."

Doctor Gallup overlooked the unnecessary rudeness of this remark and mustered a professional smile.

"Now, Miss Marsden, I understand that about a month ago you came out here for a rest."

Fifi shook her head.

"No, I came out to hide my face."

"You were ashamed because you had broken your engagement?"

"Terribly. If you desert a man at the altar you brand him for the rest of his life."

"Why?" he demanded sharply.

"Why not?"

"You're not asking me. I'm asking you. . . . However, let that pass. Now, when you arrived here, how did you pass your time?"

"I walked mostly—walked along the beach."

"It was on one of these walks that you met the—ah—person your aunt told me of over the telephone?"

Fifi pinkened slightly.

"Yes."

"What was he doing when you first saw him?"

"He was looking down at me out of a tree."

There was a general exclamation from her aunts, in which the word "monkey" figured.

"Did he attract you immediately?" demanded Doctor Gallup.

"Why, not especially. At first I only laughed."

"I see. Now, as I understand, this man was very—ah—very originally clad."

"Yes," agreed Fifi.

"He was unshaven?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" Doctor Gallup seemed to go through a sort of convolution like a medium coming out of a trance. "Miss Fifi," he cried out triumphantly, "did you ever read The Sheik?"

"Never heard of it."

"Did you ever read any book in which a girl was wooed by a so-called sheik or cave man?"

"Not that I remember."

"What, then, was your favorite book when you were a girl?"

"Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Doctor Gallup was considerably disappointed. He decided to approach the case from a new angle.

"Miss Fifi, won't you admit that there's nothing behind this but some fancy in your head?"

"On the contrary," said Fifi startlingly, "there's a great deal more behind it than any of you suspect. He's changed my entire attitude on life."

"What do you mean?"

She seemed on the point of making some declaration, but after a moment her lovely eyes narrowed obstinately and she remained silent.

"Miss Fifi"—Doctor Gallup raised his voice sharply—"the daughter of C. T. J. Calhoun, the biscuit man, ran away with a taxi driver. Do you know what she's doing now?"

"No."

"She's working in a laundry on the East Side, trying to keep her child's body and soul together."

He looked at her keenly; there were signs of agitation in her face.

"Estelle Holliday ran away in 1920 with her father's second man!" he cried. "Shall I tell you where I heard of her last? She stumbled into a charity hospital, bruised from head to foot, because her drunken husband had beaten her to within an inch of her life!"

Fifi was breathing hard. Her aunts leaned forward. Doctor Gallup sprang suddenly to his feet.

"But they were playing safe compared to you!" he shouted. "They didn't woo an ex-convict with blood on his hands."

And now Fifi was on her feet, too, her eyes flashing fire.

"Be careful!" she cried. "Don't go too far!"

"I can't go too far!" He reached in his pocket, plucked out a folded evening paper and slapped it down on the table.

"Read that, Miss Fifi!" he shouted. "It'll tell you how four man-killers entered a bank in West Crampton three weeks ago. It'll tell you how they shot down the cashier in cold blood, and how one of them, the most brutal, the most ferocious, the most inhuman, got away. And it will tell you that that human gorilla is now supposed to be hiding in the neighborhood of Montauk Point!"

There was a short stifled sound as Aunt Jo and Aunt Cal, who had always done everything in complete unison, fainted away together. At the same moment there was loud, violent knocking, like the knocking of a heavy club, upon the barred front door.

IV

"WHO'S there?" cried Doctor Gallup, starting. "Who's there — or I'll shoot!"

His eyes roved quickly about the room, looking for a possible weapon.

"Who are you?" shouted a voice from the porch. "You better open up or I'll blow a hole through the door."

"What'll we do?" exclaimed Doctor Gallup, perspiring freely.

Fifi, who had been sprinkling water impartially upon her aunts, turned around with a scornful smile.

"It's just Percy, the yardman," she explained. "He probably thinks that you're a burglar."

She went to the door and lifted the latch. Percy, gun in hand, peered cautiously into the room.

"It's all right, Percy. This is just an insane specialist from New York."

"Everything's a little insane tonight," announced Percy in a frightened voice "For the last hour I've been hearing the sound of oars."

The eyes of Aunt Jo and Aunt Cal fluttered open simultaneously.

"There's a fog all over the Point," went on Percy dazedly, "and it's got voices in it. I couldn't see a foot before my face, but I could swear there was boats offshore, and I heard a dozen people talkin' and callin' to each other, just as if a lot of ghosts was havin' a picnic supper on the beach."

"What was that noise?" cried Aunt Jo, sitting upright.

"The door was locked," explained Percy, "so I knocked on it with my gun."

"No, I mean now!"

They listened. Through the open door came a low, groaning sound, issuing out of the dark mist which covered shore and sea alike.

"We'll go right down and find out!" cried Doctor Gallup, who had recovered his shattered equilibrium; and, as the moaning sound drifted in again, like the last agony of some monster from the deep, he added, "I think you needed more than a psychoanalyst here tonight. Is there another gun in the house?"

Aunt Cal got up and took a small pearl-mounted revolver from the desk drawer.

"You can't leave us in this house alone," she declared emphatically. "Wherever you go we're going too!"

Keeping close together, the four of them, for Fifi had suddenly disappeared, made their way outdoors and down the porch steps, where they hesitated a moment, peering into the impenetrable haze, more mysterious than darkness upon their eyes.

"It's out there," whispered Percy, facing the sea.

"Forward we go!" muttered Doctor Gallup tensely. "I'm inclined to think this is all a question of nerves."

They moved slowly and silently along the sand, until suddenly Percy caught hold of the doctor's arm.

"Listen!" he whispered sharply.

They all became motionless. Out of the neighboring darkness a dim, indistinguishable figure had materialized, walking with unnatural rigidity along the shore. Pressed

(Continued on Page 129)

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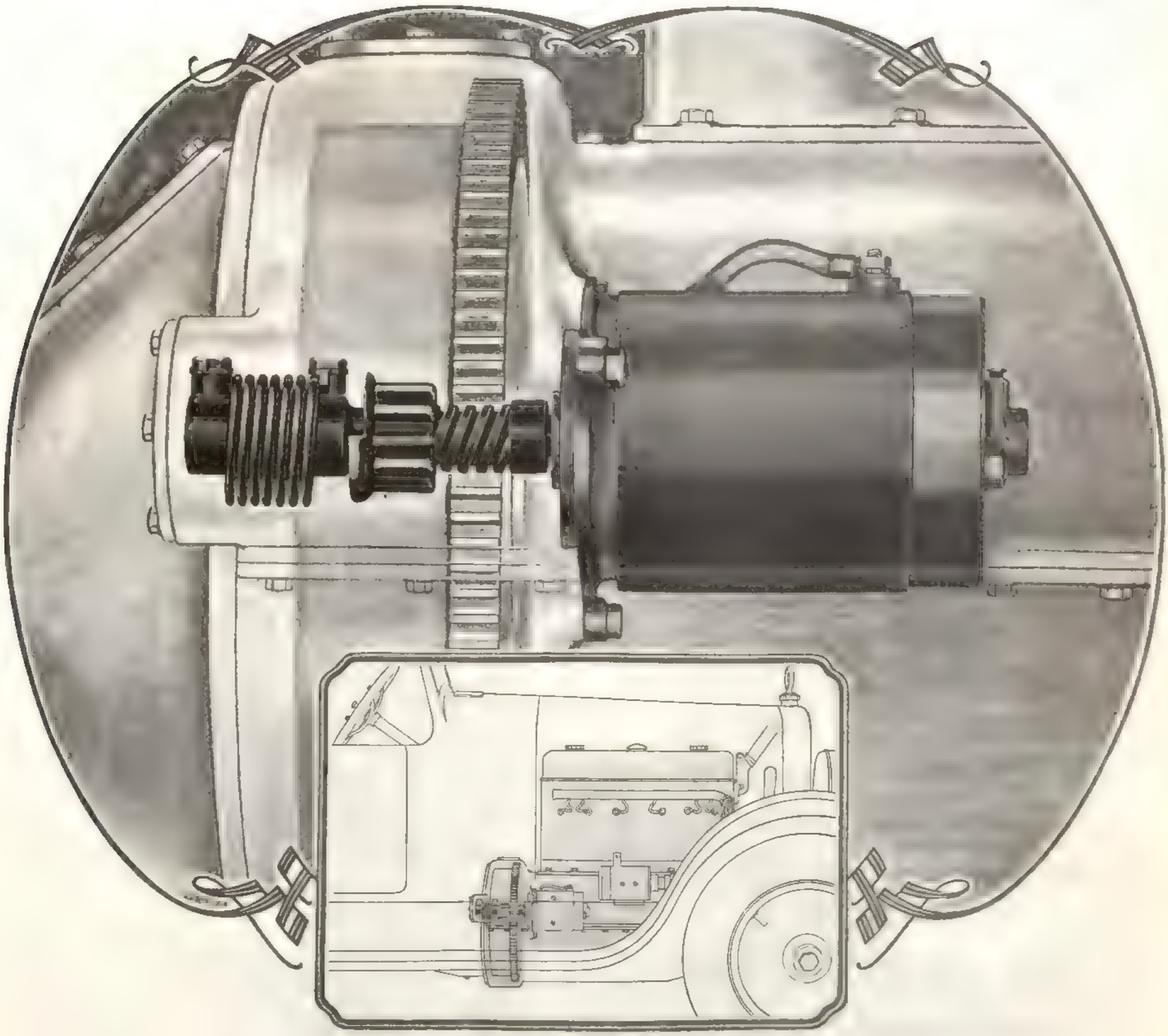

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The **BENDIX DRIVE**

(Continued from Page 126)

against his body he carried some long, dark drape that hung almost to the sand. Immediately he disappeared into the mist, to be succeeded by another phantom walking at the same military gait, this one with something white and faintly terrible dangling from his arm. A moment later, not ten yards away from them, in the direction in which the figure had gone, a faint dull glow sprang into life, proceeding apparently from behind the largest of the dunes.

Huddled together, they advanced toward the dune, hesitated, and then, following Doctor Gallup's example, dropped to their knees and began to crawl cautiously up its shoreward side. The glow became stronger as they reached the top, and at the same moment their heads popped up over the crest. This is what they saw:

In the light of four strong pocket flash lights, borne by four sailors in spotless white, a gentleman was shaving himself, standing clad only in athletic underwear upon the sand. Before his eyes an irreproachable valet held a silver mirror which gave back the soapy reflection of his face. To right and left stood two additional men-servants, one with a dinner coat and trousers hanging from his arm and the other bearing a white stiff shirt whose studs glistened in the glow of the electric lamps. There was not a sound except the dull scrape of the razor along its wielder's face and the intermittent groaning sound that blew in out of the sea.

But it was not the bizarre nature of the ceremony, with its dim, weird surroundings under the unsteady light, that drew from the two women a short, involuntary sigh. It was the fact that the face in the mirror, the unshaven half of it, was terribly familiar, and in a moment they knew to whom that half face belonged—it was the countenance of their niece's savage wooer who had lately prowled half naked along the beach.

Even as they looked he completed one side of his face, whereupon a valet stepped forward and with a scissors sheared off the exterior growth on the other, disclosing, in its entirety now, the symmetrical visage of a young, somewhat haggard but not unhandsome man. He lathered the bearded side, pulled the razor quickly over it and then applied a lotion to the whole surface, and inspected himself with considerable interest in the mirror. The sight seemed to please him, for he smiled. At a word one of the valets held forth the trousers in which he now incased his likely legs. Diving into his open shirt, he procured the collar, flipped a proper black bow with a practiced hand and slipped into the waiting dinner coat. After a transformation which had taken place before their very eyes, Aunt Cal and Aunt Jo found themselves gazing upon as immaculate and impeccable a young man as they had ever seen.

"Walters!" he said suddenly, in a clear, cultured voice.

One of the white-clad sailors stepped forward and saluted.

"You can take the boats back to the yacht. You ought to be able to find it all right by the foghorn."

"Yes, sir."

"When the fog lifts you'd better stand out to sea. Meanwhile, wireless New York to send down my car. It's to call for me at the Marsden house on Montauk Point."

As the sailor turned away, his torch flashed upward accidentally wavering upon the four amazed faces which were peering down at the curious scene.

"Look there, sir!" he exclaimed.

The four torches picked out the eavesdropping party at the top of the hill.

"Hands up, there!" cried Percy, pointing his rifle down into the glare of light.

"Miss Marsden!" called the young man eagerly. "I was just coming to call."

"Don't move!" shouted Percy; and then to the doctor, "Had I better fire?"

"Certainly not!" cried Doctor Gallup. "Young man, does your name happen to be what I think it is?"

The young man bowed politely.

"My name is George Van Tyne."

A few minutes later the immaculate young man and two completely bewildered ladies were shaking hands. "I owe you more apologies than I can ever make," he confessed, "for having sacrificed you to the strange whim of a young girl."

"What whim?" demanded Aunt Cal.

"Why"—he hesitated—"you see, all my life I have devoted much attention to the so-called niceties of conduct; niceties of dress, of manners, of behavior - "

He broke off apologetically.

"Go on," commanded Aunt Cal.

"And your niece has too. She always considered herself rather a model of—of civilized behavior"—he flushed—"until she met me."

"I see," Doctor Gallup nodded. "She couldn't bear to marry anyone who was more of a—shall we say, a dandy?—than herself."

"Exactly," said George Van Tyne, with a perfect eighteenth-century bow. "It was necessary to show her what a—what an——"

"— unspeakable egg," supplied Aunt Josephine.

"— what an unspeakable egg I could be. It was difficult, but not impossible. If you know what's correct, you must necessarily know what's incorrect; and my aim was to be as ferociously incorrect as possible. My one hope is that some day you'll be able to forgive me for throwing the sand—I'm afraid that my impersonation ran away with me."

A moment later they were all walking toward the house.

"But I still can't believe that a gentleman could be so—so unspeakable," gasped Aunt Jo. "And what will Fifi say?"

"Nothing," answered Van Tyne cheerfully. "You see, Fifi knew about it all along. She even recognized me in the tree that first day. She begged me to—to desist until this afternoon; but I refused until she had kissed me tenderly, beard and all."

Aunt Cal stopped suddenly.

"This is all very well, young man," she said sternly; "but since you have so many sides to you, how do we know that in one of your off moments you aren't the murderer who's hiding on the Point?"

"The murderer?" asked Van Tyne blankly. "What murderer?"

"Ah, I can explain that, Miss Marsden." Doctor Gallup smiled apologetically. "As a matter of fact, there wasn't any murderer."

"No murderer?" Aunt Cal looked at him sharply.

"No, I invented the bank robbery and the escaped murderer and all. I was merely applying a form of strong medicine to your niece."

Aunt Cal looked at him scornfully and turned to her sister. "All your modern ideas are not so successful as mah-jongg," she remarked significantly.

The fog had blown back to sea, and as they came in sight of the house the lamps were glowing out into the darkness. On the porch waited an immaculate girl in a gleaming white dress, strung with beads which glistened in the new moonlight.

"The perfect man," murmured Aunt Jo, flushing, "is, of course, he who will make any sacrifice."

Van Tyne did not answer; he was engaged in removing some imperceptible flaw, less visible than a hair, from his elbow, and when he had finished he smiled. There was now not the faintest imperfection anywhere about him, except where the strong beating of his heart disturbed faintly the satin facing of his coat.

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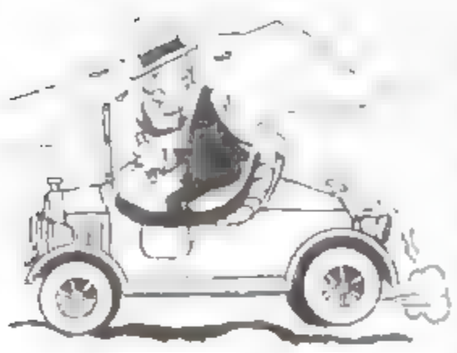

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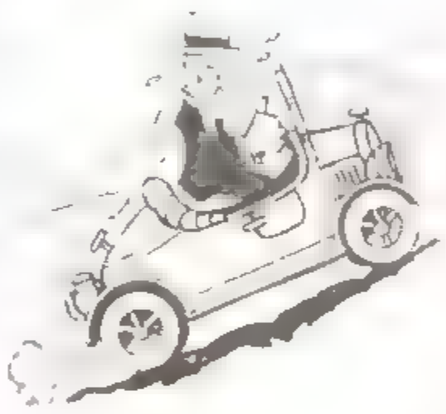

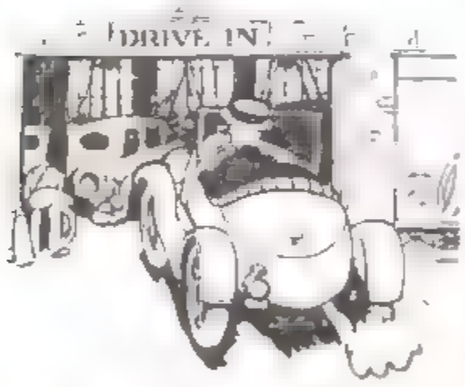

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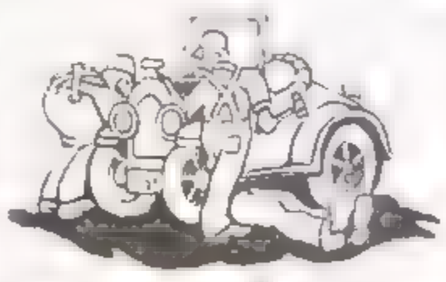

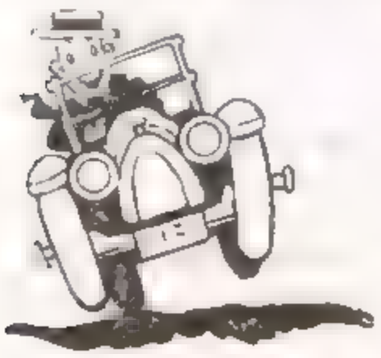

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THE BALKAN FLUX

(Continued from Page 14)

troubles. Turkish domination bore within itself the germs of decay. Most terrible of conquerors, the Turks were the poorest of assimilators. They remained a mere Asiatic army camped on European soil, and never succeeded in impressing either the Mohammedan religion or the Turkish language upon the mass of their Christian subjects.

What the Turks did was to degrade and brutalize the Balkan peoples. The Turkish conquest everywhere destroyed the strongest and best elements of the population, who perished on the battlefield or went into exile. The remnants of the upper classes embraced Mohammedanism in order to keep their privileges, and thus became merged with their conquerors. The mass of the population, deprived of its natural leaders and reduced almost to slavery, sank to the level of an oppressed peasantry called by their Turkish masters rayah—cattle.

What civilization they had possessed vanished, though memories of better days lived on in legends which glorified the past into a sort of Golden Age and formed the basis of those extravagant national and imperial claims that have so afflicted the Balkans in modern times.

Such was the situation when Turkish power had so crumbled that the Balkan peoples began one after another to regain their lost independence. So artificial had been Ottoman rule that as the Turkish tide receded the old landmarks reappeared above the flood, muddy and damaged by long immersion, but substantially the same, and the Balkan peoples resumed their old lives once more.

They resumed their old lives. Note that well. It is the key to the whole story. The Balkan peoples are not young, as we are apt to think. They are very old; in fact so many Rip Van Winkles aroused from a long sleep with all their medieval racial characteristics and political aspirations practically unchanged. For them the last five centuries have been a dream—or a nightmare.

One thing only do they remember—their "glorious pasts"; and they are each determined that their special past shall live again. But this made inevitable a resumption of the old quarrels before the Turks came, when the Balkan peoples had fought one another for centuries and during that long period had each gained a short-lived Balkan supremacy.

Jingo Propaganda

This shows clearly in the rival claims which are put forward today. Because a province belonged to a certain medieval Balkan empire it must go to the particular state which today bears the same name; and since some districts belonged to all those empires in turn, the rival claims form a veritable Gordian knot which can be cut only by the sharp sword of war. Truly, among the Balkan peoples "a thousand years are but a day."

All this is somewhat hidden from Western eyes by the fact that the Balkan peoples have acquired a superficial knowledge of Western political ideas and have learned to clothe their thoughts in Western words, like "nation" and "races." The Balkan peoples, however, pervert the true meaning of such terms into mere jingo propaganda. The truth of the matter is that these peoples are not yet nations in the Western sense; they are, rather, groupings of kindred clans or tribes, with primitive political ideas and with aims handed down from the crude medieval past. What each of the Balkan peoples hopes in its heart of hearts is to dominate the whole of the Balkans and eventually to destroy its rivals by converting the conquered peoples to its particular language, church and way of thinking. That is what makes Balkan quarrels so ferocious; each people realizes that its very life may be at stake and is therefore ready to fight its opponents' imperialistic aspirations to the death.

The primitive character of the Balkan peoples shows not only in their foreign policies but also in their domestic politics. Despite high-sounding constitutions and elaborate parliamentary forms copied from Western models, Balkan politics is crude and backward. Power is usually in the hands of some masterful individual or dominant group which makes elections and rules by a combination of strong-arm methods. As for the opposition, it often refuses to play the parliamentary game, preferring instead to sulk or plot revolution. Under such conditions neither side hesitates to use violence and assassination to gain its respective ends.

Fortunately, other aspects of Balkan life have improved faster than its politics. Intellectually and culturally considerable progress has been made since emancipation from Turkish rule, and an upper class has developed, some of whose members are finely educated, cultured persons with high ideals. As yet, however, such persons are too few in number and too far above the popular level to exercise much effect upon political life. The masses are still thinly veneered barbarians, with the virtues and vices common to that stage of human evolution. These primitive folk are capable of sudden and intense outbursts of boundless fanaticism and savage cruelty unknown, or at least very rare, among more developed peoples.

Conditions Still Unstable

All this gives the key to the great Balkan upheaval of 1912–13, which was the climax of a century of struggle against Turkish rule. In 1912 the Christian Balkan States at last succeeded in combining against the hereditary Turkish foe. But no sooner was the Turk defeated than the victors quarreled fiercely over the spoils. There followed the Second Balkan War—a ferocious death grapple which ended in the despoiling and humiliation of Bulgaria, hitherto the leading Balkan State, by the other Balkan peoples. The Treaty of Bukharest, which closed the war, was an attempt permanently to kill Bulgaria's ambitions by surrounding her with a ring of aggrandized and watchful enemies. To this end the other important Balkan States, Serbia, Rumania and Greece, concluded an anti-Bulgarian league.

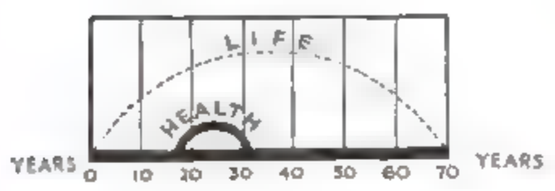
The so-called Peace of Bukharest was thus no peace. It was merely a whetting of knives. Anticipating a probable next war, all parties began to consolidate their territorial gains by the process known as extirpation. This process consisted in the rooting out or forcible conversion of hostile minorities, thus attempting to make national lines correspond with political frontiers and to assure the fanatical loyalty of the whole future population within any given state border. The ruthlessness with which these persecutions were conducted scandalized the outside world and enormously envenomed Balkan hatreds. The wretched victims of extirpation streamed into their respective motherlands by the hundred thousand and there sowed broadcast the seeds of fury and revenge. Each Balkan people swore to crush the accursed foe and erect its special greatness upon his ruin.

Such was the poison gas of unslaked hatreds and gnawing ambitions which inflamed the Balkans at the outbreak of the Great War. In fact, that war began in an attempt of Austria-Hungary to crush the nationalistic aspirations of Serbia to annex its kinsmen who lived under Austrian rule. Once more the Balkans became a battleground, and once more unwise peace treaties sowed the seeds of future strife. Bulgaria, which had joined the Central Empires and shared their defeat, was punished even more severely than she had been after the Balkan Wars. Serbia and Rumania, which had chosen the winning side, were given large slices of disrupted Austria-Hungary and thus expanded beyond the Balkans into Central Europe. Greece, which had also joined the Allies, was rewarded with territories both in the Balkans and in Asia Minor.

Such were the treaty settlements at the close of the Great War. Yet already the Greek settlement has broken down, and few unbiased observers believe that the other arrangements will last. The truth of the matter is that the Balkans are still in flux and that almost anything may happen. When we come to consider the Balkan States separately we shall see how profoundly unstable conditions are at the present time. Before doing so, however, let us pause to remember that Balkan instability arises not merely from superficial matters, like badly drawn peace treaties, but even more from fundamental factors, like the

(Continued on Page 133)

The tragic significance *of age 31*



The average health span
reaches only from age 18 to age 31, according to the United States Life Tables . . . 1920

HEALTH—physical freedom and full vigor—ends at age 31 for the average man or woman in America. Dwindling physical resources result in rapidly decreasing earnings after 40. These startling facts are shown by the United States Life Tables, 1920.

Age 31! The age at which many have just prepared themselves to undertake marriage, and the responsibilities of a home. Usually at this age, they are not acutely aware of the inward change already begun. Lack of old-time stamina, an increasing feeling of dullness and heaviness these may be noticed, without prompting a real analysis of the condition. It may be ten years—or more—before the crash finally comes. *But the strain which led to the crash began back there in the early thirties* when there was ample time to forestall disaster.

Age 31 is the beginning of the supposed "prime of life." Now we know this is *not* the prime of life, for the average American, but the beginning of the age of decay! What causes contribute to this fearful condition?

Blind disregard of the simplest laws of health. A feverish effort to "keep up the pace." The continual loading of the body with drug stimulants.

Every person in normal health has a store of reserve energy, a "margin of safety" intended for life's emergencies. Nature provides a sentinel—fatigue—to guard this reserve. When the body needs rest the fatigue sentinel gives warning.

Certain stimulants have the power to deaden this warning signal. One of the most common of these is caffein. It *appears* to give new energy. Actually, it robs this energy from the body's reserve.

The person who regularly overrides the warning signal of fatigue is storing up trouble for the future—is contributing to that condition which causes the average American, with half

"OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT," SAID THE DOCTOR, "BUT THIS STARTED TEN YEARS AGO. LIKE A MOTOR, YOUR BODY DOESN'T SHOW OUTWARD SIGNS OF TROUBLE AT THE TIME IT BEGINS."

of his life yet before him, to hit the down grade. Bit by bit the reserve of emergency strength is depleted. Bit by bit the "margin of safety" is cut down. Then, when an emergency comes—

The thoughtful reader will consider his own slender chances for future health and happiness in the light of the appalling condition which menaces the nation at large. Avoid stimulants! Life is worth living normally. Avoid the overwrought nerves, sleeplessness, headaches, and indigestion which are often only the first and minor effects of drug stimulation.

There is a Better Way!

People in 2,000,000 American families avoid the use of caffein by drinking Postum. They deprive themselves of nothing. Their natural desire for a delicious, appetizing hot drink is amply satisfied by Postum. It has a flavor unlike any other drink—a flavor which millions prefer to any other. There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour, or a headache in it.

Consider its source! Postum is all wheat—and wheat is the best-liked food in the world! Whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted, with a little sweetening—these are Postum's only elements. *A drink which contributes, rather than robs reserve strength.*

You have a good many years yet to live, we hope. A good many years to do with as you please. In the interest of your most precious asset health during these remaining years, we want you to make an interesting experiment.

A Test for Your Future

Try Postum for thirty days! Take stock of yourself now, before the test starts. Then, at the end of the thirty days, check up on the change. Decide by your own feelings whether you wish to go back to your old habits!

To make this a sporting proposition, we will give you, free, a full week's supply of Postum. In addition we will have Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator who has served Postum to 500,000 people, send you her own directions for preparing it. You will like Postum made in Carrie Blanchard's way!

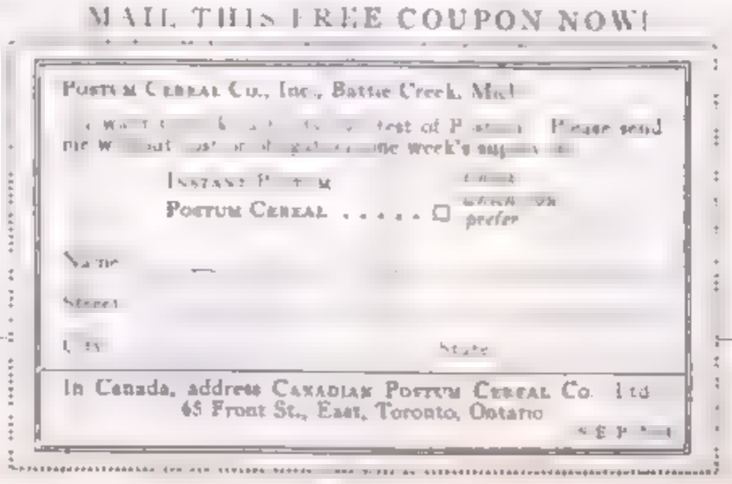
Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want to send you my directions for preparing Postum, with the first week's supply for your thirty-day test. I hope you will carry the test through for the full thirty days. It isn't fair to expect to throw off the effects of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

"You will find Instant Postum the easiest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but requires boiling. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks—and that is something to consider, these days.

"Just indicate which kind you want, and send me your name and address, and I'll see that you get your week's free supply right away."

MAIL THIS FREE COUPON NOW!



Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is the quickest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks. Iced Postum—a delicious summer drink.

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The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio.

BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

Also manufacturers of Kreolite Redwood Blocks, the ideal flooring material for bakeries, office buildings, hospitals, etc.

View immediately after fire

After debris removed

FLOORS

WOOD BLOCK

(Continued from Page 130)

lay of the land and the nature of its inhabitants.

Once again, let us remember that the Balkans have always been a borderland where races, religions, languages and cultures have met and fought in endless turmoil. The present Balkan peoples are not yet true nations, and they are certainly not races, but rather combinations of widely varied racial elements mixed in different proportions. Alpine Slav blood is the largest single factor in their racial make-up, but it is so intermingled with other strains and so crosscut by nonracial factors, like language, religion and culture, that it forms no real bond of union between the Balkan peoples. Bearing in mind these underlying truths, let us now glance at the several Balkan States as they stand today.

Our survey had best begin with Jugo-Slavia, the enlarged successor of Serbia and today the most powerful Balkan state. The name "Jugo-Slavia" means "Land of the South Slavs" and symbolizes the political union of the various branches of the South Slav stock. The Jugo-Slavs are descended from tribes of Alpine Slav blood which settled the Northwestern Balkans shortly after the fall of the Roman Empire. These tribes were closely related in blood and speech, but the broken character of the regions in which they settled marked them off into groups politically distinct from one another; and presently the physical barriers which separated them were reënforced by barriers of religion and culture. The southern tribes—the ancestors of the Serbs—took their Christianity from Constantinople and became Greek Orthodox in faith and Byzantine in culture. The tribes living to the northward or along the coast of the Adriatic Sea—the ancestors of the Croats and Slovenes—were converted to Christianity from Rome and took their culture from the European West. The result was that the Serbs looked east while the Croats and Slovenes looked west, neither branch of the Jugo-Slav stock having much to do with the other.

The Croats and Slovenes soon lost their independence. The Slovenes were subjugated by the Austrian Germans, the Croats fell under the rule of the Hungarians, while the tribes of the Adriatic coast came under Italian influence exercised by the Venetian Republic. The Serbs remained independent, but were divided into several petty states and played a minor part in Balkan history until the latter part of the Middle Ages, when an able chieftain named Stephen Dushan united the Serb states, overran most of the Balkan Peninsula and built up an empire. Dushan's empire was, however, short-lived. It fell to pieces after his death and the fragments were soon afterward engulfed by the tide of Turkish conquest. Dushan's empire is important only as it formed the basis for modern Serb dreams of Balkan domination. Note that Dushan's empire never included the Croats and Slovenes. It was thus purely a Balkan, not a Jugo-Slav state.

Dreams of Former Greatness

The Turkish conquest not only destroyed the flower of the Serb stock and reduced the remainder to an oppressed peasantry but also caused a religious split which still exists. In the highlands of Bosnia-Herzegovina, a mountainous region lying between Serbia proper and the Adriatic, a large part of the population was converted to Islam and became fanatical Moslems who lost all sense of kinship with their Serb brethren. On the other hand, a few Christian Serbs fled to the inaccessible crags of Montenegro, just south of Bosnia, and there maintained a wild independence which the Turks were never able to break. It was the Montenegrins who for centuries kept alive the old Serb traditions. This was perhaps the chief reason why the Serbs were the first Balkan people to throw off the Turkish yoke, a little more than a century ago. Modern Serbia started as a small state with a rude peasant population, but it slowly grew in power and prosperity, although its progress was hindered by the turbulence of its political life.

As Serbia grew she began to dream of her former greatness and to aspire to unite all the Serbs in a single national state. As matters then stood, more than half the Serbs remained under Turkish rule in Bosnia-Herzegovina to the west and in Macedonia to the south. Also Montenegro remained separate and independent. Furthermore, as time went on, Serb ambitions grew still greater. No longer content with the idea of uniting all the Serbs, Serbian nationalists began to dream of including the Croats and Slovenes in a larger South Slav unity. Thus the idea of Jugo-Slavia was born.

But this naturally alarmed Austria-Hungary, whose very existence was threatened by any such development. Since Serbia was the champion of the Jugo-Slav idea, Austrian policy aimed at keeping Serbia down. The quarrel gradually became a deadly feud which soon became involved in the general tangle of European politics that preceded the Great War. Serbia was backed by Russia and openly plotted to disrupt Austria-Hungary and establish Jugo-Slav unity on its ruins. But Austria-Hungary was backed by Germany and thus felt strong enough to risk crushing Serbia at the first opportunity.

Then came the Balkan Wars of 1912-13. From them Serbia emerged victorious and confident, while Austria grew more alarmed and implacable. In this tense atmosphere the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austrian throne, by Serb nationalists in June, 1914, caused the explosion of the Great War. After a heroic resistance Serbia was overrun by the Austro-German armies, aided by the Bulgarians, who joined the Austro-Germans to revenge themselves upon the Serbs for Bulgaria's defeat in the Balkan Wars. However, the victory of Serbia's Allies, the Western powers, not only restored her independence but also realized her dream of Jugo-Slav unity. The peace treaties of 1919 erected the present Jugo-Slavia, a powerful state, with an area of 96,000 square miles and a population of 12,000,000.

Intentions of Serb Leaders

At first sight Jugo-Slavia looks strong and assured of a prosperous future. In reality Jugo-Slavia is rent by grave internal quarrels and is surrounded by hostile neighbors. Jugo-Slavia today is a state, but it is as yet very far from being a nation. Brought suddenly together after ages of separation and divergent development, the various branches of the South Slav stock do not fuse. So long as they were politically divided they could sympathize with one another. Now that they all live in the same house they see mutual differences rather than common likenesses. And there are so many varieties of Jugo-Slavs! Out of Jugo-Slavia's 12,000,000 population, only about 4,500,000 are true Serbs, who dominate the situation and run Jugo-Slavia. But all the other Jugo-Slavs are more or less opposed to this state of things.

The 500,000 Montenegrins object to the way in which their heroic individuality has been arbitrarily merged with the Serbs. The 800,000 Mohammedans of Bosnia and adjacent regions, though Serbs in blood, are sullen and rebellious, their sympathies being with the Turks rather than with their Slav kinsmen. As for the 5,500,000 Croats, Slovenes and Dalmatians, Roman Catholic in religion and West European in culture, they look down on their Balkan relatives as semibarbarous heretics and object strenuously to being ruled by Serbs, whom they consider their inferiors. Lastly, there are nearly 1,000,000 Bulgarians, Magyars and Rumanians to whom the very word "Jugo-Slavia" is anathema.

The fact is that as things now stand the term "Jugo-Slavia" is a misnomer. The new state should be called Greater Serbia. It is the Serbs who run the country today, and they run it with a heavy hand. A rough, primitive folk, the Serbs have got where they are by fighting, and they think almost solely in terms of force. By a series of successful wars they have built up a strong unified state. However, they know that this means a ring of hostile neighbors. Accordingly, when the other Jugo-Slavs talk of turning the new state into a federation, with wide local rights for the various elements, the Serbs denounce such talk as treason. Serb leaders will tell you frankly that they intend to go on governing with the strong hand until they have made the other elements into good Jugo-Slavs. But the other elements promptly answer that this merely means good Serbs, and they go on to say that they won't be made into Serbs and that they do not intend to tolerate the rough, tactless Serb soldiers and officials who have been set over them; and this is causing grave difficulties.

Already parliamentary government has broken down, the Serbs ruling by a veiled dictatorship, with the Croats and Slovenes

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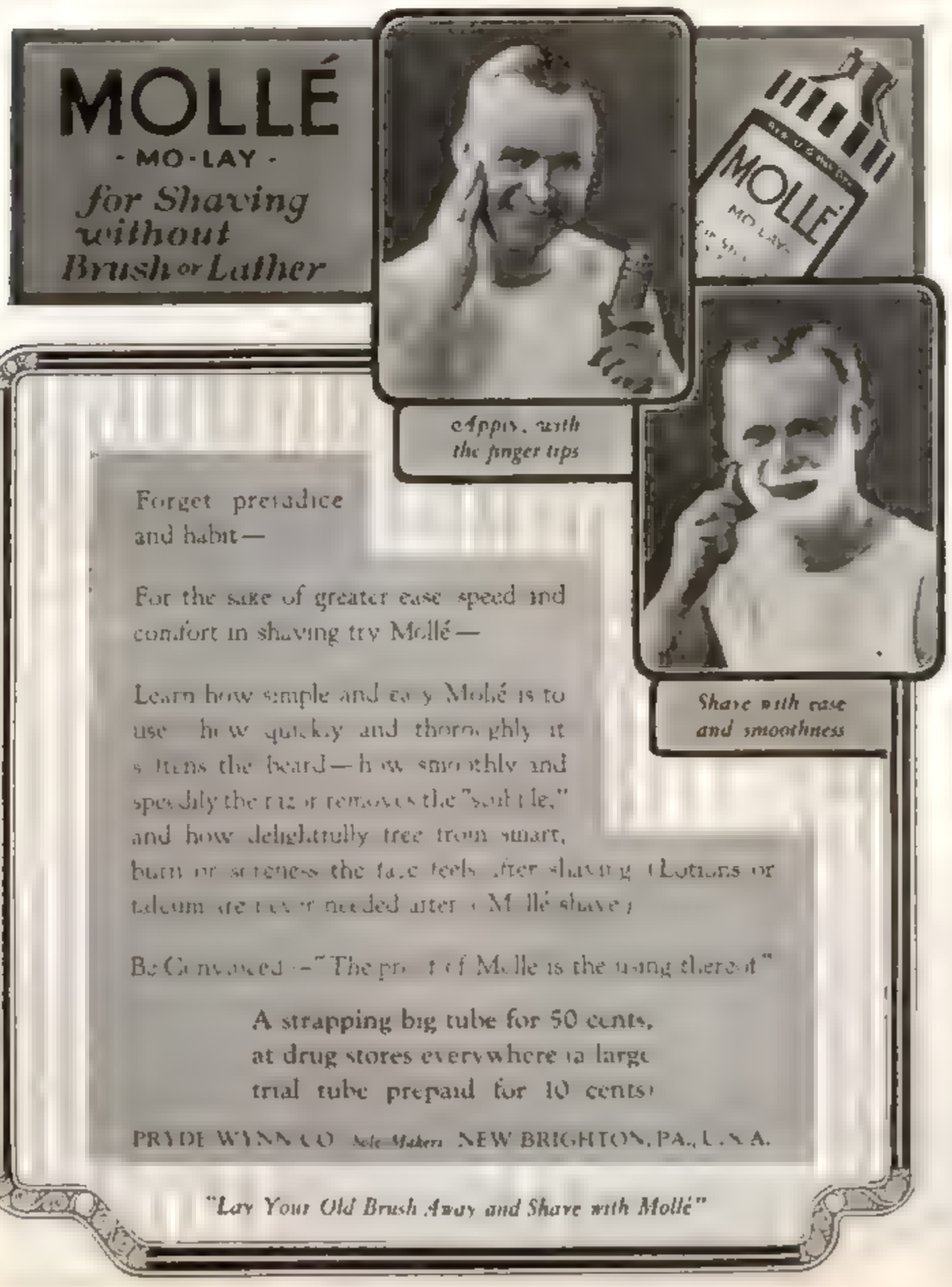
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sullenly rebellious, and with Montenegro and Macedonia full of brigandage and unrest. This cannot go on indefinitely It seems pretty clear that Jugo-Slavia must ultimately become a federal state if it is to endure. Unless the Serbs realize this the other elements will plot secession and Jugo-Slavia will fly to pieces

Meanwhile Jugo-Slavia's neighbors watch and wait. Hitherto the chief thing that has kept the Serb-Croat quarrel within bounds has been their common hatred of Italy, which opposed Jugo-Slav aspirations. If war had resulted the Jugo-Slavs might have developed a real national consciousness in the struggle against a foreign foe. But Italy has now compromised her differences with Jugo-Slavia, so foreign pressure has been relaxed and domestic quarrels flare up unchecked. Of course the Jugo-Slavs may come to an understanding with one another and become a true nation. At present, however, the prospects look rather dubious

From Jugo-Slavia let us turn to Bulgaria. Here we find a very different situation. If Jugo-Slavia is suffering from victory, Bulgaria is suffering from defeat. Yet defeat has not quenched hope. Toughest and stubbornest of all the Balkan peoples, the Bulgars nurse their wounds and await better days.

This attitude springs from their inheritance. Racially the Bulgars are Alpine Slavs crossed with Asiatic Finnish or Turkish blood. That cross has produced a stock noted for patient determination and dogged energy. The Bulgars are great workers, and they can work together. This capacity for team play is a great advantage to the Bulgars, because the other Balkan peoples are so much more prone to internal quarrels. Despite their recent defeats and present misfortunes, the Bulgars may yet outstrip their rivals. It is well to remember their favorite proverb: "The Bulgar on his oxcart pursues the hare—and overtakes it!"

Bulgaria has had a checkered past. During the Middle Ages the Bulgars played a leading rôle in the Balkans. For centuries they and the Byzantine Greeks fought fiercely for Balkan supremacy. Twice the Bulgars built up powerful empires, though these presently collapsed into the chronic Balkan turmoil. The Turkish conquest bore harder upon the Bulgars than upon any other Balkan people. So thoroughly were they crushed that less than fifty years ago the Bulgars were an obscure population of wretched serfs, exploited to the limit of human endurance, whom the world had so completely forgotten that many Western travelers passed through their land without becoming aware of their existence.

The Struggle for Macedonia

The victorious war which Russia waged against Turkey in 1877 freed most of the Bulgars from the Turkish yoke and set up a Bulgarian state. This new state developed with extraordinary rapidity. Although the Serbs and Greeks had been liberated much earlier, Bulgaria soon passed them both in national progress and became the leading Balkan State. Awakening from their long slumber, the Bulgars recalled their past and determined on a yet greater future. The first item in their program was the political unity of the whole Bulgarian stock. A large fraction of the Bulgarian people remained under Turkish rule in Macedonia, the central region of the Balkans. Once possessed of Macedonia, the resulting big Bulgaria would be far and away the most powerful Balkan State. Thereafter Bulgaria might hope to subjugate the other Balkan peoples and expel the Turks from Constantinople, founding a true Bulgarian Empire which would dominate the Near East.

That was Bulgaria's ideal, evolved in the very first years of its political life. Such an ideal appeared absurd for a little peasant state just freed from Turkish servitude. But if Bulgaria's dreams were great, her waking hours were long, and they were all given up to strenuous endeavor and rigid self-denial. These high hopes became part of the developing national consciousness. They braced every Bulgar to gigantic efforts. The way Bulgaria pinched and taxed herself for nearly forty years to create proportionately the greatest war machine in the world showed this folk to be possessed of a somber power and ferocious energy which made the goal seem less impracticable.

At last Bulgaria's hour seemed to have come. In the year 1912, Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece combined against the Turks, who were defeated and driven to the walls of Constantinople. The Balkans were free from Turkish rule. Unhappily, this was merely the beginning of fresh troubles. The victors promptly quarreled over the spoils, particularly over Macedonia. Bulgaria had gone to war with Turkey for Macedonia and claimed the greater part of it as her reward. But this claim Greece and Serbia refused.

Macedonia has in fact been for ages an apple of discord. In the first place, it is the geographical and strategical heart of the Balkans, so that whoever possesses it automatically gains something like Balkan supremacy In the second place, it is a racial crossroads where all the Balkan stocks meet The Macedonians are an extraordinarily mixed population, race lines being blurred even more than in other parts of the Balkans. Yet this does not prevent the various Balkan peoples from concocting elaborate statistics and other propagandist arguments proving the Macedonians to be the blood brothers of each and every one of them. The tangle of rival claims is thus inextricable. As for the Macedonians themselves, the majority seem to feel themselves Bulgarians, though there are strong Serb and Greek feeling minorities, not to mention minor elements like Albanians, Rumanians, Turks, Jews and Gypsies.

Bulgarian Solidarity

The fierce wrangle which broke out among the Balkan States after their victory over Turkey culminated in a ferocious war in which Bulgaria was defeated. Serbia and Greece divided Macedonia between them and promptly proceeded to expel or forcibly convert the Bulgar-feeling inhabitants. Bulgaria sat by in helpless rage until the Great War gave her a chance for revenge. But Bulgaria again lost, and by the peace treaties was left disarmed before her fully armed neighbors.

Owing to these misfortunes, Bulgaria has sunk from her former position of the most powerful Balkan State to a place far below Serbia, Greece and Rumania—all of which today vastly outstrip Bulgaria in area and population. Bulgaria now possesses only 40,000 square miles of territory and less than 5,000,000 inhabitants. Yet Bulgaria remains a factor to be reckoned with. Certainly, Bulgaria seems today to be the most solid of the Balkan States. Her very defeats have left her with a thoroughly Bulgarian population, free from those rebellious minorities which are such dangerous internal weaknesses to her rather swollen neighbors. Meanwhile the Bulgarian peasant works as hard as ever and the war losses are being repaired.

Who can tell what opportunity may come to Bulgaria through some sudden shift in the strange kaleidoscope of Balkan politics? For in the Balkans the one thing certain is—uncertainty!

The story of Greece is perhaps the most dramatic in world history. Probably no other people has ever passed through such extremes of glory and decline. Grave though Greece's situation is today, it should not be forgotten that the Greek people has endured even greater disasters in the past—yet has survived; and it is this which lends the Greeks faith in their future.

Modern Greece draws its inspiration from two main sources—ancient Hellas and the medieval Byzantine Empire. This latter source is often overlooked by Western observers, but to Greek minds it is the more important. The ties between modern Greece and ancient Hellas are dim and remote. The ties with medieval Byzantium, on the contrary, are close and unbroken. Modern Greece may feel itself to be the spiritual heir of Hellas, but it knows itself to be the political heir of Byzantium, and a restoration of the Byzantine Empire is at once the keynote of Greek patriotism and the basis of Greek politics. Greece's political goal is expressed in a phrase—"the great idea." Herein Greek aims differ markedly from those of the other Balkan peoples. The aspirations of the other Balkan peoples never stray much beyond the boundaries of the peninsula. The Greek dream, however, is truly imperial in its far-flung horizons. The great idea is a revival of medieval Byzantium, incarnated in a new Greek Empire seated at Constantinople, which shall embrace both the Balkans and Asia Minor and shall win back the whole Near East to Hellenism.

(Continued on Page 137)

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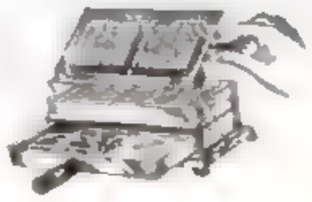

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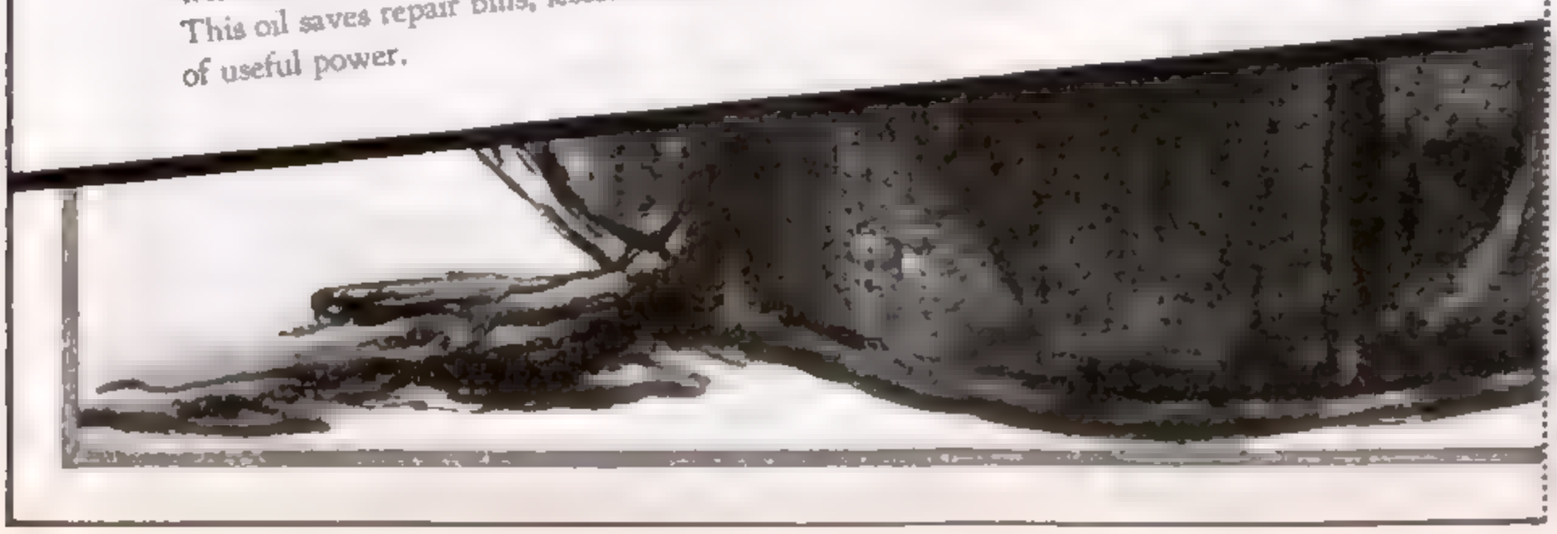

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(Continued from Page 134)

At first sight the great idea may seem mere wild fancy, but when we look closer we see that it is a logical outgrowth of Greece's historic past. When ancient Hellas declined and finally fell under Roman rule it did not lose its identity. The Hellenic stock, to be sure, greatly altered, most of the Nordic strains dying out, while the Mediterranean strains which survived became considerably mixed with other racial elements. Nevertheless, the Greek language and Greek culture not only maintained themselves in Greece itself but also spread over both the Balkans and Asia Minor, so that when the Roman Empire collapsed in Western Europe and transferred its capital to Constantinople—the new name given by the Roman Emperor Constantine to the Greek city of Byzantium—it came into a Greek atmosphere, lost its Latin character and was transformed into the Greek Byzantine Empire.

With Western Europe sunk in the turmoil of the Dark Ages, the Byzantine Empire became the center of European civilization. It also became the seat of Eastern Christendom, for about this time Christianity split in twain, the West following Rome while the East adhered to the Orthodox Church, which was thoroughly Greek in character. It was the Orthodox Church which converted the Slav invaders of the Balkans, and however bitterly the Slavs fought the Byzantine Empire, they nevertheless acquired a Byzantine Greek religious and cultural stamp which could not be effaced. Indeed, this Greek stamp became even more pronounced after the Turkish conquest.

To the Turks all their Christian subjects looked very much alike. They therefore considered the Byzantine Greeks as the natural spokesmen for the Christian elements; and the Balkan Slavs welcomed this arrangement, since the Greeks were best fitted to stand between them and their Turkish masters. Down to the reawakening of the Balkan peoples about a century ago religion rather than nationality was the test of men's allegiance, so the Balkan peoples thought of themselves as Greek Orthodox and very little else.

The Great Idea

We are now in a position to understand the peculiar nature of the Greek great idea and to realize how it differs from the aspirations of the other Balkan peoples. Those aspirations are all founded on a more or less tribal nationalism. The great idea, on the other hand, is based on a religious imperialism. In fact, the great idea is essentially cosmopolitan, and is fundamentally opposed to the ideas of both nationality and race. The Greeks have never been able really to adjust themselves to the modern nationalist philosophy. In their heart of hearts they still believe that the Christian inhabitants of both the Balkans and Asia Minor should be one people, spiritually united in the Greek Orthodox Church and politically united in a Greek empire. Certainly the Greek ideal has succeeded in binding together very different racial elements. The present Greek populations scattered so widely over the Balkans and Asia Minor are of many different stocks, yet they are all ardent supporters of the great idea.

When the Greeks revolted against the Turks a century ago they hoped for a general rising of all the Christian elements. In fact, the first outbreak took place not in Greece itself but far to the northward, in what is now Rumania, which had long been governed by Byzantine Greeks appointed by the Turkish sultans and where the educated upper class was then strongly Greek in feeling. However, the revolutionists were quickly disillusioned. The other Balkan peoples, already obscurely stirring to nationalist ideas, refused to move; and the Turks were thus able to concentrate against the Greeks, who were massacred wholesale and deprived of the privileged position that they had heretofore enjoyed. After years of bloody fighting, Western Europe intervened and set up an independent Greek state, but this state was so small and weak that in Greek eyes it was little more than a mockery of their hopes. The majority of the Greeks were left outside its frontiers, mainly under Turkish rule.

Under these circumstances the larger aspects of the great idea fell into the background. The Greeks had to confine their efforts mainly to building up their new state as a nucleus for later efforts. This was a slow and difficult task. Until the beginning of the present century Greece played a minor rôle in Balkan affairs. Her first real chance came when the Balkan States made their alliance against the Turk in the year 1912. From both the Balkan Wars which ensued Greece came out the big winner. With a minimum of loss, she doubled her territory and population, her chief conquest being Southern Macedonia with its great port city of Saloniki—next to Constantinople the richest prize in the Balkans. In the year 1914 Greece was a country of nearly 50,000 square miles and 5,000,000 inhabitants. These remarkable successes fired the Greeks with wild enthusiasm and brought the great idea once more to the front.

Then came the Great War, which involved Greece in an extraordinary series of successes and failures. For a moment it looked as though the great idea was to be realized. The Peace Conference seriously considered giving Greece Constantinople, and though this was finally denied her, Greece was given a large slice of Asia Minor, including the great port city of Smyrna. At that dramatic hour Greece appeared to have become the leading state not only of the Balkans but of the whole Near East. The peace treaties had virtually condemned Turkey to death; and with the destruction of her archenemy, Greece might well hope to establish something very like the empire of her dreams.

Foundations of Hellenism Destroyed

Suddenly, almost without warning, Greece was plunged from her pinnacle of triumph to the depths of defeat. A shift of European politics left her unsupported, the Turks made a desperate rally and the Greek armies in Asia Minor were broken. The Greek cause suffered the most terrible disaster that had befallen it since the Turks overthrew the Byzantine Empire 500 years before. The very foundations of Hellenism in Asia Minor were destroyed, for the Turks, determined to make any fresh attack impossible, proceeded to root out the whole Greek population. Fully 2,000,000 Asiatic Greeks were either massacred or driven as starving, diseased refugees to their distracted motherland. The situation was made still worse by the political disturbances which broke out in Greece itself. Filled with fury and despair, the Greeks vented their rage upon one another. Greek politics is habitually turbulent, and Greece is today rent by bitter factional disputes.

Unless Greece speedily pulls herself together she may suffer still further losses. The Balkans are a primitive land where the weak usually get short shrift. Greece still has things worth taking, and there are those quite ready to take them. Not only would Bulgaria jump at the chance to seize the tongue of Greek territory—taken from Bulgaria by the peace treaties—which bars Bulgaria from the Mediterranean, but also Jugo-Slavia is to be feared. Though technically Greece's friend, Jugo-Slavia looks longingly at Southern Macedonia and Saloniki, possession of which would give Jugo-Slavia a Mediterranean outlet and clinch its Balkan supremacy at one and the same time. When I was last in Belgrad, the Jugo-Slav capital, I heard much talk about Saloniki, and some Serbs made no bones of stating that they would seize it if a good opportunity offered.

Greece thus stands today in a very dangerous situation. In many ways she is worse off than Bulgaria. Yet here again no one can predict with certainty what the morrow may bring. In the Balkans fortune's wheel turns swiftly, political combinations shift with amazing suddenness, and startling surprises may be in store.

Finally, let us consider Rumania, the fourth important Balkan State. Rumania is the link between the Balkans and both Central and Eastern Europe. Geographically she lies mainly outside the Balkans, but historically she has been so closely connected with Balkan affairs that she forms a logical part of the Balkan area.

Of all the Balkan States, Rumania gained most by the Great War. The peace treaties more than doubled her prewar territory and population, so that today she exceeds even Jugo-Slavia in size and wealth. With her present area of 122,000 square miles—larger than Italy—her population of more than 17,000,000 and her rich agricultural and mineral resources, Rumania looks almost like a first-class power. However, as so often happens in the Balkans, appearances are deceptive. In reality, Rumania's very gains have produced such grave internal problems and made such bitter

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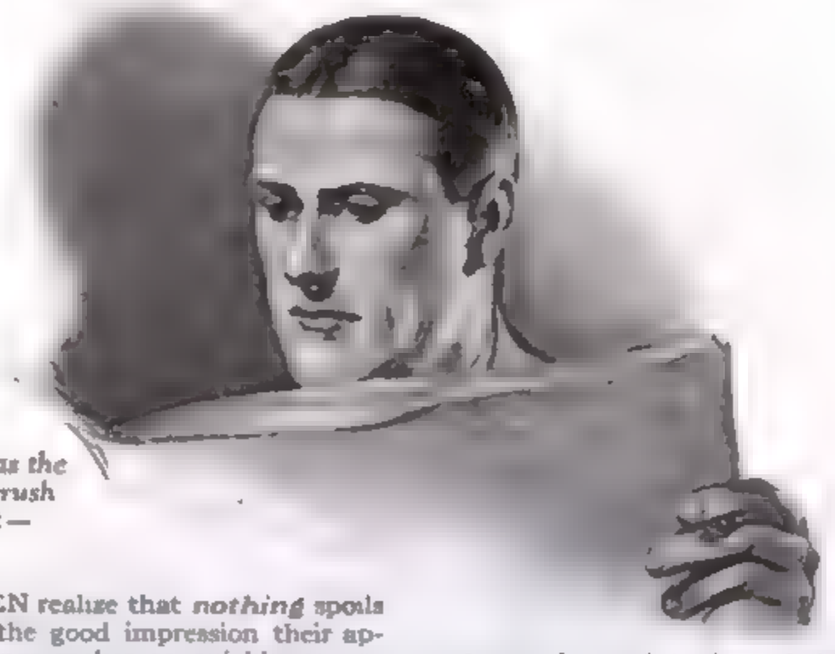

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foreign foes that Rumania's future is extremely troubled and uncertain.

The Rumanians themselves are a curious folk. They illustrate the power of language and culture to form a national consciousness out of varied racial elements. The Rumanians are obviously of extremely mixed racial origin. Alpine Slav blood seems to be the largest element in their make-up, though there is also a considerable infusion of Mediterranean blood, together with diverse Asiatic strains. Nevertheless, the Rumanians speak a Latin language and proudly consider themselves full-fledged members of the Latin race—there being, of course, no such thing.

How then do we find a Latin-speaking people living along the lower Danube in the southeastern corner of Europe, hundreds of miles from the other Latin-speaking peoples? The Rumanians themselves explain the mystery by claiming to be the descendants of Roman colonists planted north of the Danube by the Emperor Trajan after his conquest of that region in the second century A.D. Racially, this does not mean much, because Trajan's colonists were undoubtedly a miscellaneous lot of provincials with very little Roman blood. But culturally, the picturesque legend probably does give the reason for the persistence of Latin speech along the lower Danube.

Flooded though these regions were by all sorts of barbarian hordes for centuries after the fall of Rome, the Latin-speaking population possessed cultural traditions superior to their conquerors, and, as so often happens in such cases, converted the conquerors to their speech and customs. Precisely what happened we do not know, for the Rumanians do not appear as a distinct people until well into the Middle Ages, when we find them settled both in the fertile plains north of the Danube and in the adjacent highlands of Transylvania. They were not a warlike people and were mostly subject to foreign masters, but they were extremely persistent and prolific, and they took advantage of the devastating wars which raged about them to spread steadily east, north and west, settling large sections of Hungary and Southern Russia—especially the province known as Bessarabia.

Rumanian War Gains

The Turks conquered the Rumanians, as they did the other Balkan peoples, but the Rumanians were so far from the seat of Turkish power that they were governed indirectly by Byzantine Greek viceroys appointed by the sultans. These tributary provinces, lying north of the Danube, formed the nucleus for the later Kingdom of Rumania. As Turkish power declined it seemed for a while that the Rumanians of the Danube plains would be annexed to Russia, which did succeed in getting Bessarabia early in the nineteenth century. But the Rumanians, like the other Balkan peoples, were now awakening to national consciousness, and after many difficulties the people of the Danubian plains excepting Bessarabia—succeeded in escaping Russian annexation, threw off their vassalage to Turkey and established an independent Kingdom of Rumania.

This Rumanian state was not very large, but so fertile was its soil and so dense its population that it rapidly grew in importance and prosperity. Like the other Balkan peoples, the Rumanians began dreaming of a great future and eyed with increasing impatience the sight of millions of their kinsmen under Russian and Hungarian rule. Until the outbreak of the Great War, however, such dreams of a greater Rumania had little chance of coming true. Rumania's unredeemed kinsfolk were subjects of first-class European powers Austria-Hungary and Russia. Furthermore, these Rumanians lived intermixed with other populations, which added grave difficulties to Rumanian annexation even had this been politically possible.

Rumania therefore contented herself with encouraging nationalistic movements among the Rumanians of Hungary and Bessarabia, her active foreign policy being mainly directed to Balkan affairs, where she was dealing with nations of her own size. In fact, Rumania's sole accession of territory before 1914 was her annexation of the Bulgarian district known as the Dobrudja, when Rumania joined Greece and Serbia and shared in the despoiling of Bulgaria after the Second Balkan War. Rumania thus gained a province with no Rumanian inhabitants. It rounded out her Black Sea frontage very nicely, but it made Bulgaria her bitter enemy.

When the Great War began Rumania adopted an attitude of canny neutrality. In the year 1916 Rumania made an excellent bargain with the Allies, obtaining their promise of Austria-Hungary's Rumanian-inhabited territories, and entered the war on the Allied side. At first it looked as though Rumania had made a bad bet. The Rumanian armies were quickly beaten and the Kingdom of Rumania was overrun by Austro-German, Bulgarian and Turkish forces. Then occurred an event which, for Rumania, turned out to be a great piece of luck—the Russian revolution. Russia, turned Bolshevik, became the enemy of the Allies. Therefore when the Allies won the war, Rumania claimed not only the Austro-Hungarian provinces that had been promised her but Russia's province of Bessarabia as well. The Allies finally agreed, and Rumania thus fulfilled her wildest dreams.

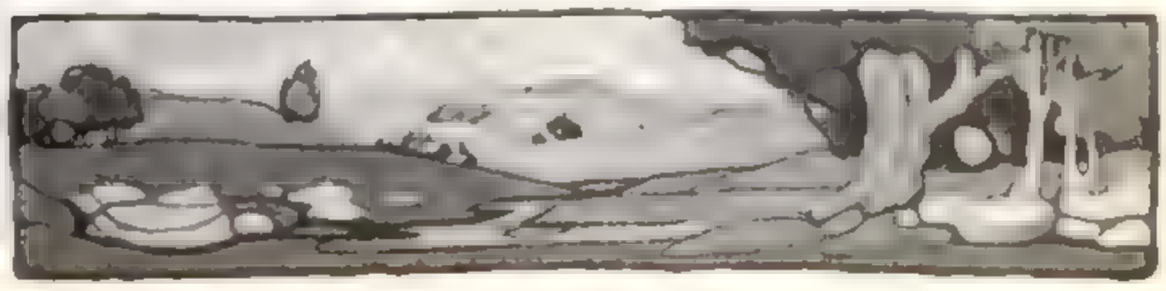
The Latin Islet

However, Rumania's gains contained germs of trouble. Even the prewar Rumania had been none too stable, her social system suffering from grave defects. The chief element of stability had been the fact that the great bulk of the population was Rumanian. Such was the country which suddenly swelled to more than twice its prewar size, annexing a whole series of powerful, rebellious minorities and thereby making powerful embittered foreign enemies who would be almost certain ultimately to make trouble. Of postwar Rumania's 17,500,000 inhabitants, only about 11,500,000 are Rumanians. Furthermore, it must be remembered that of these 11,500,000, only 6,500,000 live in prewar Rumania, the balance being redeemed Rumanians, formerly subjects of Austria-Hungary and Russia. This is important, because the redeemed Rumanians differ in many ways from those of the former kingdom and have already had many lively political tiffs with their kinsmen. It is this none too stable Rumanian bloc which has to hold down nearly 2,000,000 Magyars—Hungarians—more than 1,000,000 Russians, nearly 1,000,000 Jews, 500,000 Serbs, 500,000 Germans, and fully 1,000,000 of lesser national groups, such as Bulgars, Turks, Greeks, Armenians and Gypsies.

Thus far Rumania's handling of her minorities has been characterized by brutality tempered by bribery. Rumanian politics has always been corrupt, and official corruption seems to have increased rather than diminished since the war. These things not only weaken the government but give encouragement to foreign enemies, and Rumania certainly has dangerous foreign foes. First and foremost stands Russia, which has never forgiven what it considers to be Rumania's robbery of Bessarabia, and which will certainly try to get it back again—perhaps with interest. Then there is Hungary, stricken to her very heart by Rumania's new frontiers. Again there is Bulgaria, which has not forgotten Dobrudja. Lastly, there is Serbia, today allied to Rumania through common dislike of Hungary, but dissatisfied over its boundary with Rumania which leaves so many Serbs inside Rumania's frontiers. Nowhere in Eastern Europe has Rumania a real friend.

The Rumanians often call themselves the Latin Islet in the Slav Ocean. They instinctively distrust all Slavs—and the Slavs have no love for them.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next will appear in an early number



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WHAT'S POLITICS AMONG FRIENDS?

(Continued from Page 9

club or not. Any time you want a favor on the quiet, a word put in or a wire pulled, don't hesitate to call on me, day or night, and I'll go to the front for you. I've got Jimmy Clahan the leader behind me, and what Jimmy can't do himself he'll take down to Fourteenth Street to the Big Chief and it'll be done. I came here tonight merely to shake hands and to tell you that we're with you. We're with you—I'm with you, Jimmy is with you, the club is with you, and so is the Big Chief down in Fourteenth Street."

Mr. Sturdevant stood up. He tilted his chin, which enabled him to look down at his visitor. He held the pose during an appreciable interval, and then he turned and strode out into the hall. He called over the stair rail.

"He looked a little peeved," murmured Tom perplexedly; and he reviewed mentally the assurances of aid and comfort which he had given this registered voter. "What in the world did I say that went down wrong?"

Mr. Sturdevant's man of all work appeared in the doorway.

"Hello," said Tom, jumping up and going to him and taking his unready hand. "You're a man I want to see too. You're the chauffeur, aren't you? How long have you lived here?"

"Three years, sir, thank you. Mr. Sturdevant ——"

"No apologies necessary. He must have misunderstood something I said; but you can tell him for me that I'm not offended in the least, and that what I told him goes just the same. Three years, eh? You're not an American, are you? Have you got your first papers?"

"I 'ave my first pipers, sir; but there's been a bit of a fuss about the second pipers, sir, and I'm not an American yet. But you'll excuse me, sir, for not talking about that now. Mr. Sturdevant wishes to s'y that he's sorry ——"

"Don't mention it," said Tom generously. "Sturdevant is all right. . . . You had some trouble with your papers, did you? Say, you come over to the club and ask for me and I'll straighten you out in two shakes. I'm your captain, and I'll take care of you, and it won't cost you a dime. And then you can join the club, if you want to, and you'll have a place to hang out."

"I shall 'ave to close the door, if you don't mind, sir. It's very kind of you, but we can't go into the matter now. Would you please move your foot a bit, sir?"

"Coming over to the club?"

"Indeed, yes, sir, and thank you. But I shall 'ave to close the door, sir, at once. Mr. Sturdevant is very arbitrary—right-o."

II

HALF an hour after the facilitated exit of Tom Gentry Mr. Sturdevant walked down his brownstone stoop and bent his steps toward Eighth Avenue; the night was fine and he would stretch his legs before picking up a cab. He had two automobiles, fine machines, which were at his disposal at all times except when he needed them, and then they were being painted or otherwise tinkered with. This is the way with private cars: they are like wives, needing paint, full of crotchets and mysterious knocks, when all other cars—as every owner can see—are blooming and purring and full of ginger and go.

Mr. Sturdevant had walked down this block twice each week day for eighteen years, and four times each Sunday. He knew every flag and stone and fire hydrant. He passed the mailman ordinarily of mornings, and the mailman said "Good morning, Mr. Sturdevant," with pride in the privilege. As he passed the tailor shop where Mrs. Sturdevant sent his clothes to be dry-cleaned, the tailor invariably looked up from his goose to glance at his clock and see if it was keeping right time. When he passed the fruit stand on the corner, the Greek who kept it never failed to smile at him winningly. Mr. Sturdevant never stopped to buy a banana, but the Hellene kept after him with the indomitable spirit of his ancient race, the spirit which wrote indelibly the name of Leonidas on the heights of Thermopylæ. The crippled news dealer at the foot of the Elevated station always greeted him with an affection tempered only by reverence; Mr. Sturdevant always agreed that it was a fine day, and counted his change. The station agent knew him, the guard on the car platform knew him; dozens of office-goers to whom he had never so much as spoken a harsh word knew him very well and looked to see him in the same place at the same time. His approach to his office downtown was again a triumph. This was not remarkable, he was known far and wide over the spinning globe. Had he traveled to far Japan, yellow men, awkward in Western dress, would have met him at the ship side with foreknowledge of him. That time he went to France with thoughts of the unroofed regions, the natives knew him directly "M'sieu Sturdevant, of New York, is it not? *Ah oui!*"

Mr. Sturdevant had always walked in a bee line down his street, looking with curiosity neither to the right nor to the left As it is the ideal of respectable householders to be invisible, so it is the bounden duty of each householder to be quite blind, to notice nothing of his neighbors. If, on this evening of early summer, there had not been something altogether extraordinary in an areaway before which Mr. Sturdevant had to march, he would have held on unerringly to Eighth Avenue, to his cab, and so to his dinner engagement at the Tin, Tar and Tile Club. But there was something extraordinary. It was an assemblage of about thirty men in the small and sunken yard before the basement of one of the houses. Mr. Sturdevant, breaking with habit, stopped, looked and listened. A few of the men were gangling hobbledehoys; from eighteen years they ranged upward to sixty. Two of them were negroes; three of them were white men in dinner coats These latter, it is true, wore their smartness with an air of professionalism. They could have been famous after-dinner speakers; they could have been waiters or ringmasters or ushers. They had nothing to say. They stood in silence, and when they looked at all at Mr. Sturdevant, it was with an incredible indifference.

"It is not a parade," said Mr. Sturdevant to himself, after looking them over without discovering a feature common to them all. "What can they be waiting for? I do think that I should inform myself as to this. It is my duty to know what is going on here." Having thus traced his blameless but not signally meritorious curiosity to a noble root, he stepped down into the areaway. The areaway was shallow, and it was just one step down and aside from the path that led to the tailor shop and the news dealer and the station agent and the wide, wide world. "Pardon me," he said quickly, "what are you men waiting here for, may I ask?"

The man whom he addressed looked at him, but did not answer him: looked at him with a puzzling lack of interest in Mr. Sturdevant and his inquiry. Thinking that the man spoke no English, Mr. Sturdevant spoke to another of the group and elicited only that same unresponsive regard. He would have got as informing a reply from a fish in the City Aquarium if he looked into the creature's gold eyes behind the glass wall and addressed apostrophic questions to it, asking it in poetic phrases what it supposed it was up to. There was some sort of wall between him and these silent men. He circulated among them, trying to get *en rapport* with them. He abandoned his quest with petulance finally, having learned nothing, and he moved to leave them to their impenetrable thoughts; he stepped up briskly to the street level.

"Hey!" called an aggrieved voice. "Where do you suppose you're heading? Come back here!"

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" he said.

The man who had spoken was a stocky young man who had been leaning over the areaway wall and whistling abstractedly and staring down the street toward Eighth Avenue. He was erect now, and he was scowling at Mr. Sturdevant.

"You heard me," said the stocky man. "Come right back here and stay where you belong, and don't try that again."

"You are an impudent fellow," said Mr. Sturdevant, and he moved a step away. But then the stocky man leaped at him and

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Your grocer or druggist will supply you

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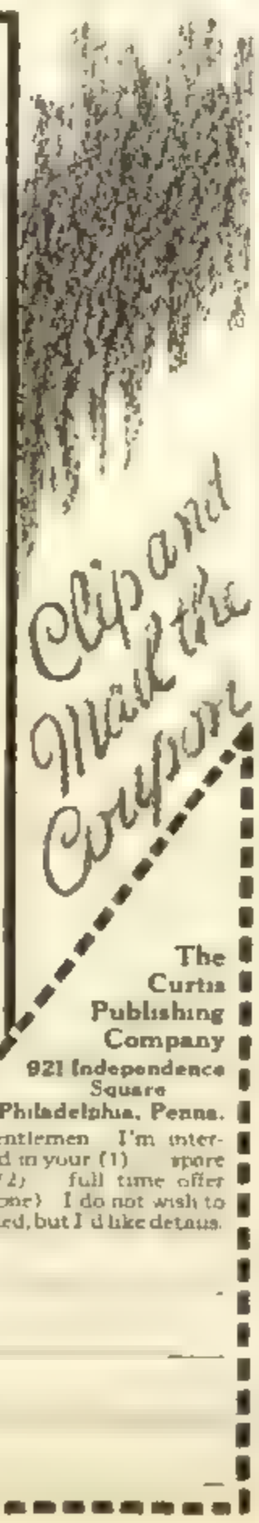

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caught his arm and twisted it expertly, so that Mr. Sturdevant was obliged to turn again and step down into the areaway in order to avoid great pain. "How dare you put your hands on me?" cried Mr. Sturdevant. "You shall pay for this!"

"The next time," said the stocky man, nodding his head earnestly, "I'll tap you with this." And he toyed with a limber blackjack in Mr. Sturdevant's sight.

"There is some mistake here," said Mr. Sturdevant, swallowing his rage so that he might speak. "But I tell you I cannot stay here; I have an engagement."

Several of the group laughed at his protest, laughed without mockery. When Mr. Sturdevant looked into their eyes now, they smiled back at him; the wall between was gone.

"You'll stay," said the stocky man, and he draped himself over the wall again. A distant bell sounded. "Here comes the wagon," announced the stocky man in a tone that seemed calculated to spread joy.

A police-patrol automobile appeared in the street; it backed in to the curb, rear end to, like a moving van.

"Fourteen!" cried a policeman, approaching the areaway.

"You first," said the stocky man, nudging Mr. Sturdevant.

"Ridiculous!" sputtered Mr. Sturdevant.

"Are you going?" asked the stocky man wickedly.

Mr. Sturdevant reflected quickly and then he went. He crossed the sidewalk and clambered into the patrol wagon and sat down on one of the two side benches.

"Move up here," shouted the driver, twisting about to look through the wire netting. "You don't want the whole wagon to yourself, do you? Don't be selfish, fellow!"

Mr. Sturdevant went up higher as the result of this insinuation. The wagon was filled from the areaway, leaving just space enough for the uniformed policeman; the stocky man shouted, and they went off with a gay ringing of bells, and to a chorus of delighted street boys. They sped swiftly down the street, rounded into Eighth Avenue and pulled up some minutes later before the green lights of the precinct station house. Their guardian policeman shepherded them into the station house and they were lined up before the high desk. They were surveyed from above by the lieutenant on desk duty. He was a stout and sedentary man, mild-eyed and going bald; he looked like a tonsured clergyman. The policeman stepped up and talked to him.

"Twenty-five or thirty of them!" exclaimed the lieutenant in a plaintive accent. "I can't keep them here, officer. I can't spare the cells. They'll have to go over to the Night Court right away. Why doesn't Hefferman ever use his head before making a wholesale pinch like this?"

"There was a complaint," said the officer.

"Just a moment, sir," said Mr. Sturdevant, striding forward. "There's been a very serious mistake made here, and somebody is going to pay for it. Am I under arrest? If so, why? I demand to know."

The lieutenant stared at him, seemed to ponder his question; but when he spoke he said, "How can I keep them here, officer?"

Mr. Sturdevant struck the desk with his knuckles.

"I demand an answer to my question!"

"What was your question?" asked the lieutenant, attending to him.

"Let me tell you how I came to be here," said Mr. Sturdevant. "I live in that block, and I came out of my house tonight and was passing by this place and I stopped to ask a civil question, as any citizen might. And I was seized and bundled into your patrol wagon. I am Peleg Sturdevant, of Sturdevant & Co., Roofing Supplies."

"Have you got a card?"

"I do not happen to have my card case."

"Any letters?"

"No, I have not. You see that I am in dinner dress, and you might expect to hear that I have nothing in my pockets—except money."

"Except money!" chuckled the lieutenant knowingly. "That's all you needed for the evening, wasn't it? And now you're going to tell me you're Mr. Vanderbilt and that you live at an address somewheres out in the North River. If that's a real name, mister, you're taking an awful chance; it's libelous to give somebody else's name in a case like this."

"But it is my name!" insisted Mr. Sturdevant. "By George, here's something—here's the notes of an address I am to make tonight at the Tin, Tar and Tile Club!"

"How do I know you didn't write this yourself?" demurred the lieutenant, taking the tendered paper and glancing at it cursorily.

"But I did write it myself!"

"Take it away," said the lieutenant. "You have certainly got a nerve to show me something you wrote yourself and ask me to believe it. Put it away."

Mr. Sturdevant panted with vexation. The lieutenant studied him.

"Listen, mister," said the lieutenant, throwing out a hand. "That's an awful ghost story you're trying to give me, but I'm fair. Are you tattooed? Have you got your name tattooed on you? Even your initials?"

"Of course I am not tattooed!"

"He's not tattooed," said the lieutenant, shaking his head. "He's a shrewd one. Nobody's going to identify him if he knows it. I think we ought to hold this one and send him downtown to be looked over."

"But my house address is in the telephone book! Certainly you can call up my house, can't you?"

"A lot of good it will do," muttered the lieutenant, rather ashamed of his leniency. But he picked up his telephone and called the number which was given him and asked for Mrs. Sturdevant.

"This Mrs. Sturdevant?" he said, frowning aside at his bothersome prisoner. "This is the local station house, Mrs. Sturdevant, the desk talking. The police station, yes Headquarters made a raid in your block tonight and took in twenty-five or thirty people, and one of the prisoners claims to be your husband. . . . What's that? Don't get excited now; I think he's an impostor myself. Was your husband a crap shooter? Crap shooter—dice, you know—gambling. Well, he might have been, mightn't he? Does he ever go out at night when you don't know where he is? There was a big crap game in your block, running for weeks, and they made so much noise yesterday morning that a complaint was filed, and this man is one of the crowd that was brought in. . . . What's that? Ha-ha! Well, I thought so myself, and I knew there wasn't a chance, but I thought I'd show this faker up. Yes, yes, he'll be well punished."

"But I tell you again, sir ——"

"You can't tell me anything," snapped the lieutenant. "I don't care who you are or what you are; I'm going to hold you. One more squawk out of you and you'll go downstairs, and you'll stay there. I'll find a place for you if I got to turn out a highway robber. You heard me, didn't you? Take them into the back room, Joe, until I find if I can ship them right over to the Night Court. I'll put a flea in the judge's ear that will make it hot for that old bird there. He's got some grudge against this man Sturdevant, I suppose, and he takes it out in blackening a decent citizen's name."

III

TOM GENTRY was satisfied with the result of his visit to Mr. Sturdevant's residence. Mr. Sturdevant had seemingly escaped him; but, in exchange, he had got hold of a much better man for his purposes, a man who would join the Eskimo Club and would vote. Mr. Sturdevant was interested in the League of Nations, the World Court, law enforcement, the tariff, pensions; his man of all work would settle these problems for him after putting out the ashes. The man of all work would select candidates for public office; Mr. Sturdevant could take them or leave them.

A man of Mr. Sturdevant's personality and station was entitled to something more than equality with his servant, and he could have it; but not unless he went about getting it in conformity with the New York Election Law.

Mr. Sturdevant had never read any part of the two-hundred-page election law—Chapter XVII of the Consolidated Laws of New York. He had strong opinions about politics and politicians and political machines, and he would have been revolted by the suggestion that Tom Gentry and Jimmy Clahan and the big chief down in Fourteenth Street were not essentially interlopers and hijackers, but were creatures of the election law and were servants amenable to discipline by Mr. Sturdevant, that he was responsible for their impudent assumption of power, since he let them run things to suit themselves. The man of all work was incapable of reading the election

(Continued on Page 144)

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Do you know that fine roads are available through this delightful region, north of the older east-and-west highways? Whether you are planning your main route through this section or another, plan to drive into this charming summer playground at some point—any place between Toronto and Chicago.

The Lake Erie-Niagara Falls Trail: From Toronto to Niagara and Buffalo—each of the three a center of a great vacation territory—is but the beginning. Through the lakes and resorts of western New York and of northern Ohio are hundreds of attractions on both main routes and by-paths. Cleveland is another inviting point; many famous beaches and lake resorts are in easy reach as you drive on to Toledo and the north. At Detroit are innumerable playgrounds, and here is the door to the wonderland of Michigan resorts which you reach by *The Michigan Trail.* Any of these cities will easily provide a week's—or a fortnight's—delightful vacationing.

Drive into this big vacation territory any place from Toronto to Chicago, and in whatever direction you go you will find beauty and pleasure.

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At Detroit and at Cleveland are thousand-room Statler hotels which will welcome you. At Buffalo is the newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) which is the finest of them all. Just across the street from it is the new 500-car Statler Garage, with all the conveniences that can be built into the newest type of service garage.

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We *guarantee* that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the Golden Rule—of treating the guests as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write *to me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Company, Inc., Buffalo.

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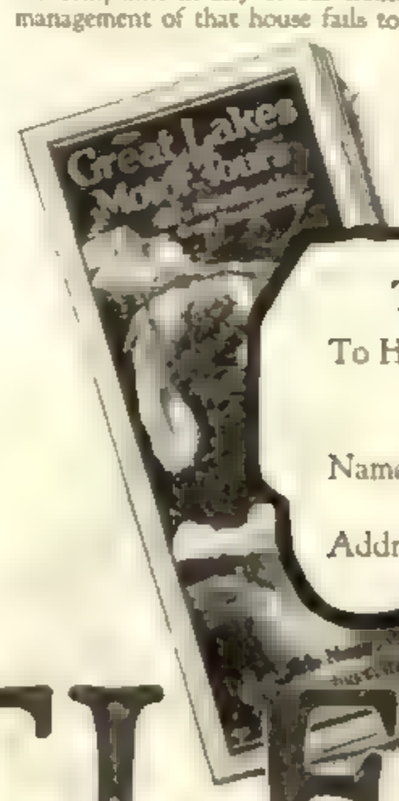

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UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

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Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100 00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

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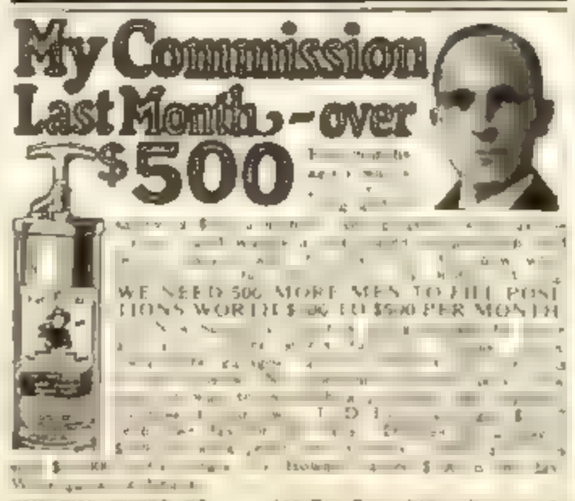

THE FYR-FYTER CO., 109 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

(Continued from Page 142)

law understandingly; he would be the more welcome in the Eskimo Club for that.

In the election district of which Tom Gentry was captain there were four hundred and fifty voters. He had been appointed to his captaincy by Jimmy Clahan, the able and genial local member of the executive committee of Tammany Hall. Of the four hundred and fifty voters, one hundred and ten were registered as Democrats and seventy-four were registered as Republicans. Tom Gentry devoted himself to the one hundred and ten registered Democrats; the Republicans were—to him—unfortunate men in a state of invincible error, lost. Of the one hundred and ten enlightened men in his district, about fifty were in the practice of voting at primaries where party candidates for public office were chosen. It was Tom Gentry's job to see that a majority of that noble fifty voted right—voted for the candidates indorsed by Jimmy Clahan. With twenty six votes he could ordinarily control his district of four hundred and fifty, deliver it to the order of Jimmy Clahan. It was his earnest endeavor to build up this shock battalion. One never knew when the people would rise in indignation and flock so overwhelmingly to the polls that it would require even seventy-five or eighty votes to hold the primaries safe for Democracy. He was concerned mostly with the primaries, taking his cue from the astute Jimmy Clahan; a Democratic victory with the wrong names on the ticket would be a hollow triumph.

"What are you so happy about, Steve?" said Tom to the Greek fruit dealer

"Lasta night I lose my dough—all-a the dough!" chuckled Steve, still staring down Eighth Avenue.

"You're easily pleased," said Tom. "Lost all your money last night, did you, Steve? Well, well, congratulations."

"And thees-a night, just-a now, comes the 'urry-up wagon," bubbled Steve, catching Tom's arm. "See? Look there! Somebody make the complaint, eh? O-ah, yes! Somebody write the letter to the police, say, 'What's a-matter you? There is crooked crap game in thees-a house. Get-a busy!' O-ah, yes."

"How do you know they wrote a letter?"

"O-ah, I suppose-a so," said Steve, widening his black eyes and spreading his hands. "Nobody is going talk-a the policeman and get a push in the face, are they? Just-a write the letter—sign-a Good Citizen. I suppose-a so."

"So you lost your money shooting craps, did you? Well, you'll get it all back again fast enough, unless you're arrested for profiteering. You've got a crust to charge eight cents for one of those apples "

"Is no money in thees-a business," scowled Steve. "Is too much pushcart. What's a-matter you, Tom, is too much pushcart, hey? Every day comes one-two-three pushcart, stop-a right here, take the trade. Don't pay no rent—don't even vote, hey, Tom? What's a-matter you? No good?"

"I'll take care of that, Steve. I'll tell the man on the beat to chase them away."

"O-ah, yes. And you tell the man on the beat to go chase himself too, hey? What's a-matter that policeman is always come and eat-a the goods and never pay a cent?"

"Well, Steve, you know the old saying, 'An apple a day keeps the pushcarts away.' Don't you know the policeman has got a right to eat your fruit without paying for it? He certainly has."

"Is so?"

"Why, certainly. Look in the City Charter! But I'll see that he runs the pushcarts off the block, and that's the principal thing. So long, Steve."

Tom walked along Eighth Avenue. He had proceeded a bare dozen steps when he was hailed from the doorway of Joe's Chop House; the aproned proprietor was beckoning to him.

"I've been waiting to see you, Tom. Take care of this for me, will you?"

"What is it?"

"Summons for leaving the top off the garbage barrel. Take care of it for me, will you? All right, Tom, I'm leaving it to you."

The proprietor hurried back into his restaurant to attend to his customers with a mind made easy. Tom passed through a tenement doorway and mounted three flights of carpeted stairs and knocked on a door. He was calling on a Democratic inspector of elections for his district, one of the paid officials whose votes, together with those of their families, are integral and dependable parts of the machine. There were six votes in this inspector's family, which was a potent reason for giving him the place. It was worth about fifty dollars a year to him, and that was money that the family couldn't afford to sneeze at. They were honest American folks and they would certainly have sacrificed the money if they were thoroughly read in economics and were convinced that a Republican policy of high protection was worth more to them than fifty dollars.

"Johnny stepped out," said the inspector's mother. "He said for you to wait, Mr. Gentry. This is the captain now, Mrs. Hazzard. She wants to speak to you about her Willie."

"You speak to him," murmured Mrs. Hazzard.

"It's about her boy Willie. He wants to get on the cops. He's a fine boy, too, Mr. Gentry. So good he is you can't imagine. If he has a fault at all, it's that he's—well, he's just a bit lazy; tell the truth now, Mrs. Hazzard. He won't work, and that's the size of it, and he don't want to do nothing but stand around on the corner. So I think he would make a fine cop."

"You've got a wrong idea about a cop, Mrs. Hagan," said Tom. "A cop is a hard-working man. He's got to chase after robbers and ——"

"Ah, and indeed, and it's not that Willie can't run when he's a mind to. Outrun any cop, he can. Why, just the other day I seen him tearing down the block with a cop after him, and every blessed jump he took ——"

"Sh-h-h!" warned Mrs. Hazzard.

"You send Willie down to Pfefferman's Firemen and Patrolmen's School on Fifty-eighth Street, Mrs. Hazzard," said Tom. "Is he a strong boy? You know he's got to put up sixty pounds with one hand. Well, you send him down there and they'll cram him with all a cop has got to know; and tell him to get in touch with me again before he goes before the board of examiners "

Mrs. Hazzard whispered; her friend nodded

"Could he be the cop that rows the boat on the park lake?" asked Mrs. Hagan.

"That might be arranged," said Tom. "Let him get on the force first, and we'll see "

The inspector came in just then; he brought a client with him.

"Here's a contract for you, Tom," he said. "This gentleman is Mr.—what's your name?—Mr. Laffin, his name is. His brother has just been arrested for flying pigeons."

"Why didn't he get a license?" asked Tom, after ascertaining that the client was in his election district.

"Well, I tell you how it is," said the client earnestly. "It is this way: He didn t have no pigeons, see? Well, he ain't going to take out a license when he ain't got no pigeons, is he? Well, he goes up on his roof and he waves a pole, and he don't get no pigeons; so, seeing how it is, and no pigeons are coming down to him, he is going to give up and buy him a pigeon, when a cop steps out of the penthouse onto the roof and asks to see his license to fly pigeons. Well, naturally he ain't got none, because he ain't flying no pigeons, see? And the cop pulls him in."

"He was waving his pole at other people's pigeons, was he? He ought to have been pinched for trying to steal pigeons."

"Pigeons," said the client positively, "belong to anybody that can get them. You ought to know that. It's the law. Go on down and tell them to spring him, will you?"

"All right. Do you know where they brought him? But you tell him to take out his license. Or I'll tell him; I'll tell him how to go about it. Run along now; I'll take care of him. Johnny, I want to talk to you."

IV

"I HAVE told you twice, sir, that I don't require your services," said Mr. Sturdevant to the police-court lawyer who sat beside him. "I have my own attorneys, and I shall ask the judge's permission to communicate with them as soon as I am given a chance to speak."

"Now look here, Mr. Sturdevant," said the lawyer persuasively. "Why make a mountain out of a molehill and call in a firm of big lawyers? You let me handle it for you, I tell you, and I'll spring you in jig time. I know the judge, and he knows me, see? And ——"

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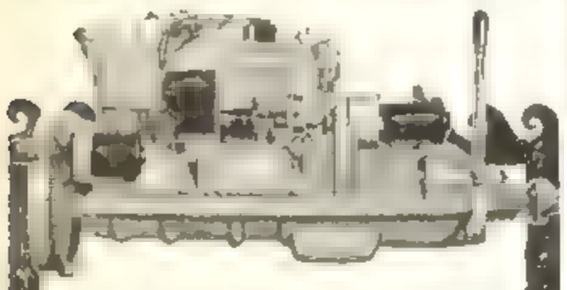

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Mr. Sturdevant turned away with impatience. He had told his story to a prepossessing gentleman who had slipped into the seat beside him, and the gentleman had listened with sympathy and comforting credulity, and had then handed him a professional card. Mr. Sturdevant turned a cold shoulder to him and watched with dissembled nervousness the proceedings up front. The crap shooters were being called to the rail of the Night Court. The judge was bored and depressed in spirit by the heat.

"Jesse James!"

One of the two negresses shambled to the bar.

"You're accused of frequenting a disorderly resort, James—a common gambling house. What have you got to say?"

"Yes, suh."

"Guilty?"

"Yes, suh."

"Ten dollars, or five days in the city prison."

The negro moved over to the clerk's desk, stripped a bill from a thick roll of money, handed it to the clerk with a bow and waited to be told to go. He departed a moment later, swaggering down the center of the court room toward the door.

"Oliver Twist!"

"Guilty as charged in the indictment," said an elderly man, rising quickly.

"You haven't been indicted yet, Twist," grumbled the judge. "Are you a frequenter of gambling joints?"

"Oh, no, sir. I never was in one before in my life, and I didn't know this was a gambling house, your honor, or I wouldn't have gone in. There was a room to let advertised in that block, your honor, and I went to the wrong number in the dark; and while I was inside asking questions ——"

"Not guilty?"

"Oh, no, sir. Guilty!"

"Ten dollars, or five days. Step along now."

"Peleg Sturdevant!"

"For the prisoner," called back the gentleman beside Mr. Sturdevant, and he clambered across Mr. Sturdevant and hurried up to the rail.

"Where's Sturdevant?"

"Here!" cried Mr. Sturdevant angrily as he followed on. "I wish to say, however, your honor ——"

"I don't want to listen to you. Let your lawyer talk."

"But, your honor, just a moment ——"

"Silence!" shouted a court officer menacingly. Mr. Sturdevant persisted, seeking to dodge around his volunteer counsel and gain access to the rail.

"There's a very serious mistake been made here, your honor," said the lawyer, sliding smoothly up and down the rail to cut his balking client off. "Mr. Sturdevant is a gentleman of the highest reputation and standing. It seems that he was passing by this resort tonight, going peaceably about his business as a lecturer, when it occurred to him to mingle with the group of prisoners who were awaiting the arrival of the police patrol."

"I insist, your honor ——"

"While so engaged," shouted the lawyer, reaching back covertly and nudging Mr. Sturdevant's shin, "the officer placed him under arrest in spite of Mr. Sturdevant's protests. Mr. Sturdevant is greatly wrought up about this case, as your honor can see, and is hardly able to contain his feelings. The shock was so great that he is not himself."

"I am myself!" cried Mr. Sturdevant from the rear.

"Precisely," said the lawyer. "I should say better that Mr. Sturdevant is himself, and is not the disorderly person the officer mistakenly supposed him to be."

"Do you want me to hold him?"

"I may ask your honor to do that, but just now all I ask is a few more minutes to talk to my client. He has never been arrested before and he is in a very bewildered state."

"Your honor," cried Mr. Sturdevant, getting to the rail at last and clinging to it, "I don't want this man as my lawyer. I have my own attorneys, and moreover he kicked me three times in the last few minutes. I want to send for my lawyers."

"You certainly shall, if you wish," said the judge, glancing at the clock. "I want to advise you, though, that I'm going to adjourn in about an hour, and if your lawyer is not here by then I'll have to hold you. If I were you, I'd talk to Mr. Perley and see if you can come to terms and save yourself trouble. You don't have to retain him if you don't want him. You may use the telephone inside if you wish."

Mr. Sturdevant hurried gladly to the telephone and called up the residence of his personal counsel. He was informed that the attorney was out for the evening and was not expected back shortly.

"Can't get him, eh?" said Mr. Perley, reading his face. "And now will you let me talk to you? Sit down here a moment. That's better. Did you notice how the judge took that story? Oh, he knows me. He knows that what I say is so. You let me handle this thing for you, will you? Don't be pig-headed about this. By George, Mr. Sturdevant, I have an idea that's the very thing for you, and you'll get out of this mess like a shot!"

"What is it?" said Mr. Sturdevant unguardedly.

"You want to know what I would advise?"

"What do you advise?"

"Good! See if you have as much as thirty dollars with you."

Mr. Sturdevant drew out his pocketbook with ill grace, looked into it and drew out three ten-dollar bills.

"Good!" said Mr. Perley, taking two of the bills with a neat gesture. "That's my fee, Mr. Sturdevant. And now I'll tell you what you'd better do—plead guilty!"

"Guilty!" exclaimed Mr. Sturdevant. "And must I pay you twenty dollars to be told to plead guilty?"

"It's well worth it," said Mr. Perley. "You wouldn't have pleaded guilty by yourself, would you? Let me tell you where you're at. If you insist on fighting, the judge is going to hold you for trial. You'll have to give bail, and the bondsman alone will charge you fifteen dollars. You'll have to pay your lawyer to try your case, you'll lose your time in court and get your name in the papers; and if you're found guilty after all, you'll almost certainly be sent to the Island. You'll be let off easy if you plead guilty and save the county expense. Are you going to use your head?"

"I am not!"

"Then we'll fight," said Mr. Perley accommodatingly. "Let me have fifty dollars, and ——"

"I shall not give you another cent."

"We'll see about that," said Mr. Perley, changing his tone again. "You retained me to take care of you, and I'm going to do it, or get paid for it just the same. I've got a lien on your case, and I don't propose to put up with any sharp practice. Not a bit of it, Sturdevant."

Tom Gentry, entering the court room on the trail of a young man who had made proprietory gestures at a company of pigeons, saw Mr. Sturdevant sitting beside Mr. Perley. Mr. Sturdevant's face was inflamed—he was still wearing the light overcoat—and seemed to indicate discomposure of mind and discomfort of body. Tom Gentry said with timidity, "Oh, good evening, Mr. Sturdevant."

"Why, hello, Gentry!" cried Mr. Sturdevant, springing up with a wide smile and seizing Tom by both hands. "How are you, my dear fellow? Goodness me, but I'm glad to see you!"

"Yes, yes," said Tom pleasedly. "What brings you in here, Mr. Sturdevant? Just looking on, eh? It is a new experience to you, I suppose."

"The fact is ——" said Mr. Sturdevant. "But come over here where we can talk. The fact is, Gentry ——" And he told Tom what the fact was.

"You should have called me up right away," said Tom. "This isn't a job for a lawyer; your lawyer will beat the case, of course, but you'll be put to a ton of trouble. However, I'll fix you up right away. Which officer brought you in? All right, sit down until I talk to him." He went to the indicated officer, whispered to him, and then led him out into the hall for a conference. He returned with the officer, walked to the rail, and said, "If your honor pleases."

The judge looked down at him, giving no sign of recognition; but he had been watching him since he entered the court room.

"Mr. Peleg Sturdevant is before your honor on a charge of being a disorderly

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person in that he frequented a common gambling house. I'm an attorney of this court, and I give you my word that I was with Mr. Sturdevant immediately before he was arrested, and I'm in a position to say that he never was in that place at all. It seems that he was passing the house tonight ——"

"Where's the officer?" interrupted the judge. "Come up here, officer. Did you see this man in that house?"

"Well, I can't exactly say I saw him, judge," said the policeman conscientiously. "Naturally, I didn't know one of them from the other. The first I remember seeing of him that I could swear to was when I seen him in the areaway."

"What was he doing in the areaway? Was he behaving in a disorderly manner, such as rioting or fighting, using profane language, huckstering, committing a malicious mischief? Why did you arrest him, officer?"

"He wasn't doing nothing, judge. You see ——"

"And has it come to this in New York," said the judge sternly, "that the police put citizens under arrest for doing nothing? This looks like persecution, officer, and I don't want to hear any more of it. Step down, officer. Where's Mr. Sturdevant? You're discharged, Mr. Sturdevant, and I'm sorry you've been so much inconvenienced."

Mr. Sturdevant and Tom Gentry walked out together.

"Well, good night!" said Tom, moving to leave him and reënter the court room.

"Just a moment, Gentry," said Mr. Sturdevant, reaching for him. "I want you to know that I'm tremendously obliged to you, and if I can ever do anything for you, you call on me. You will, won't you?"

"You don't owe me a thing," said Tom. "It's all in the day's work. You know, I'm the captain of that district—I think I was talking to you about it in your house when you were called away—and it's up to me to take care of you. I'll go to the front for you any time. I'm with you, and Jimmy Clahan is with you, and so is the club, and Fourteenth Street, too—all the year round."

"It is nice of you to say that," said Mr. Sturdevant. "But I want you to understand, Gentry, that when it comes to politics ——"

"Now, Sturdevant," said Tom, shaking hands and resting his left hand on the smaller man's shoulder with an evident spontaneity of impulse that robbed the familiarity of offense, "did I say anything about politics? What's politics among friends?"

Mr. Sturdevant blinked; he pursed his lips and frowned up at the big man.

"I am your friend, Gentry," he said, "and I want you to believe it."

He left the building and caught a cab; the hour was half past eleven, and the dinner of the Tin, Tar and Tile Club had passed into history; his thoughtful address on Personality in Marketing Roofing Accessories would have to await another occasion.

He rode home.

"Peleg," said his wife as he entered his room, "did you have a good time, dear?"

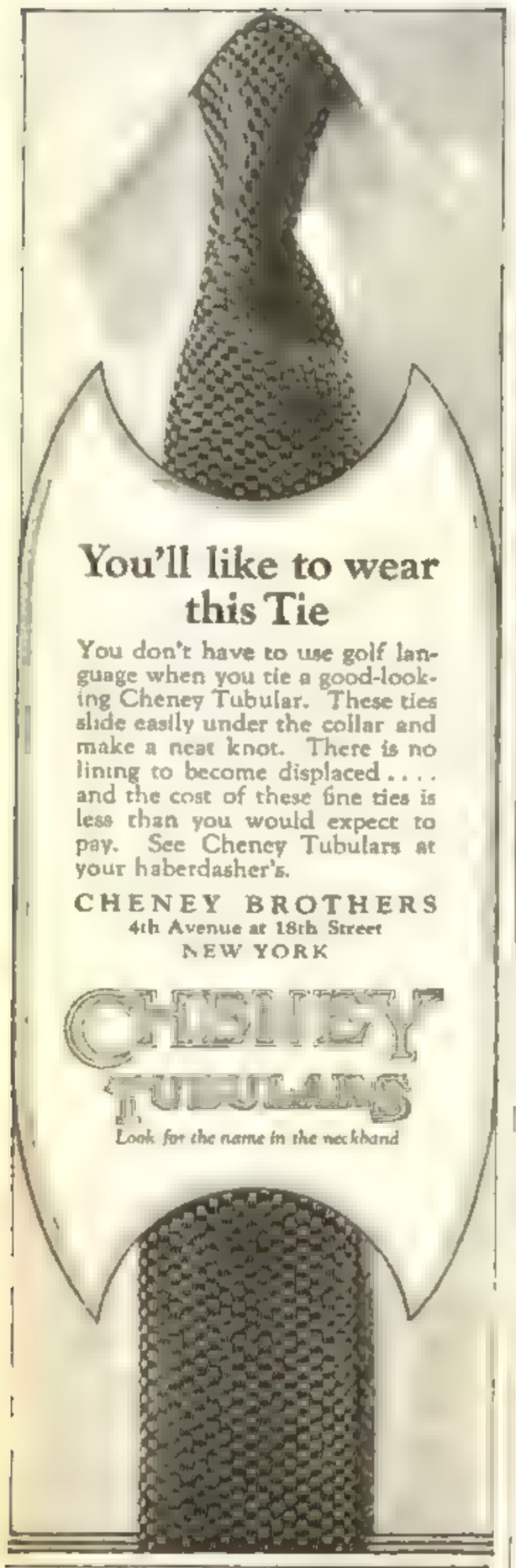
"Yes," said Mr. Sturdevant. "That is to say—well, no. I did not go to the dinner after all. I—ah—met some people and they detained me."

"Isn't that too bad?" said Mrs. Sturdevant, speaking from her room. "I tell you what it is, Peleg, you are such an important man nowadays. Everybody knows you everywhere you go. What do you think? The police station called up tonight and said that some common gambler had given your name. What a piece of impudence! The policemen should have known it wasn't you."

"They did," said Mr. Sturdevant, unlacing his shoes.

"Oh, did they? I told them you would go around there the first thing in the morning and see that that person was well punished."

"Why bother with him?" said Mr. Sturdevant in a superior tone.



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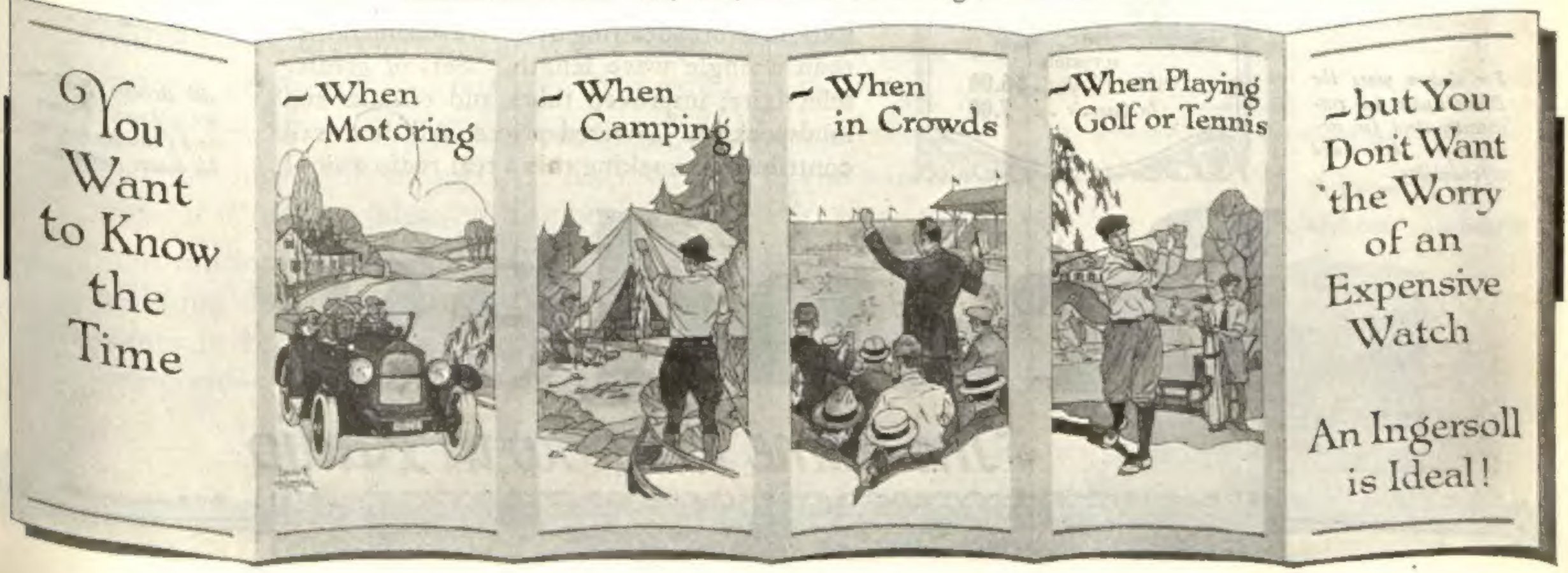
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